The Australian
WOMEN'S WEEKLY
Over 725,000 Copies Sold Every Week

Registered in Australia for transmission by post as a newspaper.

AUGUST 12, 1950

PRICE 6d

JEAN, OF OUR NEW SERIAL, "A TOWN LIKE ALICE," BY NEVIL SHUTE

National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page5799396

The Australian
WOMEN'S WEEKLY

August 12, 1950. Volume 18, No. 10.

★ **This is our first issue in the paper's new dress of increased color and rotogravure. To present it, we have installed the most up-to-date plant in the southern hemisphere at a cost of £1,000,000.**

CONTENTS OF THIS ISSUE:

FICTION

"A Town Like Alice," by Nevil Shute, illustrated by Keith Dalgleish .. .. Page 8
First instalment of the enthralling novel written after Shute's first visit to Australia. It was chosen as Book of the Month in Britain recently.

"Tallyho Toronto," by Edwin Rutt, illustrated by Arthur Boothroyd .. .. Page 2
Comedy-romance about a fox hunt.

"The Man Who Had Influence," by Don Mankiewicz, illustrated by John Mills .. .. Page 5
Drama of a playboy son of a wealthy man, facing a manslaughter charge.

"He Always Had a Plan," by Faith Baldwin, illustrated by H. Kemble .. .. Page 6
Sophisticated family story, by the famous American writer.

"Hear This Woman," by Ben and Ann Pinchot .. .. Page 57
Part I of a powerful new novel about a woman of strong character who fights for causes she believes in, and the romance that is the background of her endeavors. To be published in four big instalments.

NEWS

Two Stage Stars Talk About Men .. .. Page 13
Frank Sedgman, Tennis Ace .. .. Page 15
Late News .. .. .. Page 17
Intimate Jottings .. Page 19
Shakespeare Festival at Stratford-upon-Avon Pages 31, 32, 33
With two pages in color.

FASHION

Dress Sense .. .. Page 20
Fashion Frocks .. .. Page 22
"The Great White Way" Page 39
Three Party Frocks Page 40
Four French Evening Frocks in Color .. .. .. Page 41
Patterns, Needlework Page 79

FILMS

Film Reviews .. .. Page 24
Color Portrait — Gene Tierney .. .. Page 49
Composite, "Father of the Bride" .. .. Page 50
Ann Todd and her husband on holiday .. Pages 52, 53
Story and candid glamor pictures from Jamaica.

BEAUTY

Exercises for a Beautiful Bustline, by Carolyn Earle Page 37

HOMEMAKER

Cookery in Color: House Warming Party .. Page 73
Recipes .. .. .. Pages 74, 76
Gardening, Flowers for Color and Perfume .. Page 77
Houseplans: A Home for Cheerful Living Page 78

FEATURES

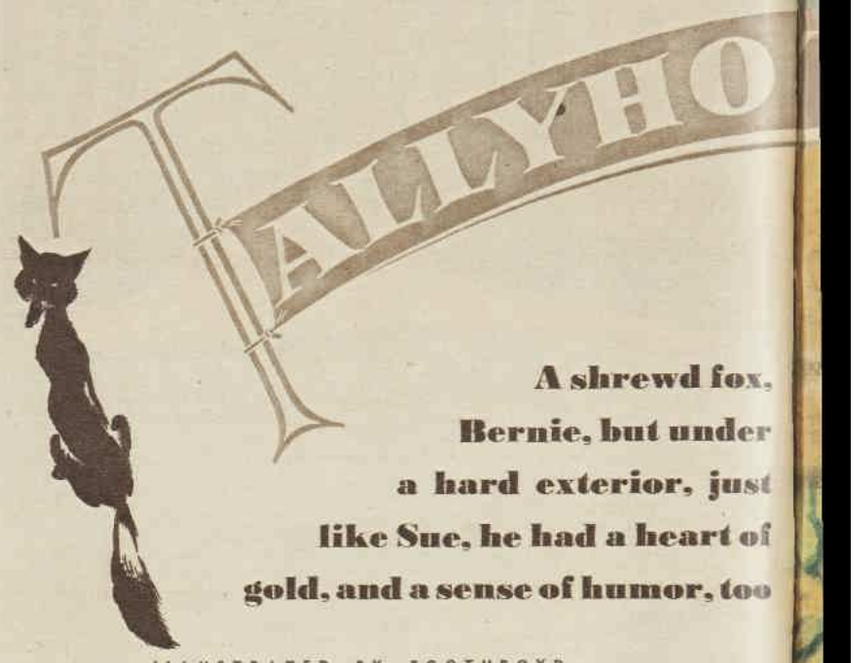
Editorial .. .. Page 18
Book Review .. .. Page 18
Worth Reporting .. Page 21
It Seems to Me, by Dorothy Drain .. .. Page 23
Famous Women — Cosima Wagner .. .. Page 26
Romance — Seven Ways to Frighten a Man .. Page 29
Teena .. .. Page 45
Mandrake .. .. Page 47
Crossword .. .. .. Page 55
Family Affairs—No Wife Need Be Her Husband's Keeper, Page 71

OUR COVER. Jean, heroine of our serial, carries the baby of one of the group of women who, prisoners of the Japanese, wander all over Malaya. It was painted by staff artist Keith Dalgleish, who illustrates the novel.

A SHORT STORY . . .

By EDWIN RUTT

8 AUG 1950



A shrewd fox, Bernie, but under a hard exterior, just like Sue, he had a heart of gold, and a sense of humor, too

ILLUSTRATED BY BOOTHROYD

NOW though foxes are traditionally called Reynard, this one was known as Bernard. Bernie, to his intimates. And Bernie was a very shrewd operator and a very smart guy.

When a new hunt club was established close to his home, it didn't worry Bernie. He had only contempt for certain lily-livered foxes who'd vacated the locality when the hunt club came into being.

For generations Bernie's family had inhabited the district of York County, and he was not the fox to desert his preserve merely because an enemy organisation pitched its tent therein.

Moreover, Bernie was inclined to sniff at the hunt club. Any time he couldn't outwit and/or outrun a parcel of horses freighted with pink coats, plus a pack of dogs—they may have been hounds to some, but to Bernie they were just plain dogs—somebody was going to have to wake him up and tell him about it.

He seldom, however, attempted to outwit and/or outrun the hunt, when same was making euphonious the countryside. He stayed at home like an intelligent fox. Wherefore, although the hunt returned many times each season triumphantly brandishing a brush, the brush had never yet belonged to Bernie.

In view of this, as he impinged upon the model farm of Raymond T. Garwood on a blue-and-gold Wednesday afternoon, Bernie wasn't worrying. In particular, he wasn't worrying about the hunt — a gala affair, he understood—scheduled to take place on Saturday.

Bernie was en route to reconnoitre the Garwood chicken house. Reconnoitre, since he was too bright to maraud in daytime. He was just casing the joint.

But, approaching by devious ways, he came upon a summer house, situated between himself and the fowl haven. From this structure voices issued.

Bernie, always interested in the doings of the other half, paused. And very soon he was heartily disliking the party of the first part, while applauding the party of the second.

"But you're such a dope, Tom," the first party was stating. "Why can't you be one of us up here? And not so—oh, squeamish? Besides, foxes are terribly destructive."

Uh-uh, thought Bernie. A nice throaty voice, but a bad philosophy. He ducked behind a bush, cocking alert reddish ears.

"Well," obviously the Tom person, "I'm always willing to ride in drag hunts."

Bernie deemed that speech good. He wished he could have known this chap. He . . . by gosh, he did know him. At least, knew of him. Young Tom Marvin, indubitably. A fellow with an excellent reputation in the bird and animal world.

This Marvin now—for Bernie's dough, he was okay. It was on record that Tom Marvin had found an owl with a broken wing and promptly taken it to a vet. There was a rumor, though unverified, that he had once, at some personal sacrifice, released a skunk from a trap.

But everybody knew definitely that Tom never appeared among the duck and rabbit shooters in red-gold autumns. Bernie risked a peep from greenery, the better to see this paragon.

He saw a well-proportioned young man with light hair. He also saw a girl.

She was got up in khaki shirt and jodhpurs. She was slim, blue-eyed, lovely—the doctor's prescription, though not for such as Bernie. Because she whacked her legs with a riding whip and her diction was not reassuring.

"I can't understand you at all," she told him, "and I'm certainly not getting engaged to a man I can't understand."

Bernie waited. Evidently, though, a lot had transpired before he came in.

"Look, Sue!"

Bernie placed the girl then. Sue Garwood, of course. Daughter of this establishment. Enchanting creature, deplorable habits—rode hell-for-leather—ever in the van, whooping and hollering, flushed and excited—liked urging horses and chivvying foxes. Hence—prominent in Bernie's black books.

"Look, Sue! I'm not asking you to give up hunting. I'm only asking you to include me out."

"Is that all?" There was acid in her voice. "I thought you were asking me to marry you."

"Well, I'm always doing that!" Tom bogged a bit. "And if I can't marry you, I'll—I—I . . ." The bog became definite.

"Now, Tom," she stopped whacking at her legs and took his hand, "let's be sensible. You're sweet. I like you. I even love you, a little. But the fact that I like hunting and you don't is a—an indication. That we haven't much in common. Hunting's only one thing. There'd be others, cropping up all the time. No, my dear."

Tom said, "Wh-what you really mean is—there's somebody else."

"That doesn't follow."

But her face was averted. Bernie, who knew women, had grave misgivings.

Just then hoofs thudded in the lane south of the summer house. A horse went by, burdened with a lean, determined-looking rider.

"Hi!" Sue called out. And to Tom: "Mr. Sippany's our Master of Foxhounds."

Tom grunted.

"Oh," she waved irritably, "you'd better go. Since you don't care for the things I do, or my—"

"Now that," sang out a third voice, "is a brilliant idea. And you were just going, weren't you, Tom?"

The interloper — he'd approached unnoticed by Bernie, the wind being in the wrong direction—had black hair, black brows, and too full lips that curled slightly. He wore riding breeches. He was, decided Bernie, an assured and possessive young man.

"Bannister Bode!" cried Sue. "How nice!"

He laughed noisily. "Skip the act, kid! I told you I'd be over this afternoon." He turned to Tom. "We had a date."

Please turn to page 10

National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page5799397

As Bernie raced through the park, horses reared, snorted; men in pink coats swore; women screamed and giggled; and dogs vocalised.

National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page5799398

At last I'm free to look after my little family—thanks to Dr. Mackenzie's Menthoids

Four months ago my hands were so useless I couldn't dress myself.

A dreadful depression and hopelessness was getting me down.

Sleepless at night with pain, I had to have pillows under my swollen knees and arms.

Now I can enjoy myself and do my work again.

This human story will interest many sufferers who should be enjoying radiant health.

The whole thing started four months ago, when I was advised to take Dr. Mackenzie's Menthoid treatment.
Gone is the pain in my knees. Gone is the crippling of my hands that refused to allow me to dress or undress myself. Gone is that dreadful depression and hopelessness that surely was getting me down. Gone the dreadful wakeful nights. Gone are the nights when I was barricaded up with pillows—pillows under my knees; they were so swollen and sore I could not stand the pressure one on the other. Gone is the pillow I had to have on my chest to rest the painful arm, as it was too sore to lie on . . . For the first time in a good many years, at last I'm free from pain—free to look after my little family.
Many thanks to Dr. Mackenzie's Menthoids for my new happiness.

Dr. Mackenzie's Menthoids will help you, too, if you suffer backache, rheumatism, neuritis, lumbago or headaches

Dr. Mackenzie's Menthoids will help you, too, as they have helped this young Australian mother and her family. For theirs is the story of thousands of other people in the Commonwealth to-day. Rheumatism, Backache, Sciatica, Lumbago, Stiffness in muscles and joints, Kidney and Bladder Weakness, Dizziness, Headaches and Simple High Blood Pressure are so common to-day that it has been estimated that these, and kindred ailments, cost Australians approximately £25,000,000 a year. Much of this suffering and loss can be ended by helping your bloodstream to wash away the body poisons that cripple you.

Dr. Mackenzie's Menthoids contain no harmful drugs.

They are a natural prescription, a great medicine containing Thionine. They are a tried and proven family treatment that has brought relief from the painful, crippling poisons of bacteria and uric acid to generations of Australians. If you suffer in this way, get a flask of Dr. Mackenzie's Menthoids to-day and give yourself a course of this famous treatment. Dr. Mackenzie's Menthoids will quickly relieve you of that unhappy depressed feeling—those aches and pains that are sapping your strength—and give you a new lease of life and youthful energy.

How Dr. Mackenzie's Menthoids act

Dr. Mackenzie's Menthoid treatment cleanses your body of the germs and poisons that rob you of your natural health and energy and which so often cause **Headaches, Dizziness, Simple High Blood Pressure, Rheumatics, Kidney** and **Bladder trouble, Backache,** and similar aches and pains. In these times of stress, Dr. Mackenzie's Menthoid treatment will restore you to normal good health and keep you fit and well to enjoy your life as you should. Start Dr. Mackenzie's Menthoid treatment to-day and see how your aches and pains and tiredness vanish, leaving you filled with new energy and cheerfulness.

Start a course to-day

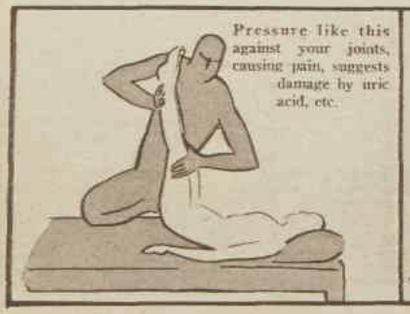
DR. MACKENZIE'S MENTHOIDS 6/6 AND 3/6 EVERYWHERE

Get a month's treatment flask of Dr. Mackenzie's Menthoids for 6/6, with Diet Chart, or a 12-day flask for 3/6 from your nearest chemist or store. If far from town, pin a postal note to a piece of paper with your name and address and send to:

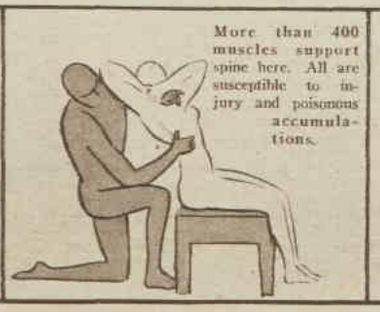
BRITISH MEDICAL LABORATORIES, BOX 4155, G.P.O., SYDNEY

Dr. Mackenzie's Menthoids will reach you by return mail. Keep a note of the number of your postal note until you hear from us.

M81

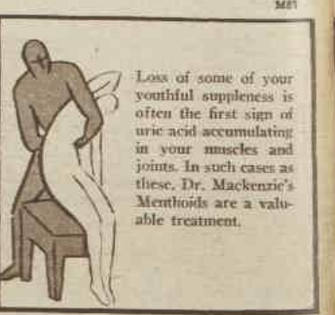


Pressure like this against your joints, causing pain, suggests damage by uric acid, etc.



More than 400 muscles support spine here. All are susceptible to injury and poisonous accumulations.

Your spine is another area often attacked by uric acid, causing painful pressure on nerves.



Loss of some of your youthful suppleness is often the first sign of uric acid accumulating in your muscles and joints. In such cases as these, Dr. Mackenzie's Menthoids are a valuable treatment.

National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page5799399

The Man who had Influence

By
DON
MANKIEWICZ

"No," David said, looking at O'Rourke, "I don't think Harry would fix the jury."

ILLUSTRATED BY JOHN MILLS

DAVID KRAFT opened his eyes and was conscious of the glare of the sun. For a moment he considered drawing the blinds or possibly having them drawn. Then he noticed that there were no blinds and no curtains on the windows. Only bars.

This did not distress him particularly, although it annoyed him. David Kraft was extremely self-possessed for a young man of twenty-three; and this was not the first time, or the second time, he had awakened to find himself in gaol.

David threw off the worn blanket that covered him from the waist down, stood up, and took stock of himself, starting at his feet.

He was pleased to see that he was still wearing his shoes. This was most gratifying for two reasons. It was nice to know that his expensive shoes were not gone. More important, the fact that he had been allowed to retain them indicated that he had not been combative when picked up; this would make the task of his father and his father's lawyer much easier.

Satisfied at the condition of his shoes, David looked at his trousers. They were rumpled; but their condition was satisfactory for trousers that had been slept in. That settled one point: there had been no fight—with the police or anyone else.

Inspection of his coat and shirt was equally reassuring. His shirt was entirely unmarked; his coat had only a stain on the right elbow. Engine grease, David decided, after smelling it. His tie and belt were missing, but that was routine. That he had been allowed to retain his shoelaces showed that the police had not taken seriously the possibility that David might attempt suicide.

His pockets were empty except for a receipt for his wallet, listing its contents, signed Officer Fred O'Rourke. Officer O'Rourke had added David's watch to the receipt, describing it down to the number of jewels (17), the engraving (To David from Dad), and had taken a remarkably accurate guess at its value.

Satisfied that he was in no serious trouble, David gave a cursory examination to his cell, which contained a cot, a basin, a chair, a table, and a window. On one side was the customary grille with a sliding gate in it—locked, of course—which faced a corridor and a blank wall. The sun had just cleared the low building on the opposite side of the yard, and David estimated from this that it was still early, before eight o'clock.

He crossed to the basin, threw some cold water on his face, combed his hair expertly with his fingers, and sat down on the bunk to think. His next move, he decided, ought to be to reconstruct in his own mind as much of the previous evening as possible. This was something Harry Cohalan, his father's lawyer, had impressed on David's mind.

"You're at a great disadvantage," Harry had said, "if you don't know what to confess and what to deny."

What to confess and what to deny? He could afford to deny any charges as to anything that had taken place prior to five o'clock the previous evening, David decided. He could remember quite clearly having gone to the big football game that afternoon. Had he stayed for the whole game? Probably, he reasoned, because he had made a big bet on the game.

David suddenly re-examined his receipt. "Cash: 2940.75 dollars," it read. David didn't know exactly how much money he'd had when he left for the game, but he knew it wasn't more than a hundred dollars. And his bet had been for 3000 dollars. So he must have won the bet, and, more than that, he must have stayed at the game until the very end in order to collect. Abe, his bookmaker, never paid off until the game was finished.

David stared at his shoes. Hardly shoes he'd wear to a football game. Nor for that matter were his jacket and trousers quite sporty enough for an afternoon in the southern California sun. That was the clue he needed. He'd gone home to change his clothes. He must have had a date.

His date had been with Jane; but where had they gone? Not to a movie, he would not have changed. To the club, probably, David decided.

His sudden certainty that he had visited the club was something of a triumph. It took him up to midnight, which was the earliest anyone would go to the club. And it was unlikely that he'd spent less than two hours at the club. That would place him in the parking lot at about two, with Jane at his side, probably arguing about who was to drive. Jane had probably—as usual—been right.

David always understood that, once he sobered up. But at the time he always felt in full control of himself, able to drive, able to drive better and faster than anyone else in the world . . .

The sun had climbed past the window now, and David became conscious of the fact that it was no longer in his eyes. Harry Cohalan will be coming soon, he thought, considering Cohalan with something like affection. Big Harry with his pipe and his half-smile, and his property deeds for bail. David heard voices down the corridor and decided that would be Harry, probably with a policeman.

David was right. Harry wore his usual dark blue suit, and the policeman was a large man who looked like the house detective in a mystery picture—only not stupid. Officer F. O'Rourke, David guessed. The policeman spun the key in the lock and slid the grille back. Cohalan stepped inside; O'Rourke let the door snap back, locked it, and walked quietly down the hall.

"Good morning, Harry," said David. "What am I in for?"

"Black-out again, David?" Cohalan put a nasty, sceptical inflection into the question.

"Not quite," said David. "I'm reconstructing the evening. I think I've got it right until about two. That's when I think I left the club—with Jane. Was she with me when I was picked up?"

"In a manner of speaking." Cohalan spaced the words out slowly, decisively, almost brutally. David had seen him break down witnesses on cross-examination this way. It bewildered David.

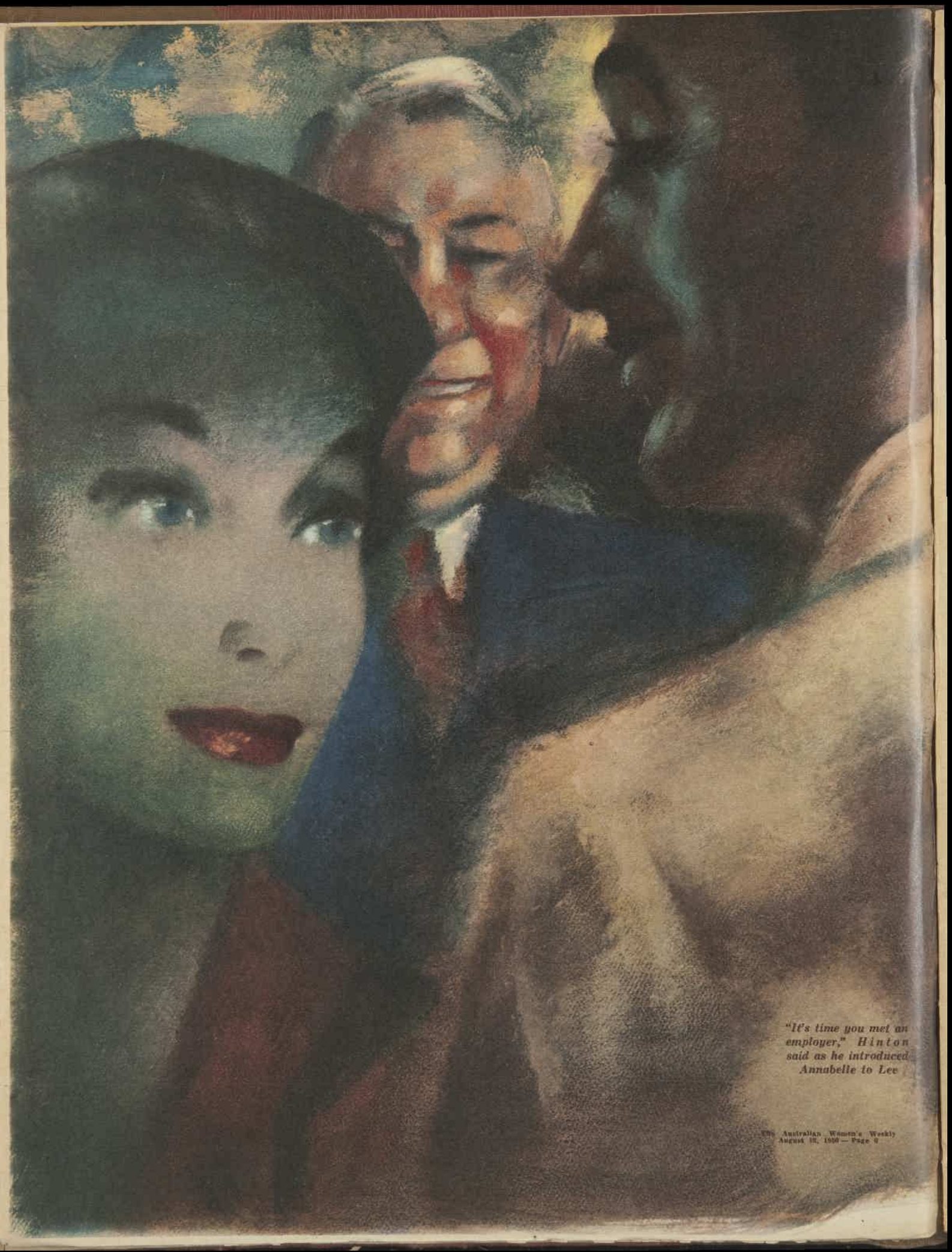
"She was with you all right," the lawyer went on. "When the cops got to where you'd hit the milk truck, at the bottom of the hill, you were outside the car, slumped over the hood, out cold. Jane was sitting up in the front seat." Cohalan varied the even spacing of his words by leaving an even longer pause before he added: "Dead."

There was panic in David's voice. "Dead? Jane's dead? Harry, you don't mean it? She's not, she can't be!"

"Yes. She's dead, David. The police theory is that the impact pitched her through the windshield and cut her throat. She fell back into the front seat and bled to death. That's all I'm going to tell you. The way I see it, you'll be better off not remembering. So, if your blackout is real"—Harry looked squarely at David—"you better not fool with it. Don't try remembering."

Please turn to page 36

National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page5799400



"It's time you met an employer," Hinton said as he introduced Annabelle to Lee

National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page5799401

HE ALWAYS HAD A PLAN

By FAITH BALDWIN

ILLUSTRATED BY KEMBLE

What earthly difference does it make who earns the living and who runs the house, they said, and most of their friends agreed—except Lee

SHORTLY after Lee Carter moved to Little Meadows, his old friends, the Woodley Hintons, gave a cocktail party in his honor, one of those large, informal affairs to which Little Meadows residents are addicted, on Sundays, shortly after the noon hour.

Little Meadows is reached from New York by train, and the station is not situated in Little Meadows but at a junction some four miles distant. When newcomers arrive to look for homes in the district, the realtors explain, hastily, that any slight inconvenience is more than compensated for by the fact that Little Meadows, not being on the main line, remains exclusive.

Once you board the train you are only an hour or so from the city, yet secure in the knowledge that your community has a charming air of remoteness. By motor car, the village, tucked away between rolling hills, a lake, and a wandering river, is apt to be overlooked by the transient trippers and tourists.

Lee Carter had come to visit the Hintons one summer, and had fallen in love with river, lake, stone walls, wild strawberries, and roses. The Hintons had talked him into looking at places. Theirs was an all-year-round project, complete with the usual headaches, and people who are stuck with their dream always try to stick someone else.

Eventually, Lee bought the Lord place, a great structure on the main street, complete with enormous lawns and a garden. This he turned, at great expense, into four complete, income-producing apartments, reserving one for himself.

Hinton, an architect, planned and supervised the job, which was a good one. The other apartments were snapped up instantly, and Lee's, on the second floor, was tailored to his needs.

It was reached by a private door and stairway; it had a great, screened porch, a large living-and-dining-room combination, a small, frighteningly mechanical kitchen, and two bedrooms. Lee's invaluable Filipino manservant had pleasant quarters over the big garage.

The house was ready in the summer, eight months after Lee had bought it. But he, himself, did not move in, although his tenants did. He went, instead, to the West Coast to supervise the opening of a branch of his advertising firm, and so moved to Little Meadows in early September.

His priceless Ramos had moved before him, and, with Mrs. Hinton and the decorator she had engaged, supervised the settling of furniture, the re-covering and re-upholstering, the buying of kitchen utensils, and the making of curtains, so that when Lee gave up his city tenancy he could walk into his apartment, with a fire blazing on the hearth, and feel as if he had always lived there.

He was a top executive, a partner in his firm. He worked hard, long, and late, but his position was now such that he could afford to take a junction train which did not inflict too early rising, and still arrive in time to cope with emergencies, accounts, headaches, and bigger and better money-making.

He had, he was wont to say, come up the hard way; that is, via a good school, university, and copy-writing. Shortly after he graduated from college he had married. This venture had lasted something less than two years. Since then he had been elusive, wary, and unattached.

He was now over forty, but looked younger. His flesh was spare, his color kept wholesome by the sun lamp; he smoked and drank moderately, and slept without benefit of sleeping pill. He stood over six feet tall, and was accounted by men to be a good-looking guy. Most women thought him a species of dream boat.

Which always sailed away.

One of his reasons for moving to the country was his Retirement Plan. Lee always had a plan. He would retire between fifty-five and sixty, as he had managed, on his Savings Plan, to save a considerable sum, despite taxes.

He had an inheritance which was, as yet, untouched. His salary was not to be sneezed at, nor his share of the profits—unless you are allergic to money.

And, he thought, he would live in the country and be on the look-out for a farm, farther out, one which he would buy, inexpensively, restore, stock, and employ a superintendent to oversee. It must be income-producing. He had no use for non-productive ownership.

Then, when the time came, he could retire with a couple of dogs, the books he hadn't read, a well-stocked larder, and some guns.

Meanwhile, he would acclimate himself to semi-country living and take his time, looking around.

At the Hintons', this Sunday morning, Lee observed his neighbors, and was pleased with what he saw. These were bright, intelligent, entertaining people with plenty on the ball. He had met some of the Hintons' guests before, and remembered them all. He made remembering his business.

The women, on Sunday, were not as tweedy as usual and most of them were very attractive, ranging in age from the twenties to the fifties. The men were short or tall, thin or fat, and, as far as he could judge from Hinton's thumbnail sketches, successful.

One or two were even Accounts, and greeted him genially. Others might become Accounts, one never knew. Time and the Club would tell. Hinton had put him up for the Club, when first he bought the Lord place. He was now a member.

He had done his circulating, greeting those he knew, and expressing delight at meeting those on whom he had not before laid eyes.

He collected a dozen invitations to cocktails, dinner, and what-have-you, and accepted them all with the usual vague "How very kind, we must certainly get together soon" routine.

Now he slid into the pantry, where his host was mixing a fresh batch of Martinis and Manhattans.

"You're the talk of the town," said Hinton, "and I warn you, as I've done before, that you'll have to look slippy or you'll get hooked. This place is crawling with suitable widows, divorcees, and spinsters. And there are also married females who are bored with their lot, if not so bored that they would ever do anything indiscreet."

"Say no more," said Lee. "I foresee a wonderful time, provided I stay out of shotgun range."

They left the pantry, walked through the dining-room, and just before they walked out on the terrace Lee put his hand on Hinton's arm. "Who's that?" he inquired.

"Who's what and where? The place abounds in people — Oh," Hinton grinned. "That one's married," he said.

"But who is she?"

"My dear friend, you've been sending her large, important cheques. Her name is Annabelle Warren."

"Never heard of her." He was still looking at her, startled, because she reminded him of every woman he had ever loved, and he had really been fond of quite a number.

"She's A. C. Redding," said Hinton, "the decorator. Her shop is right opposite the movie house. Carol hired her to do your apartment. I don't know why you haven't met her."

"Nor I, but I was away. Why A. C. Redding?"

"Her maiden name."

"What does her husband do?"

"Well, nothing much," said Hinton. "He's one of the best, however, a very good guy. But not much of a do-er, if you know what I mean. We have quite a few in town. Inherited dough — their side sometimes, but usually their wives—or they marry wives with businesses of their own."

"Well," said Lee, "what's keeping you? I'd like to meet A. C. Redding."

"Most men do," said Hinton. "It doesn't do 'em any good."

He took Lee over to Annabelle Warren; she turned, smiled, and Lee's heart went into a spin. This was one of the prettiest women he had ever seen. She was not candy-box pretty, model nor cinema pretty. She was just—pretty; with good features, a flawless skin, and very blue eyes.

"It's time you met an employer," said Hinton. "Annie, this is Lee Carter."

"It's time, indeed," she said, holding out her hand. "I began to think you didn't exist. Do you like the apartment?"

"I like it very much," he said, and then, "but there are one or two things—"

"Yes?" she asked quickly.

"Small matters," he said, shrugging, "but if you would come, some time, we could talk them over."

Hinton walked away, grinning. Good old Lee. And good old Annabelle. In her connection the term was pure endearment. Annabelle was about thirty-five.

It was well after one o'clock, and a number of people had drifted away, but there were still plenty about. Lee looked at Annabelle a moment. He suggested, "Let's go and look at the river. There's a wonderful view."

Off the far end of the terrace, the land sloped down to the river. The day was brilliant with sun, the sky was a theatrical blue, and the air spiced.

Lee said, as they stood there looking out, "This is lovely country. I'm glad I chose to settle here." He laughed, turning toward her. "I thought A. C. Redding was a man. You signed your letters in a very firm little fist."

She said, "When you wrote and addressed me as 'Dear Mr. Redding' there seemed no point in correcting you. Carol and I laughed about it, but I have done houses and apartments for men before; they are always so certain that, if they deal with a woman, they can shade down the price."

"That's very astute of you," he remarked, "and applies to more than interior decoration."

"Quite," she said amiably. "And now I really must go."

"Wait a minute. I haven't met Mr. Redding."

Annabelle looked at him. Whether it was deliberate or not, she couldn't say. She decided to believe it was not. She said, "My husband's name is Warren, Mr. Carter. Sam Warren."

"I'm sorry," he apologised quickly. "I was confused."

She said, "I had a little place, in partnership with a friend, on Madison Avenue before I was married, ten years ago. I kept my maiden name in business."

"Didn't Mr. Warren come with you today?"

Please turn to page 28

"I just don't like offices or clocks. This gives me time to think," Sam said, smiling.

National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page5799402

A TOWN LIKE ALICE

FIRST INSTALMENT OF OUR NEW SERIAL

ONE afternoon in January, 1948, I got a telegram from Ayr. It read:

Regret Mr. Douglas Macfadden passed away last night please instruct re funeral.

Doyle, Balmoral Hotel, Ayr.

I had to search my memory, I am afraid, to recollect who among my clients Mr. Douglas Macfadden was. I had a talk with Lester Robinson, my partner. Then I got my secretary to bring me the Macfadden box, and I read through the will again.

It was an involved will, and it took me some time to establish that there were now only two possible beneficiaries, Donald and Jean Paget, nephew and niece of the deceased.

As both had been in Malaya in 1941—the boy working on a rubber plantation near Kuala Selangor, and the girl in an office in Kuala Lumpur—I anticipated no little difficulty in tracing them.

So it was with rather a note of triumph in my voice that I eventually announced to Robinson: "I've got that Macfadden heir."

"You've found the nephew?" he asked.

"No," I said. "I've found the niece. I understand the nephew's dead."

He grimaced, knowing the particular conditions of the will. "That means we're trustees for the estate until she's thirty-five, doesn't it?"

I nodded.

"How old is she now?"

I calculated for a minute. "Twenty-six or twenty-seven."

"Old enough to make a packet of trouble for us."

"I know."

"Where is she? What's she doing?"

"She's employed as a clerk or typist with Pack and Levy, a firm of handbag manufacturers in Perivale," I said. "I'm just about to concoct a letter to her."

He smiled. "Fairy godfather."

"Exactly," I replied.

I went back into my room and sat for some time thinking out that letter. It seemed to me to be important to set a formal tone when writing to this young woman for the first time. Finally I wrote.

Dear Madam,

It is with regret that we have to inform you of the death of Mr. Douglas Macfadden at Ayr on January 21. As executors to his will we have experienced some difficulty in tracing the beneficiaries, but if you are the daughter of Jean (nee Macfadden) and Arthur Paget, formerly resident in Southampton and in Malaya, it would appear that you may be entitled to a share in the estate.

May we ask you to telephone for an appointment to call upon us at your convenience to discuss the matter further? It will be necessary for you to produce evidence of identity at an early stage.

I am,
Yours truly,
For Owen, Dalhousie, and Peters,
N. H. Strachan.

She rang me up the next day. She had quite a pleasant voice, the voice of a well-trained secretary. She said: "Mr. Strachan, this is Miss Jean Paget speaking. I've got your letter. I wonder—do you work on Saturday mornings? I'm in a job, so Saturday would be the best day for me."

I replied, "Oh, yes, we work on Saturday mornings. What time would be convenient for you?"

"Shall we say ten-thirty?"

I made a note upon my pad. "That's all right. Have you got your birth certificate?"

"Yes, I've got that. Another thing I've got is my mother's marriage certificate, if that helps."

I said, "Oh, yes, bring that along. All right, Miss Paget, I shall look forward to meeting you on Saturday. Ask for me by name, Mr. Noel Strachan. I am the senior partner."

She was shown into my office punctually at 10.30 on Saturday. She was a girl or woman of medium height, dark haired. She was good-looking in a quiet way; she had a tranquillity about her that I find it difficult to describe except by saying that it was the grace that you see frequently in women of Scottish descent.

I got up and shook hands with her, and gave her the chair in front of my desk, and went round and sat down myself.

She produced her birth certificate and her mother's marriage certificate, and when I had read these documents through carefully, there was no doubt about it; she was the person I was looking for.

I leaned back in my chair and took off my spectacles.

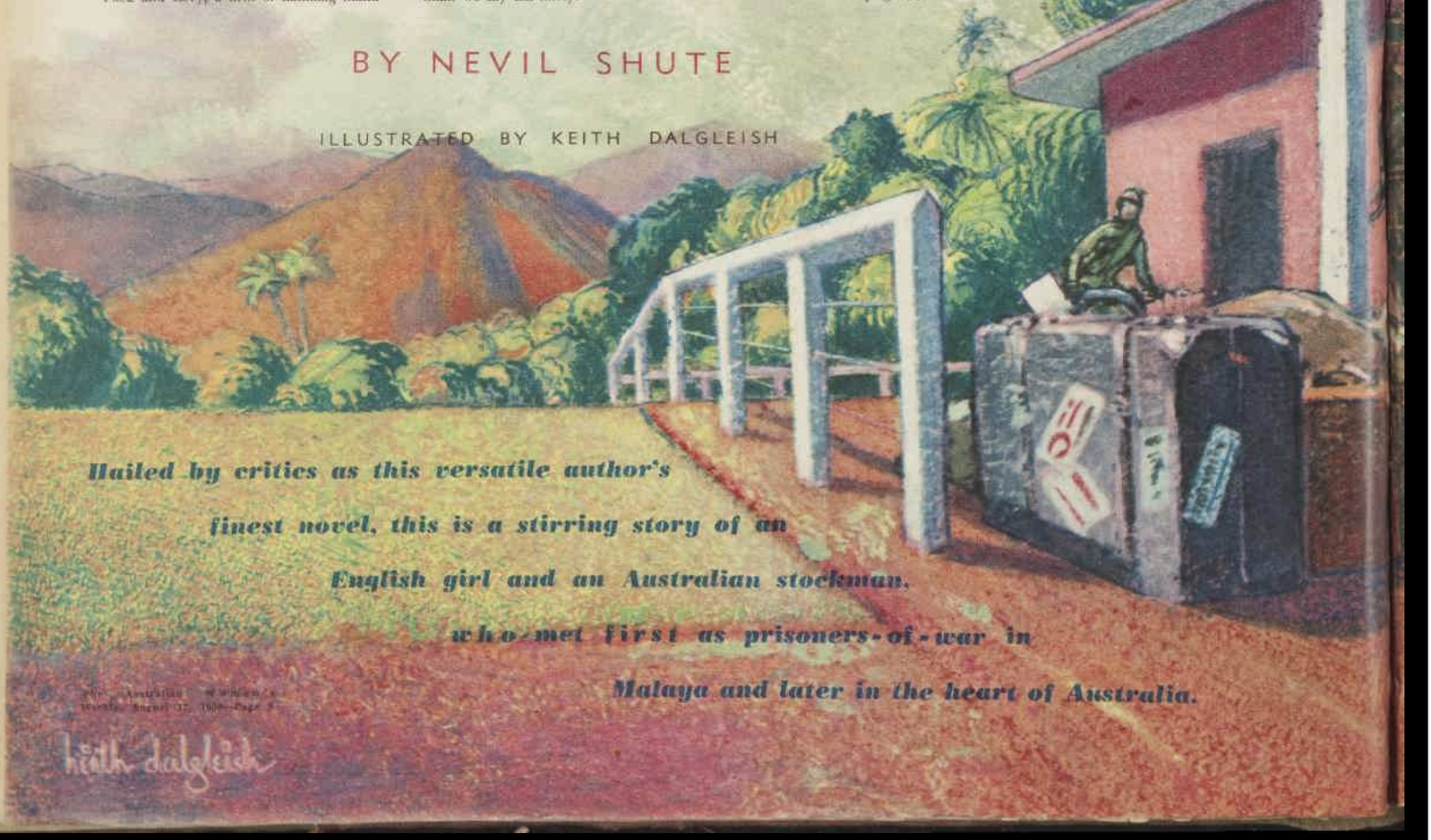
"Tell me, Miss Paget," I said. "Did you ever meet your uncle, who died recently? Mr. Douglas Macfadden?"

She hesitated. "I've been thinking about that a lot," she said candidly. "I couldn't honestly swear that I have ever met him, but I think it must have been he that mother took me to see once in Scotland, when I was about ten years old. We all went together, mother and I and Donald. I remember an old man in a very stuffy room with a lot of birds in cages. I think that was Uncle Douglas, but I'm not quite sure."

Please turn to page 55

BY NEVIL SHUTE

ILLUSTRATED BY KEITH DALGLEISH



Hailed by critics as this versatile author's finest novel, this is a stirring story of an English girl and an Australian stockman, who met first as prisoners-of-war in Malaya and later in the heart of Australia.

National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page5799403

Jean stood there calm and disdainful while the Japanese soldiers went systematically through her possessions.

National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page5799404

The famous ANTI-SHRINK by Grafton

Now in SHIRTS by 'Beaucaire'

Note: Collar is tailored to take tie with Windsor Knot.

Grafton's famous Anti-Shrink label is now on shirts by Beaucaire. That means that you have all of the wonderful easy-laundering and long-wearing qualities of Grafton in the shirt that has always been recognised as the first in fashion and fine make. *Ask for Beaucaire shirts in Grafton Anti-Shrink at all leading city, suburban and country stores throughout Australia.*

2 STYLES

Collar attached. *In white, stripes or plain, soft pastels.* Starchless collar irons smooth as glass in a twinkling. Extra length. Extra full, all-over construction. Single-button cuffs.

With two separate collars. *In white, stripes or plain, soft pastels.* A fashion shirt with two perfectly cut starchless collars that iron smooth as glass in a twinkling. Tailored sleeves with double cuffs. Extra length. Extra full, all-over construction.

Grafton ANTI SHRINK TAILORED BY "Beaucaire" THE BEST IN MENS WEAR 15

BERNIE withdrew his head. This guy was bad business. Worse, if anything, than Sue Garwood. Bannister Bode, a young, active, and vociferous member of the hunt, his name was anathema in certain four-footed circles. He seemed to have dedicated himself to the destruction of fox life.

And Bernie's first impulse was to depart hastily. But after all a triangle was a triangle—intriguing. The case of Tom and Sue was important to him. He took a chance.

Bode, ostentatiously, began peering around the summerhouse. His attitude aroused Sue's curiosity. "Bannister, whatever are you doing?"

"Oh," he grinned, "just trying to see where Marvin put his fancywork. He doesn't hunt or shoot, you know—must do something."

Bernie perked his ears. This was an important moment. Tom Marvin wouldn't let him down.

"Yeah?" said Tom. "Well, step out on the grass, and he'll do a little tatting on that classic face of yours."

"With pleasure." Bode seemed avid.

But Sue was between them. "Sit down, Bannister! Tom, can't you take kidding?"

"Not from him." Bernie heard Marvin's teeth grinding. "I . . . aagh, I'm bailing out!"

Bail he did, followed by a derisive snicker from Bode. But he hadn't gone far before Sue shouted: "Oh, Tom, I forgot! We're having a little party Friday night! You'll come, won't you?"

It took him a moment to answer. "Thanks."

Continuing to the chicken house, Bernie gave the matter some thought. It didn't leave his mind even when, from the sanctuary of tall grass, he decided that the Garwood fowl hostelry was a crib laughably easy to crack.

But a chicken coop was one thing—a three-cornered heart affair involving the Highest Form of Animal Existence, so-called, quite another. Bernie finally concluded that such as himself had better not mix into this business. Still it was regrettable that Bannister Bode, the bete noire of every fox in North York, should walk off with a lush number like Sue Garwood.

Then on Saturday morning the very, very underground grapevine brought disturbing news. At the Garwood party the night before Sue had accepted a diamond completely surrounded by platinum from Bannister Bode. For another, she'd had a stormy scene with Tom Marvin after acquiring the loot. And Tom had quitted the Garwood preserves forever.

"Furthermore," ran Bernie's information, "young Marvin swears he's taking the New York train tonight. He's going south of the border, to forget. But this column would never be surprised if he felt the necessity of building up for the trip a little, in the afternoon.

"You see, he'll be thinking of Sue and Bannister, that happy twain, flashing over the fields. He'll likewise think of that hunk of ice, flashing on Sue's finger. And if he doesn't drop in the Hotel Royal York (convenient to Union Station) to have a drink and brood a little before taking the train, we (this column) are a couple of dumb Dutchmen."

This intelligence gave Bernie furiously to think. There seemed, however, little that a fox could do about such a situation . . .

And yet . . . Bernie shook a highly aware head. To be sure, he'd have sketchy material with which to work.

Simply the facts that (a) he'd have sworn to the proverbial heart of gold beating under Sue's deceptively hard-bright exterior, (b) that Bannister Bode, manifestly not a student of Socrates, exhibited a

Tallyho Toronto

Continued from page 2

marked tendency to overreach himself.

So if an esoteric golden heart could be made to tick properly, and a facility for going too far subtly encouraged . . . aah, he was dopey. Just, despite his wide reputation, a dopey fox.

Which was why, when the hunt rode out in all its proud magnificence, Bernie arranged to be the fox nearest to the sniffling snuffling noses of the abominated hounds—dogs, rather.

For a time, just to make it look good, he let these inferior intellects get nothing but tantalising whiffs of himself. Meanwhile he studied the riders. There indeed was that Hound Master, Mr. Sippany, all brewed into a pink coat.

More important Bannister Bode, wearing a confident smirk on his handsome features, showed. And as close to Bannister as a girl on horseback can get—Sue Garwood, trim in riding habit, and with sun-colored hair tucked severely under a little black hat.

Their presence was all that Bernie wanted to check. He broke cover.

Momentarily he circled, with some impudence, before the very noses of those dimwitted dogs.

Belatedly the hounds set up a baying fit to awaken John Peel in the morning. An instant later came a tallyho and a view halloo, and a general hullabaloo. Bernie neither paid attention nor felt apprehension. Contrariwise, he grinned. These boys and girls were going for a ride to-day. And it was he who would take them.

> *"Marriage is not a word. It is a sentence."*
>
> —Author not known, but believed to have been married.

He wanted a good start, and he got it. Across country he made fools of the dogs. A hundred yards from the highway, with traffic flooding thickly north and not much proceeding south, he even waited a second, to make sure that those clucks could follow him.

They could. The hunters, however, had slowed and drawn together, to discuss the novel idea that never before had a fox led them over this particular ground. The conference was short-lived, because of Bannister Bode.

Bernie, whose hearing was acute, heard Bannister issuing edicts. It didn't matter, quoth Bannister in Bull of Bashan tones. When he hunted foxes he hunted them, though they chose to skip along telegraph wires. So if this animal elected the main highway, so what?

Consciously Bernie had wasted valuable time. The hounds were close now. But he'd had to be assured that the hunt wouldn't call the whole thing off.

Seeing that wasn't to be, he went into a fast sprint and debouched into Yonge Street.

Pacing himself carefully, he went through Richmond Hill. In that metropolis his presence aroused much comment.

Just south of Thornhill, a community now mildly surprised, an interruption occurred. A car, property of the Provincial Police, came screaming. Bernie ducked into a field and doubled back through it a couple of hundred yards, the better to hear the law's views on the proceedings.

"Hey!" The law was decreeing. "This won't do, you know."

It spake unto a formation of reined-up riders. And, although it was Mr. Sippany's prerogative to explain the presence here of his friends biped and quadruped, Bannister Bode beat him to the figurative rostrum.

"Why won't it?" he demanded.

"Because," said the law, without notable logic, "it won't. Disturbing of the—uh, peace."

"Now listen!" Bannister raked the official with hypnotic black eyes. "Can you state offhand the conditions of either a provincial or national statute covering the pursuit of legitimate quarry down a highway?"

This rocked officialdom, which scratched its head. "Well, now . . ."

"Obviously you can't," Bannister cut in, triumphantly.

The chase was on again. Bernie skipped back through the field, shot obliquely in front of the bewildered hounds, and set his mask for Steele Avenue.

He had underestimated his own strength. He'd intended to pause in that neighborhood and rest. But arriving there, the hounds strident in his rear, he still felt pretty fresh. Armour Heights or bust, decided Bernie, and did a little plain and fancy running.

Those dogs were good stayers. They hung hard at his heels as he switched off Yonge Street and crossed the viaduct towards Avenue Road. And, hounding the hounds, came the horses. Bernie concluded that he had better lay up for a while.

Hence he veered to his right and entered the nicely manicured grounds of a Mr. Artemus K. Sebastian.

By then the dogs were practically breathing down his neck. But, rounding the Sebastian house, he saw a screen door carelessly ajar. Through it he whisked and pushed the door. A satisfying click sounded in the face of a peculiarly loathsome, bleary-eyed canine, who had drawn slightly ahead of the pack.

Nuts to you, brother, grinned Bernie, relaxing behind expensive copper screening.

Aloft in this establishment Mrs. Sebastian had just emerged from her bath. She looked very fetching. She also looked out the window.

And fell, gasping, upon the telephone.

It took some time. But she finally located Artemus K. Sebastian at his golf club.

"Arty," said Mrs. Sebastian, "come home! There are some queer characters in pink coats on horseback on the lawn and a whole mess of dogs playing hob with the shrubbery."

Mr. Sebastian, a man quick in the uptake, caught on instantly. "I get it, honey. Pink goats on horseback and dogs of queer character hob-nobbing in the shrubbery. Well, lissen, m'love! How many times I gotta tell you? When you see 'em pink, that's the time to lay off. Don't even finish what's left in your glass."

"Oh-h!" Mrs. Sebastian stamped a dainty foot. "You're impossible! EEEK!"

Bernie, who liked to become thoroughly familiar with the ports-in-a-storm he selected, had just discovered her bedroom.

Mrs. Sebastian was not ordinarily a hysterical person. She picked up a hairbrush.

"Go away, you—you thing!" She threw the hairbrush.

A silver shoehorn followed. Then a box containing bobbypins sailed over Bernie's head.

But his hostess had turned to her dressing-table, a goldmine of ammunition. Now she rubbed up a cold cream jar, a highly throwable object. He got out of there, went back, into the garden and looked about him. There was that bleary-eyed dog, drooling over a zinnia bed. Clustered round him, likewise drooling, were his associates. For a second, busy with their slavering, they didn't see Bernie.

Please turn to page 12

National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page5799405

let Yardley reveal your *natural* loveliness

To capture and retain the softness of a youthful skin
you must keep it deeply clean, supple and fine-grained.
Begin tonight with a Yardley **Cleansing Cream,**
massage with **Night Cream,** and stimulate with one of the **Toning Lotions.**
Tomorrow your mirror will say 'How right you were'!

beauty preparations by **YARDLEY**

Cleansing Creams *(6/9)* · Night Cream *(6/9)* · Toning Lotions *(6/9)* · 'Make-up Base' *(6/6)*
Rouge *(4/6)* · Powder *(5/6)* · Lipstick *(7/9)* · Eye Shadow *(4/6)*

YARDLEY · LONDON NEW YORK PARIS SYDNEY

National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page5799406

WHEN YOU USE

MARIGNY
(MAREENY)
HAIR VITALISER

Everywhere, delighted women are acclaiming Marigny Hair Vitaliser. At last, a preparation is available to keep your hair in tip-top condition — and that naturally means no dandruff. Yes it's true—Marigny Hair Vitaliser is definitely Australia's Number 1 Hair Tonic — try it and you too will say "Goodbye Dandruff"

PRICE 2/6 PER TUBE

AUSTRALIA'S No. 1 HAIR TONIC

TRY ALSO:

MARIGNY WAVE SET LOTION 2/6

MARIGNY FOAM SHAMPOO 2/9

MARIGNY HAIR LACQUER 3/-

PRODUCED BY THE MANUFACTURERS OF THE FAMOUS MARIGNY COLD WAVE

177 COLLINS ST., MELBOURNE
39 PARK STREET, SYDNEY
AND ALL STATES

Tallyho Toronto

Continued from page 10

HOWEVER, the lachrymose-looking canine spotted him, which of course was all Bernie wanted. He made a red smudge of himself.

Behind him the hunt stayed intact to Havergal College. There minor dissolution set in, but the main body reached the intersection of Avenue Road and Eglinton Avenue in good order.

At this point everybody got momentarily snarled up in traffic. Everybody, that is, except Bernie. Bernie kept his head and ignored the traffic. He was running strongly south of Eglinton by the time the hunt got straightened out.

Then there came an unorthodox pursuit. A cocker spaniel, an Irish terrier, and a Scottie. Bernie coped with these amateurs by merely stepping on the gas.

Bernie entered Queen's Park still at large. So did the hunt.

But in the park itself the cavalcade came largely to grief. Upon this enticing stretch of greenery a representative section of the citizenry had enjoyed, until now, a peaceful Saturday afternoon.

There were bench-sitters, paper-perusers, grass-sprawlers, perambulator-pushers, yoyo-players, etcetera. There was also a variegated assortment of domesticated dogs. This latter classification began the virtual upsetting of the apple-cart.

At Bernie's advent, with the pack roaring at his heels, these pedestrian canines set up a clamor. Then they converged, en masse.

Lap dogs leaped from laps. Leash dogs broke leashes. Unattached dogs achieved an even greater degree of unattachment. Casual dogs came hastily from every point on the compass. They mingled freely with their robust country cousins, welcoming them, offering the keys of the city, but also taking their minds off the point at issue, i.e., Bernie.

Trailing the dogs by several lengths, scurried owners and non-owners, curiosity-seekers, protesters, sympathisers, sport-lovers, and some who intended to become simply innocent bystanders. But, whatever their individual intentions, they got in the path of the riders. And the riders pulled up sharply, to avoid mayhem and manslaughter.

Horses reared, snorted; men in pink coats swore; women screamed and giggled; dogs vocalised.

To adhere to an original purpose in this melee and bedlam required sterling character. And, of all that splendid company originating on the playing fields of North York, only four souls had sufficient. Bannister Bode, Sue Garwood, Mr. Sippany, M.F.H., and the dog with the bleary eyes.

Hence as Bernie whisked out of Queen's Park, crossed College Street and entered the stretch, as it were, none except this quartet followed. It followed well, though. Bernie had to hump it down University Avenue, and make a fast left turn into Front Street. But then the massive pile of the Hotel Royal York loomed. Bernie laid back his ears—ran the field into the ground.

At the main entrance of the hostelry there flourished a personage garbed after the manner of a general in the Nicaraguan Army. This imposing presence was just escorting an elderly dowager type into the hotel.

His absorption in the task was great and Bernie recognised a heaven-sent opportunity to gain admission. He slowed to a refined walk. Neither the dowager nor the general ever knew that anything vulpine dogged their sedate heels.

Once inside, it was a cinch. Bernie slipped through the lobby practically unnoticed. True, a bellhop did bellow, "Hey, lookit!" and a hat-check girl made a wild swipe at him.

Presently he came into the cocktail lounge. And—sure enough! At a corner table sat young Tom Marvin. Something small, warm, and breathless leaped suddenly on to his knee.

"Well!" he exclaimed. "Where did you come from? You . . . you're a fox!"

Now what would I be, thought Bernie, a dinosaur? He had no time to think further. Because a voice, equal parts authority and confusion, stated: "No—ah, pets allowed in here, young man!"

"Very well," Tom said promptly and, arising, carried Bernie outside.

They went, to interrupt a conclave. Dismounted before the hotel were Sue Garwood, Bannister Bode, and Mr. Sippany. The weeping hound was there, too, panting asthmatically. Spraddled across their way stood the doorman.

The doorman was pointing out, majestically, that while the human element might conceivably enter here, three horses and one dog definitely could not.

The bleary hound observed Bernie, riding comfortably in the crook of Tom's right arm. He uttered a horrendous growl and sprang.

But Bannister Bode had appropriated this show and nobody was going to steal it from him. Hauling off, he kicked the bleary hound away.

"Bannister!" said Sue sharply. "I know you're upset. But must you abuse animals?"

Bannister ignored her and confronted Tom. "Gimme that fox!" he commanded.

"Why?" Tom asked.

"Why? I've ridden about thirty miles for that brush. That's why!"

"Oh," said Tom. "So you want a brush, do you!"

"Bannister," said Sue, "what are you trying to do?"

BANNISTER BODE'S fury was long past the point of ordinary temper and he turned on Sue: "Trying! I'm going to wring this beast's neck. No fox can make a fool of me."

"You mean you'd kill that poor little creature! Right here!" cried Sue.

"Hey!" Tom addressed Sue. "I thought you went in for destroying foxes? In a big way?"

It was a spot for Miss Garwood. But she faced him, and made her confession. "I hunt because I love the riding and the—the thrill of it. But if you want the truth, I've never been in at a kill in my life. Not really. I . . . oh, I've always just closed my eyes."

Aha, thought Bernie. I knew it. A hidden heart of gold.

But Bode fidgeted. "So!" he said gratingly. "A fake fox hunter, eh!"

Then indeed did Bannister overreach himself. He made a grab for Bernie.

Tom Marvin shot a straight left. It rocked Bannister's head back. Tom shifted Bernie, casually, to his left arm and crossed a right. Thereafter Bode reclined in Front Street, through for the afternoon.

A moment of hallowed silence followed. But Sue Garwood was snatching the spotlight. She stripped something bright off a finger; dropped it upon the heaving recumbent chest of Bannister Bode.

"Mr. Sippany," she said, "take my horse home! Tom, get a taxi—for you and me and that cute little fox. And as for you, Bannister Bode, there's your trinket! I wouldn't marry a—a monster of cruelty like you if you came on a silver plate smothered in watercress!"

The young Marvins, recently married, live quietly in Forest Hill Village. They are liked by their neighbors and a credit to the community. And if, occasionally, they may be observed walking a most peculiar-looking dog on a leash, nobody cares.

(Copyright)

Interesting People

MISS JANETTE WELLARD
. . . golf champion

YOUNGEST Australian golf champion on record is 19-year-old Janette Wellard, who won the 1950 National Title in Queensland last month. Four times junior champion of Victoria, attractive Janette spends all her spare time on the links. As her father, Mr. J. C. P. Wellard, is manager of Box Hill public course, golfing seems to be in the family. An ex-pupil of Ormond Girls' School at Mont Albert, Janette has the luck to match sporting ability with good looks and sense of fashion.

MRS. MOLLIE RICHES
. . . Prisoners of War

FIRST life member of the Western Australian P.O.W. and Relatives' Association, Mrs. Riches was the only woman to attend a committee of State delegates on ex-prisoners' claims for subsistence. Wife of former P.O.W. Les Riches, she spends most of her week with the Association, dealing with problems of welfare and housing. Gardening is her week-end interest. Living at Darlington, in the hills near Perth, she manages her home with characteristic efficiency.

MRS. UNA PRENTICE
. . . London conference

FEDERAL President of the Business and Professional Women's Club, Mrs. Una Prentice is at present in London, where she attended the International Federation of Business and Professional Women's Congress. During the war she toured South Queensland, appearing on behalf of the Crown Solicitor in cases brought against infringement of wartime regulations.

National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page5799407

Visiting actresses give their views on men

DOMESTIC ANGLE on Marjorie Cooke (left) and Doreen Wilson, who have leading roles in "Song of Norway," now at His Majesty's, in Melbourne. The girls share a flat in Toorak.

MAIL from home delights decorative American star Marjorie Cooke, snapped with Charles Dorning (left) and Hendrik de Boer. Marjorie has role of wife of Charles Dorning as composer Grieg. Hendrik plays Norwegian poet Rikard Nordraak.

PRETTY MEMBERS of musical ensemble in "Song of Norway" are two Australian girls, Irene Bevans and Olive Kingette, here seen finishing dressing before they go on stage in a number.

Admirers have wrong idea of stage stars

By MARY COLES, staff reporter

"Life is harder for glamor girls," say two visiting actresses, Doreen Wilson and Marjorie Cooke, now playing leading roles in the operetta "Song of Norway" in Melbourne.

They explained why at an illuminating interview. When I left them, after hearing some of the romantic disadvantages in the life of an actress, I was convinced —almost.

DOREEN is a Canadian, Marjorie an American. They are both glamor girls themselves. Their main complaint is that the average man has a preconceived idea of an actress. The ideas differ, but the girls don't like any of them.

"For instance, there's that strong, silent, interesting type of man we would always like to know better, but who becomes cagy the moment he meets anyone connected with the stage," said Doreen.

"He takes the view that a stage star has too many followers already, and fades out," added Marjorie.

"A girl is not given a chance to show that she wants companionship from real people rather than hosts of faraway fans."

Most men, they say, think actresses are either:

- Careerists, who have run out on their rightful sphere, the home.
- Exactly like their stage roles in real life.
- Good-time girls (most annoying label of all).

The man who thinks actresses are unfeminine careerists remains socially aloof, they say.

Not even Sarah Bernhardt would have been a great enough artist to convince him that she was only a little woman at heart.

There's another type who takes a dim view of the independence enjoyed by any woman earning a salary at least as good as his own. He is awfully good company, but he never does anything to consolidate a beautiful friendship. As a matter of prestige he couldn't let his wife work, and he is sure that glamor girls of his acquaintance couldn't battle with his salary budget.

The ones who expect actresses to be the same in real life as on stage are difficult, the girls told me. It doesn't matter whether the role is shrew, dumb Dora, gold-digger, or Orphan Annie, these boys are surprised and disappointed when the girls are different in reality.

"This kind of beau usually beats it the moment he discovers that the across-the-footlights you is only an act. This happens a lot in 'Song of Norway'," Doreen told me. "Such a lot of middle-aged gentlemen, intrigued by the mature role I assume as the Countess in the play, are quite crestfallen when they meet me away from the theatre at parties.

"You really should see their faces drop when they discover I am right out of their age group in real life."

Doreen and Marjorie agree that some masculine admirers cultivate theatrical celebrities to impress their own acquaintances.

"They need us to bolster their ego.

"However, those who really annoy us are the swains who take it for granted that a stage career is a polite way of a girl leading a wildly gay bachelor existence," they said.

"When their charms don't register they practically want to make appointments for us to see psychiatrists.

"These men believe there must have been an Influence, otherwise a male patron, to give us our chance for stardom. They worry because they think the Influence must have had superior charms."

Doreen and Marjorie are emphatic that such a way of getting on in the theatre is definitely out-dated.

"Believe us," they insisted, "the modern theatre is a terribly hard-working school of young people, keen to do a thorough job."

Both girls say that a successful stage career means real work, but they love the theatre. Even in long-run shows no two performances seem alike to the players.

"Having an audience right with you is the most wonderful experience," Marjorie said.

When real domesticity catches up with either of them it won't create any difficulties. Both have practised hands for household jobs.

At present they share an attractive flat in Toorak.

They're not only good at doing housework themselves, they know how to get it done, as two good-looking men of the company found.

They are South African Charles Dorning, who has the role of the composer Grieg in "Song of Norway," and American Hendrik de Boer, who plays a Norwegian poet.

With feminine guile, the girls invited Messrs. Dorning and de Boer for a home-cooked Sunday meal at the flat just after they moved in.

The immaculately turned out visitors were greeted on arriva' with overalls, scrubbing brushes, and curtains needing to be hung.

Good troupers Charles and Hendrik went to the task like a couple of deck hands.

A happy family atmosphere has always characterised the "Song of Norway" cast, says Swiss-born American producer Peter Bronte.

He has been associated with the production since it had its trial run with the Los Angeles Civic Light Opera Company just before the war. Later he rejoined the show, after his release from the Army, when "Norway" was drawing packed houses in New York.

He found himself with a four-and-a-half years' job on his hands during the long U.S. season.

Another American member of the company, Robert Bernard, has been playing in the show since its New York premiere.

He agrees with Doreen and Marjorie that the public forces stage folk to live in a different world from that of every-day people. Robert says this, at times, gives theatricals a feeling of great loneliness and isolation.

"If you've got anything to do with the theatre you are expected to put on an act and entertain," he said.

DRESSING-ROOM SCENE as chorus prepares for one of the spectacular ballets in the show. Girls in the chorus come from Melbourne, Adelaide, and Sydney.

National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page5799408

For Service . . .

"Fly TAA -the friendly way"

JUST PHONE YOUR LOCAL TAA BOOKING OFFICE FOR RESERVATIONS

There's a Departure Time to Suit You!

TAA ARE GENERAL AGENTS FOR **BCPA** SERVICE TO AMERICA

Use TAA's rapid delivery FREIGHT service. Freight charges may be paid by consignee at destination.

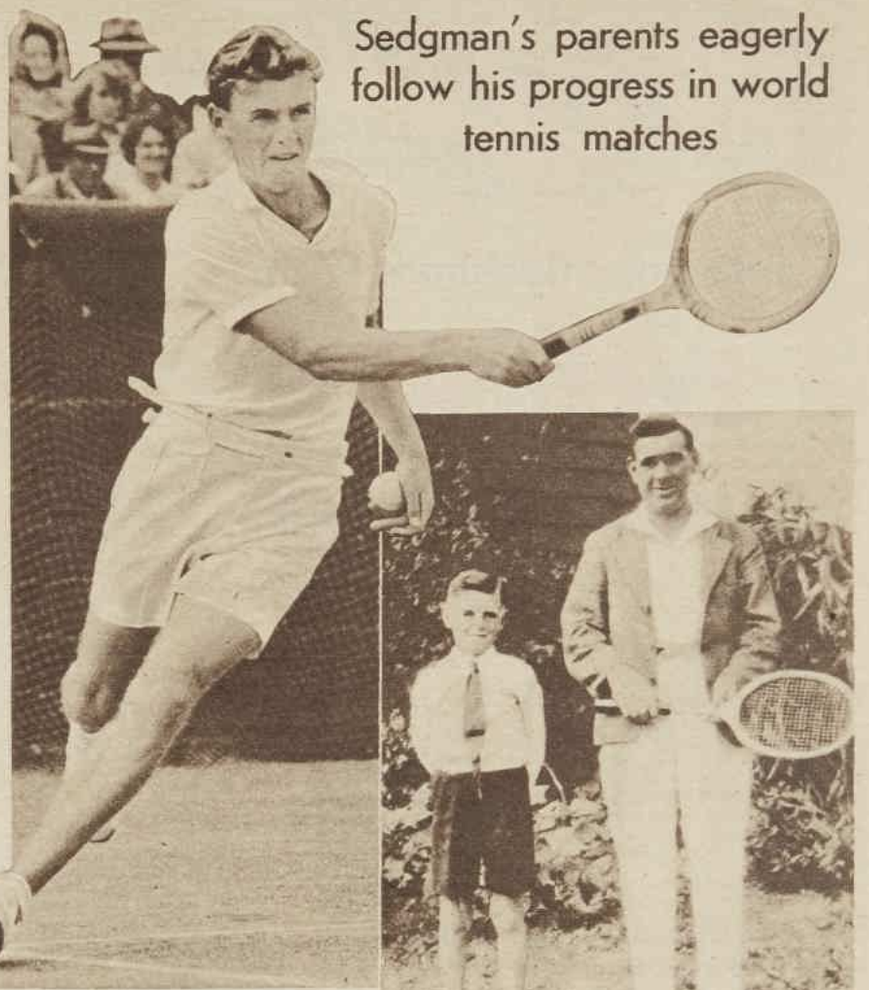
NP612

National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page5799409

Champion learned first strokes from father

LETTER from Frank, now in America. Mr. and Mrs. Sedgman and baby Sandra, parents and sister of tennis ace, always keep a sharp look-out for the postman. Frank writes home regularly.

Sedgman's parents eagerly follow his progress in world tennis matches



SEDGMAN in a characteristic shot in the Australian Championships at Kooyong, above. At right he is seen with his father when he first started to play tennis at age of seven.

By ELIZABETH HANSON, staff reporter

When Australian tennis champion Frank Sedgman returns from the American zone Davis Cup tour he will step into the brand new home which his father has built for the family during week-ends.

There won't be many surprises in it for Frank, though — every letter or telephone call to his parents unfailingly asks: "How is the house going?"

THE Sedgmans live in a brownstone-fronted house in Brunswick, next door to the fibro plaster factory where Mr. Sedgman is foreman.

Building the new house, which is a mile away in Coburg, is an all-in job for parents, children, and three of Mr. Sedgman's brothers.

They spend every week-end working, taking a huge cut lunch and making billy tea.

"My main job is mixing cement for Dad," says Frank's thirteen-year-old schoolboy brother Bob. He is a keen swimmer but does not play tennis.

Eleven-year-old Kathleen cleans up and sweeps the rooms as the men finish work.

Frank was a willing helper in the early stages, when he could take time off from tennis, and he's excited at the thought of coming home to the completed house. It's cream with a red-tiled roof.

The family expects to move in this month.

When I called to interview the Sedgmans at their Brunswick home I found Mrs. Arthur Sedgman, mother of the 22-year-old wonder, busy preparing lunch for her husband and her 19-months-old baby, Sandra.

Two other children, Bob, 13, and his sister Kathleen, 11, were at school.

They are a happy family and typical of thousands of similar nice Australian folk—except that one of them happens to be a world figure in tennis.

I learned that Frank has had a tennis racquet in his hand since he was three . . . and before that he would accompany his parents, both keen players, and watch the game with great interest.

His father and mother were his first teachers; Mr. Sedgman was for five years secretary of the Blackburn Tennis Club, and it was obvious that the child showed unusual promise from his earliest tries.

His father bought him a tiny child's racquet and began to coach him.

Simple diet

NOW five feet ten inches tall, weighing 12 stone, with blue eyes, wavy corn-colored hair, excellent teeth, and tan skin, Frank Sedgman is a wonderful example of Australian youth.

He keeps extra fit when home by a nightly workout of one hour at Frank Findlay's gymnasium in the city.

He's careful about diet, eats lots of protein such as steak and eggs, plenty of fruit, and drinks mainly milk. He neither smokes nor drinks alcohol . . . even coffee and tea are sparingly taken.

"Frank likes plenty of sleep," says his mother. Like most top-ranking sportsmen, he has learned the art of relaxing his muscles instantly and completely.

"The best tennis manners ever seen on a championship court" is one graceful title attributed to Frank by the experts, and there is no doubt that his home training, coupled with his own lovable nature, has a good deal to do with it.

"Frank once wanted to be a journalist, but didn't get any farther than a clerical job in a big newspaper office. Then tennis became the all-absorbing aim, and now there's little time left over for anything else," says his mother.

This is his third trip overseas. After the first trip his family wondered if he'd settle down to the old routine.

"The amazing thing is that he's so adaptable," his mother said. "He loves England, loves America, and he's made lots of good friends in both countries. He'd like to live in America—provided he had an awful lot of money. But when he comes home he's still the same boy. Success and travel haven't made any changes in him."

He's an excellent correspondent, and never fails to write home every week. Letters are interspersed with occasional radio-telephone calls.

Baby sister Sandra is his special pet. She can lisp "F'ank?" in an inquiring sort of way when mother asks "Where's Frank?"

"When he's at home it's a morning routine for Sandra to creep in and tickle his toes until he wakes up. Then it's lots of fun for her playing with him on the bed and listening to the records he plays over for her," Mrs. Sedgman says.

Frank collects exotic American ties and jazz band recordings. Lots of the records he brought home from America last trip have not yet been released in Australia. He has a good pick-up, which is the pride of his heart, and likes to entertain his young friends at home playing over new recordings.

His men friends each received a present of an American tie last time.

There isn't any "special" girl in his life—here or abroad.

"Frank has girl-friends, of course —lots of them," his mother said, "but tennis is his first love so far."

A good general athlete, Frank won the championship for the "best all-round athlete" at Box Hill High School two years running. He likes to play basket-ball and swim. Dancing is a favorite recreation, but he doesn't have too many late nights.

Presents for all members of the family are part of his programme. Last time it was a beautiful wooden pull-along toy from Switzerland for Sandra, three beautiful dresses for Kathleen from New York, a gold compact for mother, and a luxurious razor for Dad.

Typical of the modesty of the Australian singles champion was his remark following his defeat by American Budge Patty in the Wimbledon Singles Championship—"I was a little stiff after Thursday's marathon . . . but Patty had me well beaten."

Thursday's marathon included a gruelling second set, the longest ever played at Wimbledon, in a doubles match of 94 games.

It lasted for two hours forty minutes, and the scores were 31-29.

Sedgman's partner was Ken McGregor, who showed great promise in the Canadian round of the Davis Cup.

Patty's comment on that match was that "he was not trying to win the doubles," adding that as his partner was playing superbly, he had to make a token resistance to the Australians.

He defeated Sedgman for the title the following day, but the two will probably meet again in the challenge round of the Davis Cup, when Sedgman is expected to win his two singles matches.

The Australian's stamina at Wimbledon, following the marathon doubles, earned him from sportswriters the title of "the iron man."

AMERICAN ties fascinate Sedgman. Here he wears one he bought on a previous trip. He brought similar ones home for friends.

DAVIS CUP TEAM

THIS year's Australian Davis Cup team comprises Frank Sedgman, John Bromwich, Ken McGregor, Mervyn Rose, and George Worthington.

Australia last held the Cup in 1939, but America won the first series after the war, in 1946, and has been unbeaten since.

National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page5799410

Put

BRIGHTER LIGHT! LONGER LIFE!

into your flashlight with

EVEREADY

TRADE-MARK

FLASHLIGHT BATTERIES

There are a dozen uses every night — in every home — for an "Eveready" Flashlight. Make sure your Flashlight is always packed with extra power — with "Eveready" Batteries!

"EVEREADY" brand Batteries give your flashlight brighter light - and they keep that brighter light beaming for a much longer life.

Make emergency night-time jobs a cinch

Walking up and down dark steps

Trace noises in nigh without leaving bed

For making sure gates are shut at night

For going to outside toilets

Fishing at night

Here is something Dad really wants for . . .

FATHER'S DAY —

3 GREAT FEATURES!

1. Quick Focusing — sharp spot to broad beam.
2. NEW Press Button AND Lock-Switch.
3. "EVEREADY" Candlelight Feature — Unscrew top — stand light on end.

A NEW 1950

EVEREADY

Trade-Mark

FLASHLIGHT

Every home . . . Every car . . . Every boat . . . Every Week-ender
Every FATHER needs an "EVEREADY" Flashlight.

National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page5799411

STAFF NURSES Beulah Snook, of Roleystone, W.A., left, and Marquita Diederich, formerly of Wellington, N.Z., who with Joy McMahon, also a staff nurse, put their names down for service with the W.R.A.N.S., the W.A.A.F., and the Army Reserve of Nurses, whichever calls them up first.

SWITCHBOARD OPERATOR VILMA GELLING, 22, of North Fitzroy, and Olive Cairns, of Oakleigh, clerk, were among first girls in Melbourne to apply to join the W.A.A.F., preferably in stores section. Word "auxiliary" has been dropped from title of Service.

MRS. VIOLET WRIGHT, B.E.M., of Inglewood, W.A., was one of the first to give her name in for service with the W.R.A.N.S.

Girls keen on service life

Recruiting centres in all States resound to click of high heels

Recruiting officers for the Royal Australian Navy and the Royal Australian Air Force are becoming accustomed to the clatter of high heels at recruiting centres as young women apply for enlistment.

Sometimes they arrive singly and often in pairs or groups in steadily increasing numbers since it was announced that women would be accepted for the two services.

HUNDREDS of inquiries come in by mail and telephone. One 18-year-old anxious to enlist in the W.R.A.N.S., because she is "mad about the sea in any form," is Pamela Asplin, of Killara, N.S.W.

Pam, a fresh-faced youngster with an urchin haircut, is an ardent Sea Ranger, and thinks she must have salt water in her blood because "a few of my grandmother's people were seafaring folk."

In her Sea Rangers' group Pam is learning all about the history and traditions of the sea, and she intends to obtain her boating certificate by learning how to manage a small boat.

Another youthful W.R.A.N.S. applicant is 20-year-old cashier Gwen Macintosh, who is anxious to "learn Morse code and get into communications."

But enthusiasm is not restricted to youth, for one applicant is Mrs. Maude Hodge, of Rose Bay, Sydney, who served in England in the W.R.N.S. in World War I and who admits to "over 50 years."

"My late husband was 30 years in the Navy, and I'm all ready to join if they'll take me," she said.

"In England I trained in the rain and fog, and did my share of C.B. after I took a rowing boat out against orders. I'm in just as good health now as I was then."

A former Leading Wran who wants to enlist again is Catherine O'Keefe, of North Sydney.

Miss O'Keefe, who has spent long periods in hospital and wears a steel spinal brace as the result of a fall on some stairs during her W.R.A.N.S. service, said, "You have to be in the Navy to know what a wonderful life it is.

"It has always seemed at its best to me on Monday mornings, when the whole ship's company assembles on the quarterdeck."

Former W.A.A.A.F. sergeant Beatrice Eller, of Sorrento, Vic., is "longing to get cracking" into service life again, and, with her friend Patricia Hayward, of Middle Park, Vic., a switchboard operator, has applied for enlistment in the W.A.A.F.

Beatrice had four years' service during the war as a nursing orderly.

W.A.A.F. morning

FLIGHT-LIEUT. J. McLauchlan, in charge of the R.A.A.F. Recruiting Office at Brisbane, regards Saturday morning as "W.A.A.F. morning."

When the Korean war began, three Perth Hospital girls who decided they "ought to help" were staff nurses Joy McMahon, Marquita Diederich, and Beulah Snook. On their "day off" they put their names down for the W.R.A.N.S., and also called on the Army and put their names on the reserve.

"That's all right with us," they said, when informed that their names would remain on the reserve for ten years, and that they could be called up any time and sent anywhere.

When the Minister for Air announced that the W.A.A.F. was to be re-established, the three girls arranged to call and enter their names at the R.A.A.F. recruiting office on their "next afternoon off."

At least 300 girls have left their names and addresses at naval and Air Force recruiting depots in South Australia for the W.R.A.N.S. and W.A.A.F. against the time when these services will be re-formed. A big percentage of all the girls applying are from country districts.

Girls who were in the British women's services are among the applicants; there are also some former Australian ex-servicewomen.

NAVAL RECRUITING OFFICER Lieut.-Commander E. G. Henry meets 19-year-old Melbourne hairdresser June Harling, centre, introduced by former Wran Clarice Maguire, now clerk at H.M.A.S. Lonsdale.

FORMER WRAN Catherine O'Keefe, of North Sydney, talks over Navy life with Mrs. Maude Hodge (left), who served with the W.R.N.S. in England during the First World War. Catherine is a children's nurse.

TELEPHONIST Joy Wilkinson, of Kogarah Bay, talks with R.A.A.F. recruits Henry Doran (left) and Stan Durham when she calls at R.A.A.F. Recruiting Office, Sydney, to inquire about enlistment for the W.A.A.F., which is recruiting 40 officers and 900 other ranks.

W.R.A.N.S. attracts Carlita Finger, of Brisbane, seen mounting the steps of the Navy Office to discover requirements of Service.

CASHIER Gwen Macintosh, of Sydney, has applied for enlistment in the W.R.A.N.S. as she "likes everything about Service life."

National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page5799412

they stay brighter longer

B T-H
MAZDA
ELECTRIC LAMPS
AUSTRALIAN GENERAL ELECTRIC
Representative in Australia for The British Thomson-Houston Company Ltd., England w.a.

The engaging furies of Cornelia Otis Skinner

It takes a woman of the highest order of wit, gallantry, and poise to make of the minor irritations of living an embellishment to personality.

That this can be done is proved by American author-actress Cornelia Otis Skinner in her book "That's Me All Over."

IT wouldn't be fair to expect another "Our Hearts Were Young and Gay" (written by Miss Otis Skinner in collaboration with Emily Kimbrough). That had the irresistible charm of an outdated but nostalgically recalled period.

"That's Me All Over," the collection of a mature and amused woman's comments on such varied subjects as encyclopaedias and dancing lessons, has enough of the same engaging and vital quality to make it entertaining reading.

Miss Otis Skinner, whose age is 49 (though this is withheld, by the divine right of actresses, in the American Who's Who), is shown on the back dust jacket as a fashionable and well-groomed brunette, nicely pearled and furred.

Studying this glossy portrait you might well be deceived into thinking that the hag-riding irritants of complex modern living had quite passed her by.

But when she writes of the wilful imbecility of manual telephone operators, the fiendish opposition of vase flowers to fall in with any suggested arrangement, all the authentic anguish and tell-tale signs of suffering are there.

The difference between this sophisticated ornament to the American stage and most of us is that she turns her furies and frustrations into commendable self - malicious anecdotes, while all we lesser women get out of them are crows-feet and a grey tinge about the lips.

When she laughs at herself she does it without self-conciousness. She has the engaging quality of taking it for granted that readers will share her rage at the uppishness of doctors' receptionists, her mortification at being put in her place by her small son, and at her inability to master the intricacies of riding a bicycle.

The book is liberally studded with penetrating cracks such as:

"Feeling like Boswell and looking even stiller"; of a newly-born baby —"breathing like a pug dog and looking cross and imperial." And of a dressing-room at a reducing academy—"like a daintily furnished sentry box."

All those who wear skirts should thank Miss Otis Skinner for showing how to be acid without corroding, pert but not petty.

Every mother of a small boy will see in "Youth's Furnishings" the reflection of her own activities in trying to outfit her young.

"The mother," Miss Otis Skinner says, "starts in by announcing in tones of forced gladness, trying to make it sound like an invitation to a barbecue, that they're going to go shopping, and won't it be fun?

"The little boy, who knows darned well it won't be, meets the suggestion with a barrage of protest. He thinks of urgent things he has to do, he invents engagements with fictitious buddies in the park, he insists he has to get his homework done, he complains of a headache, he even goes so far as to say he feels like spending the morning practising his scales on the instrument he happens to afflict his family with.

"The mother, steeling herself, remains adamant and sends the child off for his cap and coat. He obeys with the alacrity of a reluctant snail, all the while muttering baleful words to the effect that he hates old stores anyway . . ."

Miss Otis Skinner and outdoor sports have never exactly been what might be referred to as en rapport, she confides. Her failure to meet the demands of skating, riding, yoga exercises, and aquatic sports causes her to write in the chapter called "Bonny Boating Weather" the following:

"The older I get the more difficult I find it to be sporting. As a matter of fact, I have always found it difficult. What I should say is that with increasing maturity I am beginning to realise that to assume an attitude of splendid animal enjoyment in situations of acute discomfort, not to say of peril, is childish and unnecessary.

"It is all very well for the very young or for the female who by exhibiting her fine outdoor nature hopes to land her man. But for the woman past thirty, who no longer goes in for such complicated forms of angling, it is so much easier to come clean and admit she prefers to remain on the chaise-longue in the cabana."

BOOK REVIEW

"That's Me All Over,"

Cornelia Otis Skinner

by Ainslie Baker

While stating flatly that she is no feminist, Miss Otis Skinner goes on to say that what she does yearn for is to be permitted certain privileges regarded by the male species as their prerogative.

"Evenings when my husband has been dozing deeply and audibly I've tried sneaking up on a fire, but it's no use. The first click of the tongs arouses him into the frenzied action of a volunteer fire-chief at the first alarm, and with a virile this-is-man's-work look he goes for the luscious ember I myself have been itching to hack at.

"There have been times I have waited until I was certain of being alone before indulging my camp fire girlish proclivities, and even then some male appears like a phantom from 'Macbeth,' says 'I'll do it for you' and does. And what's worse, I have to thank him. It's like thanking someone for eating your crepes suzette for you."

Where Cornelia Otis Skinner scores over other members of New York cafe society turned autobiographer is that she is feminine without being skittish.

This doesn't mean that the book is for the girls only. Indeed there are several chapters that might well come under the heading of "How to Keep Your Woman Once You've Got Her."

Perhaps, as a member of the feminine sex, my duty is to discourage male readers from putting their inquisitive noses into as much as the first page of this book.

In exposing her own idiosyncrasies and foibles the author has exposed those of most of twentieth century womankind.

"That's Me All Over" is published by Constable, London. Our copy from Grahame Book Company.

Editorial

AUGUST 12, 1950

WE PROUDLY PRESENT

HERE is The Australian Women's Weekly in its new dress which we announced last week.

It fulfils plans, first formulated more than 10 years ago, for a bigger, better paper.

In those 10 years we have shared with our readers all the anxieties, frustrations, shortages, and delays that have made the day's work difficult in the home, in small businesses, and in major industries.

So any of our readers who have at last achieved a new home or renovations, a car for the family, or long-awaited labor-saving equipment will understand the satisfaction we feel now.

Installation of the most up-to-date rotogravure plant in the southern hemisphere enables us to give you more color pages and finer reproduction.

Additional technicians have been brought from abroad to augment the skilled staff needed for such an enterprise.

The larger paper allows us to increase the number and variety of weekly features and to widen our coverage of current events in the news.

The organisation that brings this about is an enormous one. It has its offices in every capital of the Commonwealth and in the great world centres of London, Paris, and New York.

From all these places there pours in to head office the best fiction, the latest news, the finest pictures the world has to offer. From these we select the cream to give to you each week.

No paper gives wider scope to Australia's creative talent than this one.

The beautiful illustrations you see in this issue are all the work of local staff artists, and every section of the paper is produced by an expert in a particular field.

Production of the current enlarged paper is only the beginning of our new plans. As various shortages and other difficulties are overcome we will add more color, more features, and new ideas to keep faith with our large and ever-growing public.

National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page5799413

AMERICAN FASHION PARADE. Mrs. Adrian Perry (left), wife of U.S. Naval Attache, and Sheila Scotter chat with John Snow, of Sydney, at gala dinner which opens the American Fashion Parades at the Myer Emporium, Melbourne.

JUST BACK from Sydney holiday, Mrs. Tom Edwards (right) wears lovely gown of pale grey taffeta when she arrives at gala opening of American Fashion Parades at the Myer Emporium, Melbourne, with Mrs. John Lowry, Ted Graham, and Sandra Baillieu, who wears fitted jacket and frock of delphinium-blue sequin-trimmed wool.

HONEYMOON at Surfers' Paradise for Mr. John Inglis, eldest son of Mr. and Mrs. Reg Inglis, of Newmarket, Randwick, and his bride, formerly Miss Margaret Whitford, second daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Archer Whitford, of Bellevue Hill, who were married at St. Mark's, Darling Point.

Intimate Gettings

MANNEQUIN PARADE. Miss Margaret Sangster (left), of Strathfield, who is engaged to Mr. Brian Weisener, of Strathfield, sat with Miss Shirley Saxton at "You're Lovely, Madame" parade at Prince's.

CHRISTENING ceremony at Holy Trinity Church, Grenfell, for Philip Hugh, son of Mr. and Mrs. H. Paddy Willsallen, and family party afterwards at the Willsallens' home, "Willgrove," seven miles out of town.

Philip's exquisite robe of lace and finest hand-embroidered linen was worn by his father when he was christened. Mrs. Willsallen was Anne Macneil, of Grenfell, and her parents, Mr. and Mrs. H. S. Macneil, come over for ceremony from their property, "Struan." Mr. Willsallen's mother, Mrs. Leonard Pavitt, is motored from Moss Vale by son John Pavitt, of Coolac.

Dr. and Mrs. Darcy Williams come from Cootamundra to be godfather and godmother. Other godfather is Philip's uncle, Hugh Macneil, of Grenfell.

• • •

GUESTS invited to the Jimmy Bancks' welcome home for the Lennox Bodes chortled over the hilarious invitation cards. Party at the Bancks' Point Piper home last Saturday. Invitations showed a colored sketch of Joan in fur coat and Lennox in topper and tails astride an aeroplane which trails handboxes branded "Dior, Paris," "Hattie Carnegie, New York," "Molyneux, Paris." Joan and Lennox have been away since February, flew home through America.

• • •

DROP into Macquarie Galleries to hear Douglas Dundas open one-woman show of Ena Joyce's paintings, mostly result of her three years abroad on a Government scholarship. Ena tells me Italy was her favorite country, which she thought very like Australia. She loved the silvery touch of olive and cypress groves. I have a few words with Mrs. Dundas, who is busy getting pictures painted for the Society of Artists' show on September 2.

After the opening, she and her husband will have an evening party at their home, Kilmarnock, Woollahra, when they expect about 50 guests.

CHOOSING FLOWERS. Miss Juin Steele (right), of Strathfield, selects flowers similar to those she will carry at her wedding to Mr. Lindsay Faulkner Orr, of Kyneton, Victoria, at St. Stephen's on September 16. With her is her sister Mollie, who will be bridesmaid. Miss Rubie Orr, Mr. Frank Hiddlestone, and Mr. Robert Orr, Victoria, will also attend them.

HEAR from Melbourne that Mrs. John Dixon has had a cable from daughter Judy to say she and husband, Stuart Phelps Dodge, and baby son Stuart plan to visit Australia soon. They leave by air from Colorado Springs early in October.

• • •

EVERYONE glad to see Mrs. Alexis Albert about again after recovering from her broken leg. She looks pleased too, when I see her at the Pellier spring showing, which was her first outing.

• • •

LOVELY Mrs. W. Shepherd, who is here from her home in Cheshire, England, among guests at the cocktail party given by Mrs. Strath Playfair at her Woollahra home. Others include Mrs. R. J. Hardy, Mrs. Eve Crossing, Mrs. Hector Livingstone, and Ben Arnott.

WIDE interest in engagement of Diana Westcott and Alan Burridge. Diana is second daughter of Mr. and Mrs. H. Westcott, of Sutton Forest, and Alan is twin son of Mrs. Burridge, of Ridemount, Dundee, and the late Mr. W. T. Burridge.

• • •

BRIEFLY: Mrs. Sam Hordern has few days in Melbourne . . . Priscilla Sturge goes north to Brisbane for Show Week . . . Mr. and Mrs. G. Figgis and Mr. and Mrs. George Morrison go over from Sydney to Melbourne for wedding of Barbara Nurse and Russell Thomas at St. Columba's, Hawthorn . . . Jim and Sheila Thompson, of Merriwa, take house at Palm Beach for part of summer.

• • •

GRIM stories of the flooded north-west are told by president of Namoi Country Women's Association branch, Miss Doris Foxe, at Bellevue Hill branch's birthday party. Miss Foxe just makes the party by train. She reminisces with Mrs. Helen Waugh, of Liverpool, and Mrs. M. Amos, of Rose Bay, who were in Narrabri branch for 18 years. From Illabo is Mrs. J. Hamilton, president of Hume C.W.A. Group.

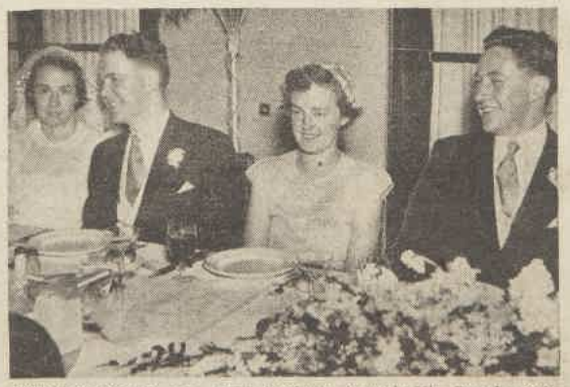
• • •

MR. ALAN WHITE arrives in Sydney from flooded "Doonkami," Goondiwindi, two hours before the marriage of his daughter Dorothy (Biddy) to Mr. John Carr, only son of Mr. and Mrs. John Carr, of Dover Heights, at St. Mark's, Darling Point. Wedding, once postponed because of floods, is followed by small reception at Australia Hotel. After honeymoon at Lord Howe Island, couple will live at Palm Beach.

Anne

INTERSTATE WEDDING. Pre-wedding parties for Miss Naomi Landa (centre), of Vaucluse, are given by Miss Virginia Fairfax (left) and Miss Primrose Anderson-Stuart, who lunch at Prince's. Eighty Melbourne guests will attend Miss Landa's wedding to Mr. Lionel Gross, of Melbourne, at the Great Synagogue next Monday.

AT CONCERT in Sydney Town Hall to aid Ginette Neveu Scholarship Fund are younger set members of the Fund committee Miss June Parker (left), Miss Jean Melocco, and Miss Annette Playoust.



COUNTRY BRIDE. Mrs. Harry Goodman, formerly Miss Pamela Bartlett, of Mullumbimby, and bridegroom, Dr. Goodman, with Dr. Ted Bennett and Miss Marie Hoxie, Lismore, at reception at Australia Hotel.

National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page5799414

ON AUGUST 15, COMMONWEALTH
4% SECURITIES ISSUED IN AUGUST, 1931,
AND 3⅜% SECURITIES ISSUED IN MARCH, 1940,
MATURE AND CEASE EARNING INTEREST

If you hold Bonds or Inscribed Stock in either of these maturing issues

convert your holdings at once

INTO THE TENTH SECURITY LOAN

and prevent interruption to the income they earn

SPECIAL NOTE: Attention is directed specially to the fact that the 3⅜% Securities issued in March, 1940, will be redeemed on August 15, 1950, instead of August 15, 1956, the Treasurer having exercised his option in that regard. It is important to note that these 3⅜% Securities must be converted now or redeemed.

Full information about the terms of investment in the Tenth Security Loan and the way to convert any maturing Securities you hold is given in the columns below this announcement. Read it now.

NEW ISSUES AVAILABLE TO ALL INVESTORS

In addition to investment by Conversion, new cash will be accepted in the Tenth Security Loan. New subscribers, therefore, may secure all the advantages of regular interest payments, ready negotiability and complete security which investment in this Loan offers. Immediate application by subscribers of new cash for Bonds or Inscribed Stock is advisable. Further details in the columns below.

TENTH SECURITY LOAN

CLOSING AUGUST 15, 1950

These Commonwealth issues mature on 15th August, 1950:—

(1) 3⅜% Bonds and Inscribed Stock issued in March, 1940. (It should be specially noted that the maturity date shown on these Securities is 15th August, 1950-56, **but the Treasurer has exercised his option to redeem these Securities on 15th August, 1950, and they are now due for redemption or conversion on that date.**)

(2) 4% Bonds and Inscribed Stock issued in August, 1931, and maturing in August, 1950. If you have lodged with your bank for safe custody more than £10 worth of any of the Securities listed above, you should have received a conversion application form. If you have not received such a form, check the maturity dates of your Securities in one of the following ways:

1. If your Bonds are in your possession: Look at them at once and compare the rates and maturity dates printed at the top with those indicated on the left.

2. If you lodged your Bonds with your bank for safe-keeping: Most banks issue a receipt or acknowledgment for Bonds left with them for safe custody. If you hold any such receipts, compare the maturity dates with those listed at left.

3. If you cannot discover maturity dates: Go to your bank to-day and ask whether [illegible] the Securities listed [illegible] are held on your be[illegible]

[illegible] and that your Securities are about to mature, ask your bank or stockbroker for an application form for conversion into the Tenth Security Loan. Fill in one form for each series of Bonds or Stock maturing and hand it back. That's all. You will then possess Tenth Security Loan Bonds or Inscribed Stock of the same value as your maturing Securities and interest on your Securities will continue.

Interest on the new Securities is payable each six months at 3½% per annum for 11-14 years or at 2% per annum for three years. (Investment in 2% Securities must be for £1,000 and multiples thereof.)

CASH INVESTMENT TOO

As well as those with maturing Securities to convert, everyone may buy Bonds (£10, £50, £100, £500, or £1,000) or Inscribed Stock through any Bank, Savings Bank, Money Order Post Office or Stockbroker.

1052.8 143/50

Dress Sense

by Betty Keep

SLANTED TIERS on the slim skirt give added interest to this afternoon frock.

• Although it is not possible for me to answer individually letters which arrive from every State on fashion problems, I try to deal with those of interest to the greatest number of readers. If you have a dress problem I can help you with, write to me, addressing your letters to Mrs. Betty Keep, The Australian Women's Weekly, Box 4088, G.P.O., Sydney.

PARIS designers have added new details to ultra slim skirts to give them more interest. Chief advocates of this style are Molyneux and Jacques Fath.

Important details

"WOULD you please design a frock with a narrow skirt line, and suggest some way of giving it a trimmed look? I have some bright navy linen for the frock, and I want it to be dressy. Would a large black hat and gloves be suitable accessories?"

The sketch on this page is my design for your dress. Note side buttoning. The skirt is composed of flat tiers slanted into points. The bodice is sleeveless, which is new. The collar is portrait type. Your large black hat and gloves would be very smart for the accessories.

Light padding

"TELL me, please, if you think it would look old-fashioned to wear a shoulder-line with pads? The new dropped shoulder does not suit my figure."

I believe in independent fashion thinking with a sense of proportion. Therefore, my advice is—if a square line does more for your figure, continue to wear it, but do not exaggerate it. Instead of a heavy pad, have a light one with just a suggestion of rounded softness.

Bulging back

"PERHAPS you could help me with a little problem. I have bought a suit, ready made, and now find the back bulges and won't lie smoothly."

Take your suit and have it expertly fitted and altered to my advice. Probably the jacket is too long from shoulder to waist. This would cause a back bulge. If you do the alteration yourself, lift the jacket by the scruff of the neck, then pin a new shoulder-line that eases out excess at the top.

Hats for spring

"A LITTLE general advice about spring millinery would be very useful as I am going on holidays then and will need to be right up to the minute in fashion. I love French styles, and always follow those in The Australian Women's Weekly."

Close-fitting shapes are characteristic of the first spring hats shown by Paris milliners. Tiny cloche, slanted beret, and helmet shape are all being worn. These are pulled down on the head, although revealing the forehead. Various trimmings (mainly flowers) are disposed upright at front of crowns. Embroidered motifs are scattered over crowns of cocktail hats. In U.S.A. the all-flower hat is having a revival, and it is always tiny. Paris is reviving the idea of a bright hat matched by a cape or waistcoat and long gloves.

Fashion to last

"AS my husband and I have to attend a formal evening function, I would appreciate some advice about my frock. I am 34, my bust measurement is 35 inches. I have a nice complexion and medium-brown hair. I want the frock to be pretty, but not a design that will go out of fashion in a season or so."

My suggestion for your dress is black lace over a black taffeta slip. Black lace is not only flattering, but one of those timeless fashions that does not date quickly. I advise a full skirt (lace is prettiest made that way), plus a moulded bodice with a wide, low neckline. The bodice could be finished with little sleeves and the neckline framed by an upstanding shawl collar and two pink roses.

UGLIEST TOWN IN AUSTRALIA

WOULD you like to live in Tennant Creek, Australia's ugliest town?

Your home would probably be built from rusty scraps of corrugated iron and hessian salvaged from wartime Army dumps.

The houses have no gardens, for water, delivered from a truck, costs 50/- a thousand gallons. There isn't a tree in the place. Nobody can tell you where the building alignment of Main Street is—only that if there were a kerb it would be somewhere near the telephone posts on one side, near the light posts on the other.

But once you get inside the homes you will see that you were rash to judge the lives of the inhabitants by the exteriors of their houses.

Almost every house has a refrigerator, a stainless steel sink, a radio, and comfortable furniture.

A.M.'s roving reporter, D. I. Thompson, dropped in on Tennant Creek during a recent trip. You can read in the August issue his impressions of this town of contrasts.

A.M., the national magazine for men and women, is on sale everywhere. Price is 1/-.

National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page5799415

WORTH Reporting

THERE'S a story behind that delicately scrolled and inscribed sugar decoration on your birthday or wedding cake.

It's a tale that often begins in a tiny, cluttered old wood-carver's shop in Little Collins Street, Melbourne.

Mr. Henry Francis Dunne has been carrying on his wood-carving business there for 53 years.

Although delicate work for use in stately homes and cathedrals is dearest to his heart, Mr. Dunne has had to bow to progress and make "patterns" for industry.

He showed us a tiny ladder with a key perched on the top, and said, "This design will end up in sugar, decorating a twenty-first birthday cake. From this master pattern a metal mould is made and cast."

He shakes his head over the machine age which has swallowed up most of the ancient crafts.

"Took me seven years' apprenticeship to learn my trade—and paid at 3/6 a week, too."

Time was when the little shop, with its low-beamed ceiling and walls thickly hung with a thousand samples of the wood-carver's art, was a-buzz with students and buyers.

"We had up to nine classes a week here. Forty years ago lots of society ladies took up wood carving as a genteel hobby."

Samples of Mr. Dunne's work have become familiar Melbourne landmarks. The beautifully designed lamp-posts marching over Prince's Bridge, for instance, were made from his patterns and so were the lamp-posts of Church Street, Richmond.

Wood carving, we learned, embraces more than manual dexterity. Other studies include anatomy, history (since a knowledge of ornaments of all periods is necessary), and the peculiarities of every type of timber.

* * *

A DANISH steamer will be used as a floating hotel for members of an orchestra which is going to Scotland from Copenhagen for the Edinburgh Festival this month. A hundred members of the Statsradiofonien Orchestra will travel in the Beerstorff, and will stay in the ship in Leith docks for the four days during which they play at the festival.

Bees don't like the wet weather either

NO wonder the incessant winter rains on the east coast have shattered the nerves of human beings. Even the bees are cross.

Mr. W. A. Goodacre, N.S.W. Department of Agriculture authority on bees, states that the heavily-saturated atmosphere caused deterioration in honey stores and made it difficult for the house bees to keep the moisture content of honey down to a level that would prevent fermentation.

The way we read that, the honey could ferment, and drive the house bees to drink. After enduring so much wet weather ourselves, we sympathise.

"He wears a 15½ shirt. What size tie would he take?"

POST-CARD *correspondence:—George Bernard Shaw, in answer to a university magazine's question, "Is Oxford worth it?" gave the following answer in one of his celebrated postcards:*

"Collegiate residence, common meals, and cap and gown give priceless social training in good manners which is shared with sailors only. The incidental scholarship counts for nothing, except its delusive qualification for certain professional jobs."

Husband and wife toured on tandem bicycle

MR. AND MRS. ERIC GARNER, of Coogee, N.S.W., had a perfect opportunity to test the team work of their marriage when they toured England, Scotland, and Ireland recently on a gaily decorated tandem bicycle.

The bicycle built for two, painted red and white, and sporting two Australian flags and a wooden kangaroo on the handlebars, enabled them to see the countries cheaply.

It attracted so much attention that it proved an "open sesame" to hospitality.

The Garners worked their passage all the way on their 18 months' tour.

They arrived in London with £10 between them, and immediately went to work, he at his trade as an engineering pattern maker, and she as a cashier on a pleasure pier, until they had saved enough for their tandem tour.

They toured during the summer months, staying at youth hostels throughout Britain, and worked when their money grew short.

They spent the winter in London, working and saving, and in the following spring set out for the Continent, with £70 in their pockets and wearing stout shoes, old slacks, and identical plaid wool shirts.

They lived frugally, staying mostly in youth hostels, as they hitch-hiked their way through Denmark, Sweden, Germany, and France. Food was generally good and cheap everywhere but in Germany. There it was so expensive that they lived mainly on bread and cheese until they crossed the border.

In Paris they splashed on a dinner costing 3000 francs (about £4) to celebrate Mr. Garner's birthday.

Back in Sydney, their money all spent, they plan to start work again straight away.

Story behind the name of the Curdipedirka Club

THE unusual name of the "Curdipedirka Club," which held a "Back to Quorn" reunion in South Australia recently, prompted us to make inquiries from the club secretary, Mr. A. Musgrave, at the Commonwealth Railways at Quorn.

Mr. Musgrave told us that the name perpetuates a wartime departmental joke. A visiting New South Wales railwayman confused two stations in Central Australia, Pedirka and Curdimurka, calling one of them Curdipedirka.

The joke coincided with the formation of a club comprised of railwaymen.

Of the club's origins, Mr. Musgrave said: "When the war was at its worst, tremendous demands were made on the Commonwealth railway system. A call went out to railwaymen for volunteer service on the Central Australian, Trans-Australian, and Northern Australian railways.

"Railwaymen from every State volunteered. They served in the 'forward' areas, at Darwin, Alice Springs, Port Augusta, Port Pirie, Quorn, and Kalgoorlie, and they suffered casualties."

The club, formed of these volunteers, has 400 members, with wives as associate members, and is now a social one. During the war members gave money to many patriotic movements, including funds to help the Country Women's Association provide meals for troops passing through Quorn.

They also gave the money for an operating table and other equipment in the Quorn and District Hospital.

At the "Back to Quorn" reunion, townspeople entertained about 50 members and 20 wives.

* * *

FOR the first time in their 100 years of trading, a firm of chemists at Cinderford, in Gloucestershire, was asked to prescribe for an elephant with a sore throat.

Two ounces of a mixture were prepared, and Carla, the elephant at the visiting circus, was cured by the first dose.

Pianist on his travels finds "one world"

DESCRIBED as the most travelled musician in the United States, Hungarian - born pianist Gyorgy Sandor, now in Australia, says that he has long ceased to notice any differences in temperature or people.

"Travelling by air, as I do over long distances, I am so used to finding it hot one day and cold the next that now I am scarcely aware of the change," he said.

"In the same way I am with people of one nation one day, and with those of another next. I find that people everywhere are much the same."

Last year he travelled about 45,000 miles, but because of the great distances in Australia he expects to exceed that this year.

So much travel cuts into Mr. Sandor's time for practice, so he practises mentally.

"As I sit in planes or trains I work my way in my mind through every note of the next concert," he said.

Mr. Sandor, who is a tall, dark man with a quiet, charming personality, has learnt to speak five languages fluently in the course of his travels.

Anyone, he claims, should be able to master a language for practical purposes in 12 months.

Mr. Sandor is a bachelor, but said, "My intentions on the subject are the very best.

"I might meet someone at a concert any night," he added gallantly.

Mr. Sandor gave his first concert in Melbourne last month, and will continue his tour of Australia until October.

"I'd offer you some of the candy you brought, but we're saving it for company."

FESTIVAL OF BRITAIN 1951

A CENTURY ago the Great Exhibition of 1851 drew visitors to Britain from all over the world. Next year's Festival, to commemorate that event, will in its turn be remembered a hundred years from now, long after the headlines of today are forgotten.

The coming Festival is the greatest ever planned. The 1851 Exhibition was confined to London, and its keynote was industrial progress; the Festival of Britain 1951 will be spread throughout the United Kingdom and will put the whole nation on show.

Exhibitions in London, Glasgow and Belfast will tell the story of Britain's contribution to civilisation in Science, Invention, Industry and Architecture. In addition, twenty-three centres throughout England, Scotland, Wales and Northern Ireland will hold Festivals of the Arts.

In support of this official programme there will be something of interest for the visitor to see in cities, towns and villages all over the country—from carnivals, exhibitions, pageants and traditional ceremonies to sporting events of all kinds.

From May to September 1951, for five packed months, wherever he goes the visitor will find

BRITAIN AT HOME TO THE WORLD

Further details of the Festival Programme will be published in this journal over the next six months.

C.1

National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page5799416

. . . a "pearl-smooth" powder

Complete the perfection of your make-up with exquisite Gemey Face Powder. Gemey gives hours of smoother, longer clinging softness, without re-powdering . . . caresses your natural skin tones to radiant beauty . . . brings you a new exciting personality.

Perfectly formulated, finely textured Gemey gives to all skin types (normal, oily or dry) the same smooth, clinging flattery—never streaks or cakes. Fashion perfect shades to suit you and, above all, fragrant with enchanting Gemey perfume.

Gemey Beauty Aids of exquisite, distinguished fragrance include: Face Powder, Perfume, Vanishing Cream, Rouge, Talcum, Brilliantine.

Gemey

FACE POWDER

CREATION OF RICHARD HUDNUT

New York - London - Paris - Sydney

AVAILABLE AT CHEMISTS AND LEADING DEPARTMENT STORES

6G.82.50

'Borofax,' applied at every napkin change, prevents chafing and irritation. It is easy to apply . . . cannot spill . . . and is economical.

Obtainable from your chemist in tubes of two sizes.

'BOROFAX'

OINTMENT

A BURROUGHS WELLCOME & CO. PRODUCT

Fashion FROCKS

Ready to wear or cut out ready to make

"VALERIE."—A beautiful four-piece lingerie set, made in a pretty printed angloshene. Color choice includes white, pink, and blue, printed with a bow design.

Ready-To-Wear Nightgown: Sizes 32 and 34in. bust, 63/3; 36 and 38in. bust, 65/9. Postage 2/6.

Cut Out Only: Sizes 32 and 34in. bust, 54/3; 36 and 38in. bust, 56/3. Postage 2/6.

Ready-To-Wear Slip: Sizes 32 and 34in. bust, 35/9; 36 and 38in. bust, 37/3. Postage 1/9.

Cut Out Only: Sizes 32 and 34in. bust, 27/9; 36 and 38in. bust, 28/11. Postage 1/9.

Ready-To-Wear Scanties: Sizes 24½, 26, and 28in. waist, 21/3; 30 and 32in. waist, 23/3. Postage 1/6.

Cut Out Only: Sizes 24½, 26, and 28in. waist, 14/3; 30 and 32in. waist, 16/-. Postage 1/6.

Ready-To-Wear Bed Jacket: Sizes 32 and 34in. bust, 35/3; 36 and 38in. bust, 37/-. Postage 1/9.

Cut Out Only: Sizes 32 and 34in. bust, 27/3; 36 and 38in. bust, 28/9. Postage 1/9.

"Katherine"

"KATHERINE."—A beautifully styled house-gown, has wide revers and a gracefully full skirt. The material is printed angloshene. Color choice includes white, pink and blue printed with a bow design.

Ready To Wear: Sizes 32 and 34in. bust, 84/9; 36 and 38in. bust, 86/11. Postage 2/6.

Cut Out Only: Sizes 32 and 34in. bust, 69/3; 36 and 38in. bust, 70/11. Postage 2/6.

NOTE. Please make a second color choice. No C.O.D. orders accepted. All Fashion Frocks sent by registered post.

SEND your orders for Fashion Frocks (note prices) to Pattern Department at the address given below for your State. Patterns may be obtained from our offices in Sydney, Melbourne, Brisbane, and Adelaide (see address at top of page 17), or by post.

Box 4060, G.P.O., Sydney.
Box 388A, G.P.O., Adelaide.
Box 481G, G.P.O., Perth.
Box 469P, G.P.O., Brisbane.
Box 185C, G.P.O., Melbourne.
Box 41, G.P.O., Newcastle.
Tasmania: Box 185C, G.P.O., Melbourne.
N.Z.: Box 4060, G.P.O., Sydney.
(N.Z. readers use money orders only.)

"Valerie"

Why just *watch* the whirl go by? Guard *wisely* against underarm odour. *Never trust your charm to anything but dependable Mum.* Smooth, fragrant Mum contains no water to dry out or decrease its efficiency. Get Mum today!

Mum-Safer for Skin

Mum checks underarm perspiration odour all day or evening. Protects against risk of *future* odour after your bath.

Mum-Safer for Charm

Mum contains no harsh, irritating ingredients. Doesn't dry out in the jar to form scratchy crystals.

Mum-Safer for Clothes

Won't rot or discolour fine fabrics. Thrifty, too—no waste, no shrinkage.

For sanitary napkins—*Mum is gentle, safe, sure . . . dependable for this important use, too.*

keeps you nice to be near

A Product of Bristol-Myers

National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page5799417

HAZEL

". . . sort of what you call a tombay. So when this smart aleck picked on my brother I got my shanghai . . ."

BUTCH

"Now wasn't that more fun than robbing a stuffy old mansion?"

It seems to me . . .

THE paper appears in a gayer form this week with more color. A new pair of blue-rimmed glasses was considered insufficient excuse for putting me on a color page, so Hazel, Butch, and I remain in black and white.

By

Dorothy Drain

* * *

AN R.S.L. branch in Victoria wants to make it illegal for alien migrants to speak anything but English in public. In its resolution it mentions Italians in particular.

That kind of legislation was necessary in wartime. It may be necessary again the way things are going. But security should be the only excuse for it.

How to encourage migrants to speak English is a problem. Immigration and Education authorities are finding that in spite of classes, radio sessions, and correspondence courses there are thousands who aren't really trying.

It's desirable that they should be persuaded to learn English, but we must remember in all fairness that the English-speaking races themselves are notoriously slow at learning other languages.

Besides, it would be foolish to fret too much about the first generation of migrants—unless, as I said, security makes it necessary. The children who mix with Australian children are quick enough to pick up our words and accents.

I know a migrant who is full of wonder at the versatility of his young daughters. They speak, besides French, two kinds of English.

One is the variety they learned in a convent in Cairo, very precise and clipped. The other, which he has more difficulty in understanding himself, is the kind they speak to their Australian school friends.

* * *

IT'S nice to know there are still corners of the world left where the minority has some rights.

In Sydney recently the Port Jackson and Manly Steamship Company decided not to introduce radio programmes on its ferries, in spite of a 51 per cent. vote in favor.

The company was swayed partly by the fact that teenagers voted early and often, so the poll may not have been entirely accurate.

But music isn't necessary to public transport, and as long as even 30 per cent. of travellers don't like it, let's hope their preferences are considered. The deprivation won't hurt the other 70 per cent.

* * *

NOT so bad is the idea of the Italian railways to install special cinema cars.

Travellers on long-distance trains will be able to watch a two-hour show.

If you don't want to see a film on your journey, but prefer the old-fashioned habit of looking at the scenery, you can travel in a car without a projector.

I've had too many boring night railway journeys to be entirely against the cinema-car notion. Nevertheless, it's all part of a growing tendency which, if the world isn't blown to bits in the meantime, will lead to a situation where nobody has time to think at all.

IN a national literary poll in America, critics, editors, booksellers, authors, and librarians were asked to choose the world's most boring classics. Bunyan's "Pilgrim's Progress" topped the poll, with Herman Melville's "Moby Dick" running a close second.

Images are being smashed right and left. Early this year in a series of radio talks called "Standard Works I Would Like To Burn" several literary authorities had a happy time tearing to pieces their pet aversions in the classics. Among others, some of the works of Coleridge and Matthew Arnold got short shrift.

I've never read "Pilgrim's Progress," but to find that "Moby Dick" qualifies in the prize bore class makes me brave enough to say in public that in spite of a passion for the sea, a reasonable interest in whales, and a tolerance for the supernatural, I've tried it twice and bogged down both times.

The healthiest aspect of these onslaughts on established works is the encouragement they give readers to be honest in their own judgments.

At school I was taught to regard George Meredith as a great novelist, and was irked because my eye used to glaze over his long, obscure sentences.

It was such a relief afterwards to find him described by a modern critical writer as dull and turgid, or words to that effect. I don't say the second assessment was right, but it happened to suit me.

Classics are like politicians. They have to be prepared to stand up to continual criticism if they're to retain their status.

* * *

SOMEBODY once said that a bore was a person who, when asked how he was, told you.

This has been altered by the influenza epidemic raging in Sydney. In city offices now, people inquire tenderly after each other's health every morning. The motives aren't so much sheer kindliness as the anxiety to know how many are likely to be on deck next day.

* * *

A NEW British publication called "The Philosophy of Cats" states in its first issue that a normal cat would be able to appreciate good poetry after an education of four years.

Cats purring rhythmically upon the hearth
Blink when you read them Keats;
Their whiskers twitch, their green eyes narrow, close,
Their attitude defeats
Analysis by those who never sought
To interest them in intellectual thought.

Omar is obviously a Persian's choice
(Perhaps a trifle trite),
But Siamese, fastidious and blue-eyed,
Undoubtedly would write
Those Oriental fragments, though would hair
Less on the fallen petal than gold carp.

Cats have no need of poetry, they are
Its essence in their grace.
The black stray, slinking from a street lamp's star
Across the night's dark face,
Surpasses all the words that stemmed from Chaucer
And fast would swap them for a brimming saucer.

VONO
SPRING BASE

The Vono Spring Base actually takes the weight from the mattress . . . cushions itself to the 'lie' of the body. It takes all the shocks . . . all the tosses and turns you make 'naturally' during a night's sleep. Note how the supporting underbars of the Vono Spring Base take care of the heaviest part of the body, but are not used under the head or feet.

You can also buy a Vono Spring Base as a complete undersprung bedstead ready for use with any type of mattress.

At all furniture stores throughout Australia.
Don't buy imitations. Look for the name VONO.
Sole Australian Agents:
Bunge (Aust.) Pty. Limited
Sydney, Melbourne, Brisbane, Adelaide, Perth.

TIBS
"TIBS CAT POWDERS". A Bob Martin Product. Australian Agents: SALMOND & SPRAGUE (Aust.) PTY. LTD. 17 Pitt Street North, SYDNEY.
KEEP CATS KITTENISH

National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page5799418

Wife of famous Radio Star

Mrs. BOB DYER

says

"I've found a new taste thrill in

Kellogg's BRAN FLAKES!"

You get that new, exciting flavour in a flash. Like Mrs. Bob Dyer—you never knew that wheat could taste as wonderful as this! Suddenly you realise that the added bran makes as much difference to wheat *as butter makes to dry bread!* Here's a completely NEW taste thrill . . . a new *kind* of flavour!

And now for the first time you are getting the full value of nourishing, sun-ripened wheat, PLUS the gentle laxative properties of bran. Ask for Kellogg's Bran Flakes. Serve them to all your family.

What do you see — *when you open the packet? You see crisp, firm, honey-brown flakes.*

What happens—*when you add milk? Each flake stays crisp and firm. They don't lie down—never go limp and soggy.*

The best part of WHEAT with BRAN added!

Kellogg's BRAN FLAKES

— specially good for children.

£10 WEEKLY

BROADCASTING FEE FOR CLEVER LAST LINES

DULUX JINGLES

Every week a new jingle will be published in "The Australian Women's Weekly." The makers of "Dulux," the Miracle Synthetic Finish superseding enamels, will pay a £10 fee for what the judges consider the cleverest last line. Here is jingle No. 6. Try your skill on the missing line.

No. 6

"EXTERIOR DULUX" PAINT WON'T FAIL
TO GUARD YOUR HOME 'GAINST SUN OR HAIL;
ITS GLOSS AND COLOURS LONGER STAY,
.....(Missing Line).....

NOTE: Copy out these three lines and add your own last line, sending in the WHOLE FOUR LINES, with your name and address in block letters, on the same sheet.
The award for this jingle will be announced over 50 Radio Stations in "Jack Davey Star-maker," commencing August 2. Send your entry to reach Macquarie Broadcasting Service not later than August 23, and listen for the weekly winner's name and the winning jingle on your local or nearest participating station from THAT DATE and afterwards weekly. Judges' decision will be final. The staffs and their families of British Australian Lead Manufacturers Pty. Ltd. and associated companies are excluded from this competition.
Mark your envelope "Dulux Jingles" and mail to reach Macquarie Broadcasting Service, Box 4270, G.P.O., Sydney, N.S.W., by August 23.

TABLE KNIFE is used by Cornel Wilde in some make-believe sword play with one of the set workers during lunch on the set of "The Sons of the Musketeers." Maureen O'Hara co-stars in the technicolor production.

Star role as combat hero for Agar

By cable from LEE CARROLL in Hollywood

HANDSOME Johnny Agar will swing back into action shortly with the role of a combat hero in Warners' "Breakthrough," the cinematic story of the defeat dealt Hitler's legions at St. Lo in the last days of World War II. Agar, still striving to earn fame on his own after having been called "Mr. Shirley Temple" for longer than he cares to remember, will co-star with David Brian in the Brian Foy production.

* * *

THE movie overlords at Warners' studio are biting their fingernails in anguish now that Viveca Lindfors, whom they unsuccessfully attempted to launch to movie fame in the United States, is going great guns elsewhere. The Swedish actress only recently completed a dramatic role in "Dark City," at Paramount, and now is about to step into the starring part opposite Glenn Ford in Columbia's "Flying Fish." The Jerry Bresler production deals with the U.S. Navy's guided missile programme. Lindfors will be seen as an American girl of Norwegian descent, who falls in love with naval officer Ford, and helps to rehabilitate him after a near-fatal explosion. Henry Levin is the director.

* * *

GLAMOROUS Lynn Bari, whose shapely legs once held the title, "The most beautiful in Hollywood," has returned to the screen after a long lay-off to play the other woman in William Lundigan's life for the Fox drama, "I'd Climb the Highest Mountain." Lynn's legs will be to little avail, however.

Lundigan's love is won by Susan Hayward. The film story by Lamar Trotti, in which Alexander Knox and Barbara Bates have important supporting roles, deals with the adventures of a travelling mountain minister. Filming will be done largely in the mountains of Georgia, the setting for Trotti's story.

TALKING OF FILMS

By M. J. McMAHON

★★★ *The Third Man*

THIS British-Lion film dealing with blackmarket operations in post-war Vienna is first-rate entertainment.

Directed by Carol Reed, who is responsible for a number of prestige films, including "Odd Man Out" and "Fallen Idol," the picture is dramatic, gripping, and full of suspense.

The audience is introduced to American writer Holly Martins (Joseph Cotten), who has come to Vienna to claim a job promised him by his friend, Harry Lime.

He is just in time to attend Harry's funeral, and when his suspicions are aroused by conflicting evidence, a strong hunch that Harry was murdered spurs him on to unravel the mystery, despite a warning-off by British military police in the person of Major Calloway (Trevor Howard).

His persistence in following the clues lands the American in a nasty mess, which provides the suspense and surprises of the film.

Lovely Italian actress Valli has the role of Lime's devoted girl-friend, Anna, and while the part does not make great demands on her acting ability, she manages to convey sympathy and understanding in a quiet way.

Two-thirds of the film is over before Orson Welles makes an appearance, but he then proceeds to make up for the lost time by turning in as sound a performance of a cunning rogue as one could wish to see.

Supporting characters are praiseworthy, and fine camera work adds the final polish to a very good film effort.

In Sydney—the Regent.

★ *North-West Stampede*

MOST interesting performers in Eagle-Lion's mild action drama are the animals—a white stallion (The Outlaw) and his mare, an Alsatian (Flame), and a pack of wolves.

Director Albert S. Rogell drags out the old plot of a stallion which steals ranch horses, under a blue sky and against a real-life Canadian Rockies background.

James Craig is a subtle ranch owner, who is always squabbling with his pretty foreman (Joan Leslie).

Craig tries to catch The Outlaw, and Leslie tries to catch Craig. Result: Confusion.

There are some diverting angles on Canada's famous Calgary Stampede—"the greatest outdoor event in the world." The wild cow milking contest and the beginning of the final of the waggon race are examples.

Supporting actors Jack Oakie and Chill Wills add nothing to the film's entertainment. (H.K.)

In Sydney—the Victory.

ON OTHER PAGES:

Color portrait, Gene Tierney, p. 49
Composite . . . . . p. 50
Ann Todd and her husband on holiday . . . . . p. 52

KEEP FRESHER! First, Bathe. Then shake Cashmere Bouquet Talcum all over the body. How fresh it leaves you. And cool! Divinely cool.

FEEL SMOOTHER! Pamper the sensitive spots with extra Cashmere Bouquet Talcum. Its silken sheet of protection insures you against chafing.

STAY DAINTIER! It's an inexpensive luxury to use Cashmere Bouquet Talcum lavishly and often. Gives your person the fragrance men love.

Cashmere Bouquet Talcum

with the fragrance men love

CASHMERE BOUQUET COSMETICS INCLUDE FACE POWDER, POWDER BASE, LIPSTICK, ROUGE, CAKE MAKE-UP & BEAUTY CREAMS

CCT/115R

NEW!

COMFORT, SAFETY and PROTECTION for women who care

Camelia

SANITARY NAPKINS

National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page5799419

Now you can buy Agee PYREX in Color

They're all available in

All your favourite Agee Pyrex dishes—casseroles, baking dishes, pie plates, individual dishes and many others—are now available in three beautiful shades — green, blue and biscuit. Fused on by a special process, the colors are permanent and will not chip or crack. Use colored Agee Pyrex for cooking, serving and storing—add eye-appeal to every meal. If you still prefer to see-as-you-cook, ever-popular clear Agee Pyrex is also available.

Straight from the Oven

Add color in your kitchen. Food cooked in Agee Pyrex *looks* good *tastes* good, and *is* good. Take Pyrex straight from the oven to the table to keep it piping hot.

On to the Table

Agee Pyrex in the new pastel colors adds attraction to your table and makes food even more tempting than before.

GUARANTEED AGAINST BREAKAGE IN OVEN USE

AGEE PYREX

Marketed by Crown Crystal Glass Pty. Ltd.

National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page5799420

COSIMA WAGNER: *Dedicated to genius*

● For those who believe in Fate, one of the most convincing examples of its workings is in the love story of Richard Wagner and Cosima von Bulow, which shocked the German musical world nearly eighty years ago.

COSIMA, daughter of Franz Liszt, grew up determined to find an object for her passion for self-sacrifice. She thought she had found it in her first marriage — to Hans von Bulow; but in truth she found it in her second — to Richard Wagner.

"The marriage to Wagner was a mission," said her father many years after it took place, when he had at last become reconciled to it. And nowadays even the most unsympathetic historian would be compelled to agree with him.

It was in Wagner's darkest hour, when he longed for death, that he found the one woman whose temperament matched his own, who believed that she had been sent into the world for the sole purpose of helping him to fulfil his destiny.

It is, curiously enough, the fact that Cosima worshipped him that keeps us from losing patience completely with Wagner, the man, for, whatever may have been his genius as a musician, there is no doubt that in his personal relations he left almost everything to be desired.

Arrogant, mean-spirited, full of violent racial prejudices that remind us irresistibly of Hitler, incapable of gratitude, often coarse-fibred, Wagner throughout his life was his own worst enemy.

He would borrow from anyone who would lend, believing that it was a privilege for others to provide him with money.

He had no scruples about hoodwinking, sponging on, and lying to the man to whom he owed most in life: the tragic young King of Bavaria, Ludwig II. He had, indeed, no scruples about anything at all that furthered what he believed to be his cosmic destiny: the reawakening of German culture and the German spirit through the Wagnerian music-drama.

He was, in a word, an unpleasant little monomaniac. And yet, when he died, Cosima wanted to die with him.

Cosima Wagner was the illegitimate daughter of the virtuoso-composer Franz Liszt and the beautiful and talented Countess Marie D'Agoult. She was born, the second daughter of this famous liaison, on Christmas Day, 1837, and died not so long ago, in 1930, her life having spanned two great ages.

Her childhood, with her sister Blandine and her young brother Daniel, was anything but sunny and carefree.

After the inevitable breach between Marie and Liszt, they saw little of either parent, and were left in the care of Liszt's old mother in Paris. They were happy enough with her, but Liszt's new mistress, the Princess Wittgenstein, had them removed from the old lady, and thereafter their life was one of gloomy piety and unremitting study.

The Princess, insanely jealous of the children's mother, who had had free access to them, placed them in charge of her own former governess, a harsh, autocratic old woman. It was from her, no doubt, that Cosima acquired her air of fine breeding, her perfect poise and manners, as well as her capacity for hard work and a certain ruthlessness in her dealings with others.

When the girls were on the verge of womanhood they were removed from Paris to Berlin, where they lived with the Baroness von Bulow, the mother of Liszt's favorite and most brilliant pupil.

Australia's own novelist Henry Handel Richardson, in her book "The Young Cosima," has given us an unforgettable picture of Cosima's life from this point onwards until she cast in her lot with Wagner. Though some of the facts are now known to be wrong, her interpretation of Cosima's character is authentic.

Cosima was determined to find an outlet for her urge to self-sacrifice She believed women were sent into the world for the sole purpose of serving the cause of a man.

When she thought she had found her mission to hand, in the rising young conductor Hans von Bulow, she felt she must bestow herself on him. What Hans really felt about this gift is still a matter for some doubt. He respected her, he adored her father, he was grateful to Cosima all his life, but whether he was in love with her is another matter. He was emphatically not at any time the marrying sort.

Cosima set out on her married life with the highest intentions: Hans was to be a composer of genius and she was to make it possible for him to be a composer of genius. She was a fine pianist herself, a perfect housekeeper, calm, patient, and dignified as a wife, and an impeccable hostess.

From the beginning until the end, she lived all her life at constantly high "intellectual" pitch—it is impossible to imagine her ever reading a detective story! Nowadays, however, we should consider the majority of her literary observations rather naive.

Nevertheless it is impossible not to admire her immense industry, when, with her marketing and her housework done, she settled down at her desk to work for Hans.

Did he wish to write an opera, she would compose the libretto for him —and she did, and bound it with her own hands and gave it to him for Christmas. Unfortunately Hans ignored his duty to this and other similar products of her industry.

He knew his own limitations, and Cosima's efforts to "mould" him only irritated him. He had had enough moulding from his mother!

Hans' chief obsession in life was the music of Liszt and Wagner, especially of Wagner, and his whole energy was devoted to making known the works of his two beloved "masters."

Oddly enough, his love for Wagner was one of the first bones of contention between him and his wife; Cosima resented Wagner's influence on her husband.

It was not until 1858, however, when they visited Wagner and his wife at Zurich, that this resentment was broken down by the sudden realisation of Wagner's intense unhappiness in his marriage.

This marriage to Minna Planes, an actress, which had taken place in 1836, was by this time almost on the rocks, in spite of Wagner's attempts to salvage it.

The Bulows arrived when a desperate domestic brawl was in progress, and it became clear that if either Wagner or Minna were to remain sane they would have to separate.

Cosima, shocked by Minna's vulgar outbursts, was made more sympathetic perhaps with Wagner by the secret realisation of her own incompatibility with Hans, but it was not until 1863 that she revealed to Wagner the true state of her feelings, and it was seven years before they were able to be married.

BOOKS to read about Cosima Wagner include the biography by Count du Moulin Eckart, Henry Handel Richardson's novel "The Young Cosima," and "The Life of Richard Wagner," by Ernest Newman, published in 1945.

After his separation from Minna, Wagner soon reached the lowest point of his difficult life: he had no money, he was disliked everywhere, no one would produce his operas, he had to support Minna (she died in 1866), and his debts were huge.

He was at the end of his tether when he was rescued and set on his feet by Ludwig of Bavaria, whose relations with Wagner form a fascinating story of their own.

Wagner was settled in Munich, and with the Court Theatre and a handsome allowance at his disposal he at once brought Hans von Bulow to the town to supervise the production of his operas.

COMPOSER and wife. Cosima and Richard Wagner were married in 1870. She was first married to Hans von Bulow.

For the next five years, the King, Bulow, and Cosima bent all their energies to the task of making it easy for the Master to write and produce his works — a task in which they were frustrated at every turn by the Master himself.

Cosima flitted between Wagner's establishment and her own, the perfect chatelaine of both, and she undertook most of Wagner's arduous correspondence, shielding him at every turn from petty irritations.

This idyllic state of affairs might have lasted indefinitely if the pair had not become too deeply involved with each other for renunciation. During these years when "Tristan" was being brought to performance for the first time and when "The Mastersingers" and much of "The Ring" were being composed, Cosima bore two daughters and a son, who were in reality Wagner's.

It is impossible now to think that they deceived Bulow, all the recent evidence pointing to the fact that he knew the state of affairs from the beginning. But both he and Liszt were opposed to a divorce, Bulow from the disinterested motive of the harm it would do the cause of Wagner's music and the scandal it would bring on his wife, though, of course, he was aware of the risk to his own career.

The efforts of the three to carry on life as a trio and to keep the situation from the King do not make pleasant reading. By 1868-9, however, Wagner had made himself so hated in Munich on general grounds that he at last took himself off in high dudgeon to Triebschen, near Lucerne, in Switzerland, and there Cosima joined him.

FAMOUS WOMEN

Bulow divorced her, giving her charge of all her children, and she and Wagner were married in 1870.

It was long before Liszt could be induced to forgive them; and Cosima herself was torn by conflicting emotions, though she never faltered in what she believed to be her duty.

The rest of her story is one of a daily, hourly, almost-slavish devotion to Wagner.

She was continually at his beck and call, providing him with the peaceful, well-ordered domestic background without which he found it impossible to work, handling his enormous correspondence, teaching his children, entertaining his countless guests, taking down his autobiography at his dictation, and, above all, moving heaven and earth to help him realise his life's ambition: the creation of his own theatre for the perfect performance of his own works.

The thoroughness of Cosima's devotion can be illustrated by one amusing little incident after their removal to Bayreuth. She was preparing an elaborate birthday surprise for him (he was always childishly pleased with such things), a surprise which required the co-operation of the entire village, so that there was a risk that he might read of it in the local paper. Cosima, equal to any emergency, had special copies of the paper printed for him!

The closing years of Wagner's life were dedicated to the task of establishing the Festival Theatre at Bayreuth, and the rest of Cosima's life, after his death, is the story of her superhuman struggle to carry it on.

Once more with the generous backing of King Ludwig, Wagner's new home at Bayreuth was built, and the Festival Theatre brought into being, a lasting monument to the fanatical single-mindedness of Wagner and his wife.

There the King saw and heard the first performances of "The Ring" and "Parsifal," the fulfilment of his dreams, the last music Wagner was to write for the stage.

By this time, the composer was at the end of his strength. He was seventy years old.

In the winter of 1882-3 they went to Venice to escape the cold of Bayreuth, and there in February he died suddenly in his wife's arms.

Cosima in that moment was a broken woman: for twenty-five hours she lay beside the body, murmuring words of love into the deaf ears, and could not be persuaded to rest or eat. News of her condition somehow reached the good Bulow, who sent her his famous telegram: "Soeur, il faut vivre" (Sister, one must live), and she rallied herself.

Wagner's body was brought home to Bayreuth at the command of the grief-stricken Ludwig and entombed at his home, "Wahnfried."

Before the service, Cosima cut off her beautiful golden hair that Wagner had loved so much and laid it across the dead man's chest.

But life had not yet finished with Cosima, and it was forty-seven years before the tomb was opened once more and her ashes laid there.

During the long separation she had become the Lady of Bayreuth, creating the Wagner legend, working unceasingly to give the world the famous Bayreuth Festivals of music-dramas.

She was not, perhaps, the "greatest woman of the century," as an idolatrous biographer has called her, but without her it is certain that some of the greatest music of the century would never have been written.

IN AND OUT OF SOCIETY

By GUS

National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page5799421

The All-Australian towel that is the equal of any imported towel for beauty and softness – and it sells at half the price... and as for long wear ... read this

"Dri-Glo"

This label is on every Dri-glo towel. Always look for it. You get extra long wear from Dri-glo towels because every Dri-glo is woven on a base of DOUBLE-WARP or two-fold yarns of superfine cotton.

Colors: Blue, Green, Rose, Gold.

DRI-GLO TOWELS ARE BEING DISTRIBUTED TO ALL STATES OF THE COMMONWEALTH. AS FAST AS WE DELIVER THEM, THEY SELL. THAT'S WHY THEY'RE STILL IN SHORT SUPPLY

National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page5799422

Bloom with exquisite ARDENA POWDER

Impossible to imitate . . . the beauty

of Elizabeth Arden's famous Ardena Powder!

Amazing in its lightness — yet

it clings for hours. The subtle tints are sheer

flattery, its fine texture never varies.

its fragrance is exquisitely delicate.

Ardena Powder in 14 shades.

Elizabeth Arden

LONDON • NEW YORK • PARIS • SYDNEY

FROM YOUR LOCAL ELIZABETH ARDEN AGENT

He Always Had a Plan

Continued from page 7

He said, "When we moved here I decided that what Little Meadows needed was a good bookshop, one not cluttered up with gifts and gadgets. So I tried it. No dice. The lending library went like a house afire, but no one bought books."

"You doing anything now?" asked Lee.

"Oh," said Sam vaguely, "just looking around." He grinned. He said, "Funny thing about you big shots, it should be typhoon instead of tycoon—you're always going somewhere in such a hurry, and always urging hard work upon everyone else. And I don't like to work," he said plaintively.

Lee thought: Well, he's honest about it, anyway. He was filled with admiration for Annabelle; she carried it off, she didn't flicker an eyelash. There must be considerable criticism of Sam Warren, charm or no charm.

But she took it. Funny thing, she didn't try to protect him openly nor cover up for him, nor run to his rescue with pitiful excuses as other working wives of idle husbands did. No, she just sat and let him do the explaining, which wasn't much.

Sam said, looking as if he yawned, though he didn't: "During the war, since they didn't want me any other way, I worked in a war plant about ten miles from here. Night shift. Had to be on time. Boy, that was something."

"You did all right," said Annabelle. She turned to Lee. "Now, Mr. Carter," she said, "about the apartment."

He'd had a horrible time trying to find anything wrong with the apartment. Nothing was wrong. So he had fallen back on the expensive excuse of something additional.

LEE grabbed at the only thing he could think about — could the room accommodate one more article of furniture, a love seat? Victorian, perhaps? He didn't mind mixing periods. He wanted her advice.

Sam said, with his eyes half shut, "Walnut would pick the room up. Too much maple."

"Sam's right," said his wife. "Walnut. I think I know just the piece. I saw it at a place in town."

That was easy; they made a date for lunch.

They lunched, they saw the love seat, and Lee bought it. He didn't need it any more than he needed a hole in the head. But lunch was fun, and window-shopping on a sparkling autumn day was fun, too, and Annabelle was fun; even when she was serious she was fun.

After lunch he went back to the office not caring much whether or not the president of the second biggest refrigerator company liked the layouts for the new campaign.

She was wonderful. She was what he had been looking for and had never found. She was married and she was wasted. She was also what his mother used to call a nice woman; a woman who would not lightly unroof her home and upset her way of life.

Soon after Lee went to dinner at the Warrens'. They had about six acres of uphill ground, with a brook running past the back door, and a shabby, old, very comfortable house. When he knocked, Annabelle opened the door, smiled, and he felt as if he had come home.

She wore a full black skirt, a plain, long-sleeved blouse, and from either hand depended a healthy child. Lee learned that the boy was Joel and the girl Judith.

Lee was at ease with youngsters. His friends had lots of them. He thought, but did not say in their presence, that the girl looked like Sam, the boy like Annabelle.

It occurred to him that they presented a dual obstacle, and a grave complication . . . Not that he was, he told himself, serious; he was just falling in love, pleasantly, if painfully. He'd done so before, he recalled, following his hostess into her living-room.

The twins were well-mannered and suffered the guest amiably, regarding him candidly. Then they excused themselves and rushed off shrieking, "Pop!"

Annabelle said, "As usual, we're without help. The couple we've nursed along since midsummer departed yesterday."

"You should have called this off," said Lee.

"Why? It happens all the time. Sam's getting dinner—I'm useless in a kitchen. I hope you like spaghetti, Lee."

Lee said he did. As a matter of fact, he didn't much; it stuck to his ribs.

"Martinis in the shaker," said Annabelle. "Or, if you prefer, there's sherry."

From something Carol Hinton had said he gathered that the Warrens were often in debt, with illnesses, lean times at the shop, inevitable emergencies. He thought of the fun they could share.

Sam came in to greet him. He did not wear a huge chef's cap or a butcher-type apron embroidered with gay sayings, as Lee had expected. Lee was familiar with men who made a thing of cooking, a hobby.

But Sam strolled into the room with his boneless slouch, as if he had emerged from a quiet session with the newspaper. A kid tagged along on either side. Sam gave them each an olive and a potato chip, and suggested that it was bedtime.

"I'll take them up," said Annabelle. "Yell when you're ready, Sam."

Sam nodded, the twins said good-night to Lee, and inquired if their father would be along later. He said he would. They vanished and Sam and his guest conversed.

When Annabelle returned, Sam waltzed off, and presently shouted, "Come and get it." Lee followed Annabelle into a small, bay-windowed dining-room. Sam served, from an old tureen, and passed equally antique sauceboats.

Lee was horrified at his portion, and more so when he found himself asking for more, but he had never eaten spaghetti as good, just warm enough, and with the sauce of your choice, mushroom, tomato, or meat. Sam's green salad was quite as good as Ramos', or better. There was domestic red wine, remarkably good. The grated cheese was, however, imported. Dessert was fruit, and wonderful coffee.

Lee said, "I think Annabelle and I should do the dishes."

"I wouldn't trust her within a yard of 'em, she's all thumbs," said Sam. "Besides, we have a gimmick." An electric dishwasher, that proved to be as impressive as Lee's own.

Sam graciously consented to permit his guest to take a tray and help clear. They shooed Annabelle away.

It was odd to be in the kitchen, the two of them, listening to the dishwater whirl. Sam cleaned up the kitchen and Lee watched, with pitying contempt. He couldn't help asking, "Do you bring her breakfast in bed?"

"Oh, sure," said Sam. "She isn't human until she has coffee. And she wakes early."

"Don't you get bored doing nothing?" asked Lee, and added quickly, "I don't mean to be impertinent. But surely—" He found himself becoming embarrassed.

Please turn to page 34

ANNABELLE laughed, as if at some secret joke, but then she replied more quietly, "Oh, no, he couldn't. He's off with the infants on a picnic."

"Infants?" he said. "Don't tell me!"

"I won't, unless you insist."

"I insist," he said, sighing.

"They are eight years old, and twins, a boy and a girl."

He said, "I'm sorry they aren't here. Twins must be fun."

"Double fun," she agreed, "and double trouble."

"You'll come to look at the apartment? How about dinner, you and Mr. Warren?" he inquired. "If your husband won't mind shop talk."

"He won't. He may even give us some advice—he usually does."

"Do you follow it?"

"No, not always. But then, who does?"

"What night can you dine?"

She thought a moment, and then asked. "How about Friday?"

"Fine. Eight o'clock? I take a fairly late train," he said, and she nodded.

Presently she went to look for Woodley and Carol, and then she was gone and the party seemed a little flat. Carol came up, to put her arm through his. She said, "Now you've met your decorator."

"She's charming," he said; "worth her outrageous prices."

"They aren't, really, considering labor and material costs. Besides, the girl has to make a living."

"Why doesn't her husband make it for her?"

Carol laughed. She said, "I couldn't explain, in a thousand years. You'll know when you meet him. No one wants him to make a living, especially. He's all right as he is."

"I can't wait," said Lee, "till Friday night . . ."

On Friday night Ramos outdid himself. The sherry and canapes were wonderful, and dinner was cooked for a perfectionist; Ramos' special consomme, his chicken with saffron and rice, a green salad, asparagus with hollandaise, a chocolate souffle as light as a sigh, and cheese as strong as the coffee.

Annabelle wore a long, plain frock with a shirtwaist top, very casual, deep red in color. Even Ramos was impressed, and he'd seen plenty with whom to compare her.

Her husband was a tall man, although not as tall as his host, with thinning blond hair and blue eyes. He had a definite charm, which Lee recognised, easy and warm, the charm of the man who is rather idle and, perhaps, a little weak.

They talked of the community, during sherry, its advantages and disadvantages.

Presently Lee asked, "How about golf, Mr. Warren? I warn you, I'm not an expert."

"Call me Sam," murmured Sam; "everyone does. . . . No, I don't play, it bores me."

"Sam," said his wife, "is the laziest man living when he's bored. He could hardly drag himself around the course."

"But you play?" Lee asked her.

"When I have time."

"May I borrow her, some day?"

"Go right ahead," said Sam. "But I warn you, when she's good, she's very good, and when she's bad, she's awful."

During dinner, Lee, driven by a burning curiosity, tried to draw Sam out—what he liked to do, what he had done. He did it deftly enough, and by the time Ramos was serving coffee he had learned several things.

In his youth Sam had been to college for a time, until it bored him. After that he had knocked about, wheat fields, cattle ships, fruit orchards. He'd tried a bit of ranching; it had failed. He'd had a small art gallery; his partner had absconded. He seemed to know something about everything—art, antiques, farming, cattle, literature.

National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page5799423

"WHAT, NO CREPES SUZETTES!" demands Margaret, looking disparagingly at limited menu. Hugh looks uncomfortable while she berates waiter in crowded restaurant.

EXPENSIVE GIFTS. Margaret presents Hugh with expensive watch for his birthday. He does some mental arithmetic and wonders how he can possibly match gift when her birthday comes.

SEVEN WAYS TO FRIGHTEN A MAN

PHONE ERROR. Margaret settles comfortably in a chair at home to have long conversation with Hugh when he is in the middle of a rush job for boss.

● *Be wary, girls! We took these seven photographs after a poll of all the young men of our combined acquaintance to show you where to step carefully when trying to get THE Man in Your Life to hurry along and put that ring securely on the third finger of your left hand.*

If you want to keep him, don't behave as the girl does in these pictures.

Be wise, girls, and the next step will be choosing a trousseau and wedding bells.

THOSE EXTRA INCHES. Hugh looks gloomily at Margaret's new spring bonnet trimmed with spiral feathers and notes stilt inch-adding heels.

"WHY NOT A TAXI?" queries Margaret when she and Hugh set off for late afternoon party and Margaret wears her new spring suit. Hugh hires taxi for more formal occasions but usually takes tram.

EXTRAVAGANCE. Margaret looks through her lay-by dockets on pay day, asking Hugh, "How am I ever going to pay them all?" Hugh frowns.

ENVY. Margaret draws Hugh's attention to her friend Anne's engagement ring. Does she think it's time I mentioned marriage, Hugh wonders.

National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page5799424

LUX... *So safe!*

Those tiny Lux diamonds give such fast gentle suds.... keep precious knitteds lovely so much longer!

Now that woollies are twice as expensive, it's twice as important to wash them in Lux! Ugly matting and shrinking (caused by strong soaps and harsh washing methods) never spoil the line of Lux-washed woollies! Those instant creamy Lux suds are so safe: knitteds keep their supple fit and dainty softness. You'll be proud of them for *seasons* if you launder them in Lux!

SAFE for winter undies. Lux care keeps them cosy . . . lovely longer!

SAFE for Baby's woollies. They'll stay sweet and soft and cuddlesome—with Lux!

SAFE for jaunty knitteds. Lux-washed woollies never lose their line!

SAFE for crisp new colours. Lux keeps colours fresh 3 times as long!

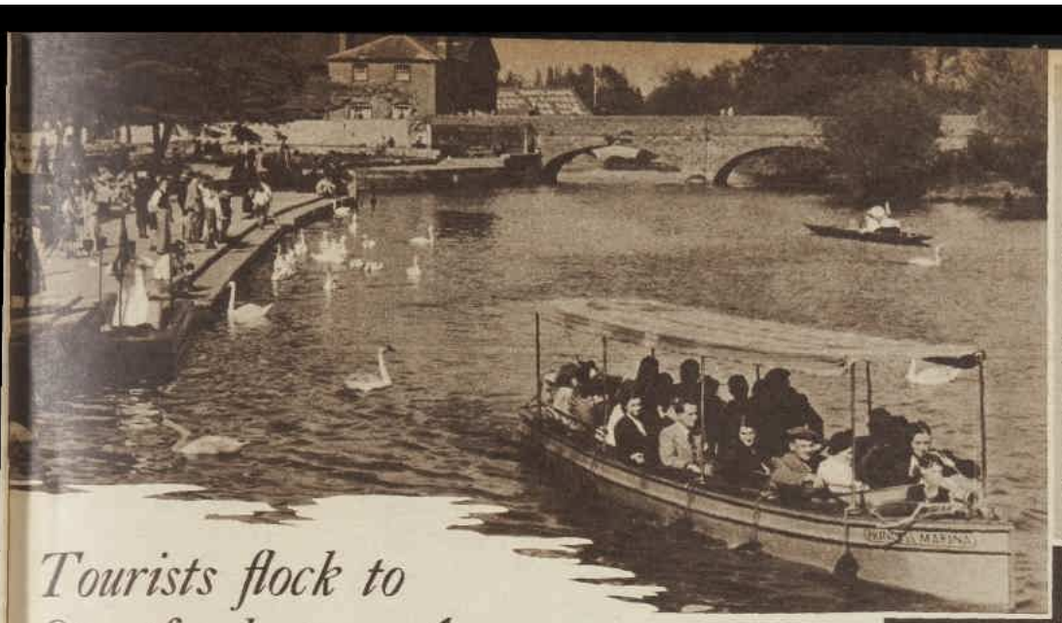
Don't risk harsh soaps!

Keep your hands soft and petal-smooth

LUX care is gentler

U-334.WWFFC

National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page5799425



VIEW from the Stratford Memorial Theatre's riverside sun terrace where the audience strolls at interval. The swans stay close to the theatre, where the tourists strew crumbs.

Company will revisit Australia next year

HUNDREDS of thousands of tourists have been pouring into Stratford-upon-Avon for the 91st annual Shakespeare Festival. Sheaves of airmail bookings preceded visiting Australians, who had seen the Memorial Theatre company on its tour last summer.

The Memorial Theatre's director, Anthony Quayle, led the touring company to Australia and hopes to bring another at the end of 1951.

The season, which began in March and ends in September, includes five plays, "Measure for Measure," "King Henry VIII," "Julius Caesar," "King Lear," and "Much Ado About Nothing." Color pictures overleaf were taken specially for The Australian Women's Weekly.

Tourists flock to Stratford-upon-Avon

IT is high summer in Stratford-upon-Avon and there's not a bed to be had in town. But even though its half-timbered Tudor hostelries are bulging with the press of tourists, Stratford remains one of the gentler places of the earth; and I am not for hurling you into it with any noisy introductions.

You would not be advised to come upon it as I did — hot and grimy from a train, fishing about in the drizzle for a taxi, and scuttling off to a hotel. It would be more appropriate to round a willow-hung bend of the Avon in, say, a punt; to glide to a landing-stage decked about with swans like a flower garden; and walk up the steps of the Shakespeare Memorial Theatre.

The theatre and the river sliding past its steps are new friends come to share a placid grandeur. The one is a brick fortress now mellowing and softened with trees, its modern lines—at first a little stark—already blending with Stratford and antiquity.

The river flows full through the meadows and turns a mirror to spires, bridges, trees, and slow-moving, blue-and-white sky. After the city it is almost too serene and too rich in beauties.

At the hotel, I heard shades of my own accent all round the lounge. And though they were talking, too, of Trinity Church, and Ann Hathaway's cottage, and the Chapel, and nearby Warwick Castle, they were talking mostly about what is happening at the theatre.

It was an Australian voice behind me which said, over the teacups, "Boy, I'm coming right back here, afterwards. When we get back from Vienna, I'm just going to wallow in Shakespeare."

From BILL STRUTTON, of our London staff

You can hear all the world's tongues arguing the merits of the actors in the refreshment bar at the interval. Out on the riverside sun terrace, brilliant with flower boxes, the tourists drop bits of cake to the water.

Below them, the swans are unreal in their decorum and vanity, moving and preening and composing studied pictures on the river. Suddenly, like a ballet acting on a note of music, they are gliding towards you across the water. The ballet hardly breaks its routines to collect the crumbs, though here and there a dancer will extend a languorous, pensive neck, and idly peck the dickens out of her neighbor.

Anthony Quayle, the theatre's lively, boyish, forceful director, is its dominant force.

Quayle is the youngest man ever to take the directorship of Stratford. He is 35, and his appointment there last year was a surprise.

Despite the theatre's superb equipment, Quayle is still not satisfied. Apart from acting and directing the theatre, he is planning a mass of reconstruction work. There is to be more seating. The dressing-rooms are not well enough placed, a little too small, and there are insufficient star dressing-rooms.

"Good acting springs from deep concentration," he says. "If you have to share a mirror and wash-basin with someone else it adds to the mental fatigue."

Australia is not only represented at Stratford by visitors. There are three Australians in the theatre itself.

The decor for this year's "Julius Caesar," austere but ideally suited to the play's action, was designed by an Australian architect turned theatrical designer, Warwick Armstrong, of Melbourne.

"I had an introduction to Alec Guinness," he said. "He put me on to Tony Quayle, Michael Benthall, the producer, and John Gielgud.

"They took a look at some miniature sets I had designed for a proposed Mercury Theatre production.

"Tony Quayle commissioned me on the strength of this to design the sets for 'Julius Caesar.' "

Australian actor Tony Riddell, slim, studious, thinning on top, is now stage manager at the Shakespeare Memorial Theatre. He is also a Melbourne man. Riddell joined the Shakespeare Memorial Theatre company for its tour of Australia as stage manager, and came back to England with it.

A South Australian, Max Hillier, stepped off the Orontes in March and straight into a job at the theatre as assistant stage director. Hillier, too, had worked for the company on its Australian tour—as wardrobe master. He was recruited in Melbourne from the staff of J. C. Williamsons.

A bulky figure in pale blue sweater and baggy pants, Hillier rolls around the theatre and through the town, responds amiably to salutations from all sides, as though he had been there all his life.

He is as unmistakably Australian as a pepper tree in a schoolyard, but Stratford absorbs the stranger easily. Even at the height of the tourist season it contrives to remain itself, modest, friendly, tending its past with a careful hand.

Director Anthony Quayle is a man of vehement enthusiasm. His major enthusiasm is Australia.

"If I were anything but an actor," he told me in his dressing-room, and slapped his knee vehemently, "I would be out there like a shot!

"As it is, I've got a big job to do here. The whole thing about building up the reputation of the Memorial Theatre is continuity of work.

"The war woke one up to being something else besides an actor. I came back very keen to use my work and the theatre as an instrument of unity and understanding, particularly between our own peoples.

"That's why our company, when it sets out at the end of the 1951 season, will visit not only Australia, but New Zealand, South Africa, and Canada.

"I have contacted many people in this country and want to start a big crusade for Commonwealth development. The latest enthusiast I have roped in is young Lord Fairfax."

Quayle grinned, wiped off the last of his make-up, slung the tan-stained cottonwool on his table. "I could talk for days about the Commonwealth."

It's rather a pity he couldn't talk of what they plan to play in Australia. But it's too early yet for that.

I have my own private theories. All the plays in the repertoire will be Shakespeare's histories. I think they will be these: "Henry V," both parts of "Henry IV," probably a revival of their present "Julius Caesar"—though without John Gielgud, who will be in New York—plus "The Tempest," "Richard II," and one other.

This time they will spend longer in Australia. And so, if the mood takes you as it took the anonymous voice from home in that Stratford hotel, you also may wallow in Shakespeare.

Color studies of Stratford Theatre scenes overleaf.

"MEASURE FOR MEASURE." George Rose as Pompey, Paul Hardwick as Barnardine, and Nigel Green as Abhorson in the prison, a scene from the 1950 season's production by Peter Brook.

"HENRY VIII." Gwen Ffrangcon-Davies as Queen Katharine surrounded by her ladies after her enforced separation from the King. "Henry VIII" was produced by Tyrone Guthrie.

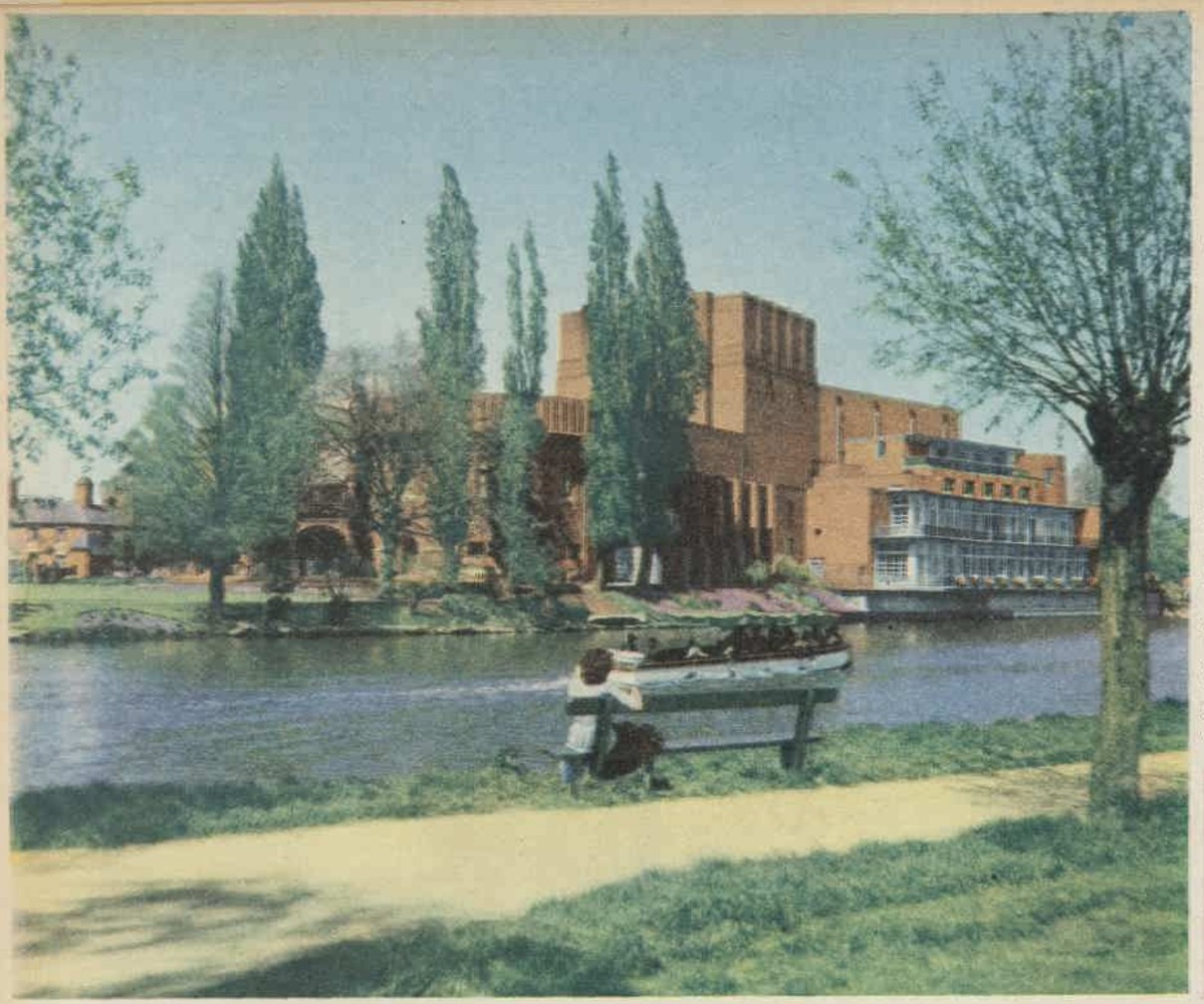
National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page5799426

Shakespeare Festival

THERE was a time when the Shakespeare Memorial Theatre was to the rest of the theatre world of England what Canberra once was to our Australian cities—remote, symbolic, and a little dead.

To-day all that is changed. Performances of Shakespeare there are among the finest to be seen. Besides starring already famous actors and actresses, it has proved a training ground for young players.

This year's company is led by John Gielgud, acknowledged as England's greatest Shakespearian actor. His Cassius in this year's "Julius Caesar" has focused the spotlight on Stratford more vividly than ever before.



STRATFORD MEMORIAL THEATRE was designed by a woman, Miss Elizabeth Scott. It was much criticised at first when its modern contours reared above the Tudor gables of the town. But time, the weather, and trees have combined to blend it with the serenity of the town that was Shakespeare's birthplace.

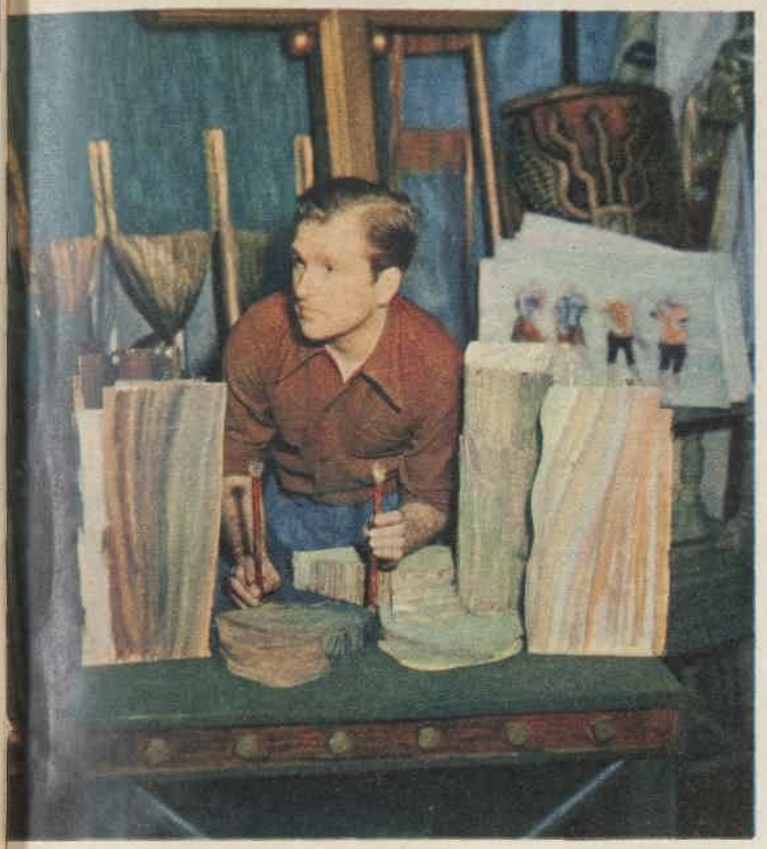
SUCCESSFUL newcomer Barbara Jefford with costume-supervisor Kegan Smith admires dress Diana Wynyard wore as Beatrice during Australian tour (left).

•

ANTHONY QUAYLE removes his make-up after his performance as Mark Antony in "Julius Caesar." Quayle will head Stratford company tour to Australia.

National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page5799427

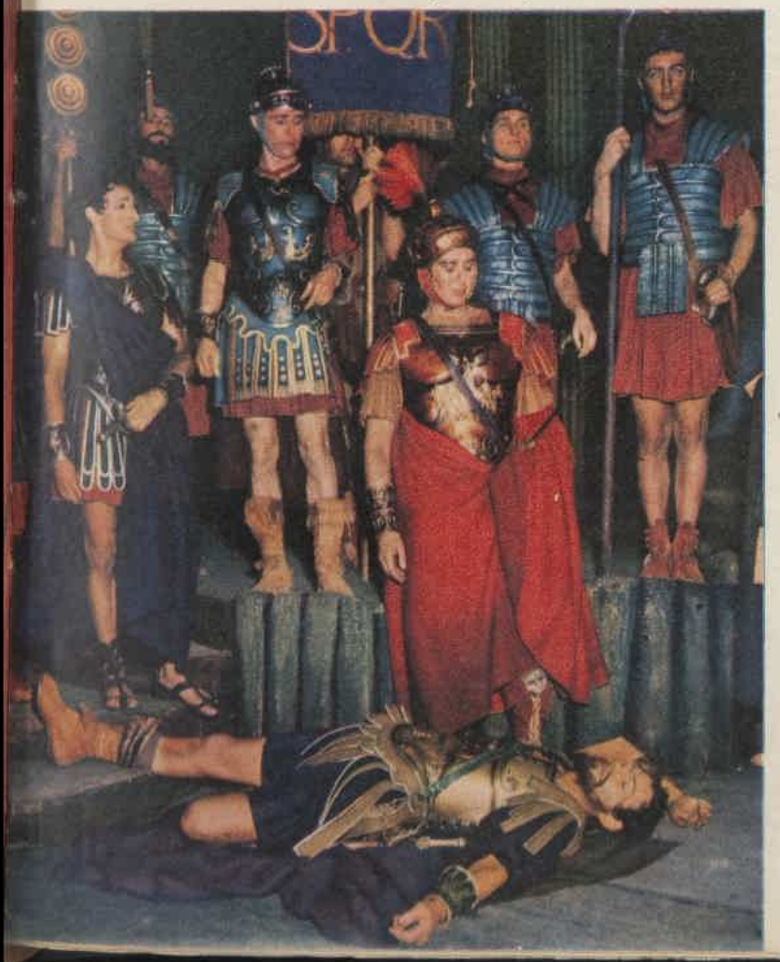
At famous memorial theatre



AUSTRALIAN DESIGNER Warwick Armstrong (above) backstage of the Memorial Theatre with models of sets he designed for this season's production of "Julius Caesar."

JOHN GIELGUD (above) as Cassius in "Julius Caesar" is attracting greater crowds than ever this year to Stratford-upon-Avon. The role is one of his finest.

CLOSING SCENE of "Julius Caesar" (below). Mark Antony (Anthony Quayle), Octavius Caesar (Alan Badel), and their soldiers come upon the body of Brutus (Harry Andrews).



FAMOUS ACTRESS Gwen Ffrangcon-Davies and Harry Andrews as Portia and Brutus in "Julius Caesar." Andrews came to Australia with the company (below).

National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page5799428

SPECIALLY DESIGNED . . .

Biroette is slim and elegant in appearance with its attractive cases in grey, blue, maroon and black. Biroette gives true Biro service and provides a handy means of writing at any time or place.

Biroette has already made thousands of writing friends since its recent introduction. Your Biro dealer will be delighted to demonstrate the Biroette and to supply you with refills.

Price **15/-** Refills **2/3**

Biroette

a pen planned for convenience

Pat. Nos. 122073, 8 Dec., 1943—133163, 31 Dec., 1943.

14/16

More and More Mothers choose GENUINE **LAXETTES**

the chocolate laxative

LAXETTES are the ideal laxative; dependable, popular, most pleasant-to-take, they have been trusted for over 40 years. Use LAXETTES whenever you or your family need a laxative. All chemists and stores sell LAXETTES, the leading family laxative.

YOU TASTE ONLY THE DELICIOUS CHOCOLATE

GENTLE — EFFECTIVE — SAFE — RELIABLE

He Always Had a Plan

Continued from page 28

SAM was hanging up dish towels, and he sighed loudly but patiently. "There you go again," he said. "But you get me all wrong. I don't do nothing. There's plenty to do in a house and outside of it. Garden, all that. Wood to cut, in the autumn, fences to mend."

After a minute, Lee said, "I've no business barging in. But it seems to me that you'd be happier in a job of sorts."

Sam said, smiling, as he prepared to add something to the stock-pot, "I just don't like offices or clocks. This gives me time to think. Now and then I take a little flier in something. Couple of years ago I invented a gadget, very simple, and efficient. We've a friend, a patent attorney, who saw the thing through the mill. It pays a modest royalty. In a month or a year I'll dream up something else. I'm a sucker for labor-saving devices."

That was the first evening; there were many of them. He saw the Warrens at his own flat, at the Hintons' house, at other houses, in their own. Sam was, apparently, always the same.

And the Warrens had no servants all that autumn and winter. Sam made fish chowder for the crowd, lobster Newburg another time, griddle cakes and sausages, with scrambled eggs, for a Sunday supper, and announced that six women had tried to hire him away from Annabelle.

But several times during the long, severe winter, Lee thought that Annabelle looked tired.

If she stayed in Little Meadows, in ten or fifteen years she would become a thin, brown woman with a furrow between her brows, getting tweedier by the year, working her head off to satisfy querulous women, going home dog-tired, getting up tired.

Much of life would have passed her by. She would make no more than a living, which must suffice for herself, Sam, the children, and their increasing needs. It was tragic, he thought, and found that he was thinking of her, only of her. This hadn't happened to him for a long time.

In the spring, Sam Warren was taken ill with pneumonia. He was sent to the hospital.

When Lee heard about it he went around to the house, in the soft, fine evening, and found Annabelle there. He said he was sorry; he asked if he could do anything?

He had driven there from the train, and Annabelle was putting the twins to bed. She said, "Sam will be all right; he has more than a chance." She looked tired, he saw, but not particularly alarmed.

"There's one thing you can do, Lee," she said, "and that's stay with the kids. I'd like to go to the hospital, and my usual sitter isn't available. I was just about to call everyone I knew."

He said he'd stay.

She said, "I can't imagine it! But they won't give you any trouble. It's just having someone in the house."

When she was leaving she said, "You're a good friend, Lee."

But he wasn't, he thought savagely, sitting in the living-room, shabby and harmonious, listening for the children, who made no sound. He wasn't her friend, really. Nor Sam's. He was merely in love with her, and Sam was an obstacle. He turned his mind from that; there were things you didn't dare think, if you had a spark of decency.

She came in about nine-thirty and said, "He's fine; he'll be all right."

Lee said that he was glad.

Annabelle sat down on the couch. For the first time since he had known her he saw her naked face. She put her head back against the couch, closed her eyes, and after a moment he reached out and took her hand. She did not withdraw it. She said, presently, "I thought I couldn't go through this again."

"Annabelle, tell me, truly. Do you need money? If you do—"

She shook her head, and said, "That's sweet of you, Lee, but we can manage. I've got something tucked away; I always have, for things like this. In any family, they are bound to happen, and quickly."

She opened her eyes and looked at him. She said, "I'm strong as a horse, really. But just before the twins were born, Sam was in a motor accident. It was pretty bad. I couldn't work, I was too near the time, so I called the woman who used to be my partner, and she came up and took over for me. And all our friends were marvellous."

After a moment he said, with a true anguish, of which he had not dreamed himself capable, "If there were only something I could do."

Annabelle said, surprisingly, "Lee, you've grown fond of me, haven't you?"

His heart jumped. He said ruefully, "I thought I had concealed it."

"Not really. Half the women in town are ready to cut my throat."

He felt awkward, and disliked the sensation. He said, laughing, "You flatter me."

"Oh, no. We don't have an eligible male settle in Little Meadows often," said Annabelle. "And I'm the one that's flattered, of course. What woman wouldn't be?"

He said angrily, "Don't put it on that basis. I'm not just—fond of you, Annabelle, nor trying to make a pass."

"I know. You wouldn't say anything while Sam was ill," she murmured. "You were going to wait."

EAGERLY Lee looked at her, hardly daring to hope, "I needn't have waited?" he asked. "Annabelle, if you knew, if you realised—Annabelle, darling."

She said, "I wish you'd spoken before. I mean in the earlier stages." She was looking at him with warmth and candor. "You're really a very nice person," she said simply, "and I'm fond of you, too."

"Annabelle," he began.

"Wait a minute. You don't understand Sam and me at all. I thought you would, as time went on, as other people have." She sighed, "I hoped I wouldn't have to say this, Lee."

"Say what?" he asked sharply. "Sam's a good guy. I appreciate it. I know how you feel—that he needs you. But wouldn't it be kinder to permit him to stand on his own feet? As for the children, I can do so much for them, Annabelle, and for you. I can give you what you have never had, freedom from worry; also security, fun, excitement."

Her eyes were wide. She said, "You don't understand at all, do you? I don't want freedom from worry; people aren't alive when things are made too easy. I have security, the rooted kind, which nothing shakes, not even death. For if Sam died, I'd die, too, in a way.

"Sam doesn't need me—Lee, I need him. What could you do for the children? Money, good schools, golf and tennis lessons, a debut for Judy, the right job for Joel after college? Maybe Sam and I can't do all that, but what Sam gives them in time and companionship is far more valuable."

"What are you trying to tell me?" he began, bewildered.

With her hand still in his own she said, "Can't you see? We're in love, Sam and I. I wasn't alive until I knew him. You don't know me! I'm one of those unfortunate women who hate everything connected with a house but living in it.

"I like my job; it's all the excitement I need. I'm nervous and unstable, harried and driven. Sam's the other side of the moon for me. He's relaxed and easy and unshakable. He's more fun than anyone I ever knew. We're a team.

"We're both of us quite aware of what people who don't know us think. But I'm not geared to sitting home, and he isn't geared to business. This way it's a partnership. What earthly difference does it make who earns the living and who runs the house," she inquired, "if it works out for both?"

After a moment he admitted, "I never thought of it that way."

Annabelle smiled. She said, "You're not really in love with me. You just feel that you could give me the world, a different world, which makes you feel important.

"If I were different—if I hated my job, if I wanted Sam to earn his first million, if I were dissatisfied, you wouldn't have dreamed of falling in love with me, but I would have run after you. Can't you see that? But all along I have been unavailable, but there's something of a mystery. I am still unavailable, but now there's no mystery."

She took her hand away gently and added: "I have my world, Lee, the world Sam made for me. I'm the most protected, the most spoiled, and the happiest woman in any world. After ten years, when Sam walks into a room my heart turns over. When he sees me, his heart turns over. It's like that, and always will be."

He said after a moment, "Forgive me, Annabelle."

"There's nothing to forgive. You saw what you saw, and didn't look for anything else." She stood up. "Some day you may meet someone who will need you. Not your money, Lee, nor your self-assurance, nor your accomplishments. But you. That will be the day, my dear," she said. "I hope it dawns for you."

Driving back he thought Little Meadows was rather like any semi-rural place, same people, same parties. Commuting was a chore, really. It would be worse this summer, in the heat and crowds. He could rent the apartment furnished, if the right people came along.

He might be able to get rooms in the hotel where he had been so comfortable, or in another. Ramos didn't like the country; he was getting restive. As for retiring, no man in his senses retired while he retained his health and wits. But if he did, California was the place; the climate was right for older people.

Well, he wouldn't decide at once, of course, but it was something to think about.

Poor Annabelle, with her illusions. A wasted woman. He had never dreamed of her as sentimental, almost unintelligent. The house would grow shabbier, the children more of a problem; Sam would invent a sink cleaner or something. Annabelle wouldn't age well.

Perhaps she hadn't meant it. Women sometimes shouted loyalty, and whispered other things in their secret hearts.

No use, none at all. He couldn't rationalise his way out of this, he couldn't coddle his ego, he couldn't deceive himself.

He put the car up and went in. He had had no dinner. Annabelle had forgotten to ask him if he'd dined. Ramos would have to find something for him.

He thought dourly, going up the stairs, that Sam Warren was the most successful man he had ever known.

(Copyright)

National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page5799429

To cut a pretty figure

EAT AND KEEP SLIM

WITH VITA-WEAT

Here is the most *enjoyable* way to keep your energy up and your figure down...by sensible eating with Peek Frean's Vita-Weat. Everyone likes Vita-Weat because it's so delicious, baked to perfection in thin crisp slices. In fact, this appetising crispbread has all the goodness and all the flavour of the finest selected Australian whole wheat. That is why you'll find it so satisfying and nourishing. Make Vita-Weat your daily crispbread.

Peek Frean's

Vita-Weat (REGD.)

CRISPBREAD

National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page5799430

Did you PROTEX yourself this morning?

I ENJOY THE CLEAN BUSHLAND TANG

PROTEX IS MY CHOICE AS A DEODORANT TOILET SOAP

BOY—PROTEX MAKES YOU FEEL GOOD

Stay as fresh as a breeze with Protex, the deodorant Toilet Soap with the clean bushland fragrance. Protex is medicated to guard against offending, and infection.

PRI/140

The Man Who Had Influence

Continued from page 5

DAVID stared at Cohalan. This is just a dream, part of a bad hangover, David told himself. It'll disappear. Harry isn't even here. If I look at him, if I look at him long enough, he'll disappear.

"Snap out of it," said Cohalan; and David knew this was real.

"Now you listen to me," Cohalan went on. "They've got you down for a preliminary hearing to-day. You'll be bound over to stand trial, probably for manslaughter. We can probably get bail fixed. You may be asked questions. If so, answer them the best you can. If you don't remember, just say, 'I don't remember.' You're in deep enough without any perjury. You'll get your belt and tie back before you go into court. Look as neat as you can. Don't grin and don't scowl. Do you understand all that?"

"Sure, Harry. I understand." Confidence was returning to David. Harry would get him off. He'd been in tough spots before. Not this tough, but they'd looked had at the time.

"Harry," David asked, "what was I doing while Jane was"—the words were hard to say—"bleeding to death?"

"You were slumped over the hood when the cops got there. You hadn't been knocked out by the crash; you'd passed out from drink. The cops say you got out of the car to see if the motor was okay."

"Oh," said David. There was nothing else to say. With Jane inside the car—

"With Jane inside the car," Cohalan went on, picking up David's thought, "you went out to look at the motor. She was bleeding to death, but you were worried about your car. You should see the papers."

"The papers? But my father—I mean—"

"This is a big story, David. No newspaper can pass up this kind of story. There isn't that much pressure in the world."

David sat up and looked at Harry. This was big, if the papers wouldn't play it down as a favor to Sam Kraft, who owned Kraft Theatres, one of the biggest advertisers they had.

"I guess that's about it, David," said Harry, getting up to leave. "You've got about three hours before your hearing. Here's a pack of cards." Harry fished in his overcoat pocket and tossed the cards on David's bunk.

When Harry had gone, David began a game of solitaire. He found his mind wandering from the game. Jane kept getting between him and the cards. He wondered what time it was and stood up, letting a few of the cards slide from the bunk to the floor.

David walked over to the grilled wall, faced as nearly as possible in the direction in which Harry had disappeared, and said, loudly but without shouting, "Hello." Footsteps sounded in the hall, and then O'Rourke appeared.

"Hello," said O'Rourke. He was even bigger than David had at first thought. "Anything I can do for you?"

The question caught David by surprise. It suddenly occurred to him that he didn't know why he'd called or whom he'd expected to answer.

"I don't know," said David. "It's boring in here. What time is it?"

"I suppose it is." There wasn't a trace of sarcasm in the policeman's voice. "It's nine thirty."

"Got any magazines?"

"As a matter of fact, we haven't. How about a little gin rummy?"

Careful, careful, thought David. This man is my enemy. Part of David's will wanted to decline this offer, decline it quickly before things got dangerous. On the other hand, gin rummy might be the best way to kill time without thought.

"For kicks," David said. "I've got no money. Not with me."

"For kicks if you want," replied O'Rourke. "You could pay me when you leave. Your money's in my safe."

"Penny a point, three across?" David proposed, while O'Rourke unlocked the door. O'Rourke came inside, relocked the door, produced a pencil and sat down on the bed. He said he wasn't supposed to be inside the cell.

David played quickly and carelessly, relying on his innate card sense to carry him along. At the end of the first game, which was played so rapidly there could have been no conversation even had David desired any, he had been blitzed twice and was behind exactly 1530 points.

What mattered wasn't the money, but losing to this man who whistled as he played and seemed to pay no attention to his cards. David slowed the second game down, pausing before his discards, and rearranging his hand arbitrarily from time to time to guard against the possibility that O'Rourke, for all his seeming indifference, was learning something from the way David held his cards.

As the game became slower, conversation sprang up. Although David was beginning to like his opponent, inherent caution kept reminding him that they were opponents in more ways than one. He made O'Rourke carry the conversation by asking him questions. O'Rourke, it seemed, would discuss anything.

O'Rourke, David learned, had been in California only three years. He'd been a plainclothes man in Chicago during the Capone era, and, by his own account at least, an honest one. This had made his career exciting, if unrewarding. He liked horse racing and boxing, and talked endlessly but sensibly about names David only knew from record books.

THE second set David won by less than a hundred points. He was subtracting his winnings from O'Rourke's when Harry Cohalan returned. O'Rourke let Cohalan in and left, taking the score sheet with him. David realised he'd have to come back to tell him the final score. Somehow he was glad this was so.

David half expected that Cohalan would berate him for playing cards with a cop, but all Harry said was: "You all set, David? Your father wants to talk to you for a minute before we go in."

Cohalan handed David his belt and tie. David went to the washbasin and threw some water on his face, then slicked his hair back with Cohalan's comb.

At the end of the corridor was an iron grille like the one in David's cell. Behind it, seated at a table, was David's father. David sat down across the table from him.

David's father had obviously not slept. Most likely he hasn't even been to bed, David thought, feeling sorry for the old man. I've been a bad son to him, David said to himself. He put the thought from his mind, knowing, in fact, that he hadn't been a bad son, because he had never willingly done anything wrong in his life except get drunk. I'm what he made me, David decided firmly.

"David," the old man began. Then he paused and ran his fingers across his brow in a gesture that David knew was genuine but that seemed, for the moment, overdramatic. "You know what to do, David?" his father asked, and David knew this was not what he had started to say.

This was just another bewildering moment to Sam Kraft. Sometimes the old man felt—he wasn't sixty, but he was the "old man" to his associates, to his son, and lately even to himself—that the world had gone mad and that he was the only sane person in it.

Sam Kraft had come out of the first war a successful clothing manufacturer. Like many others he had money to invest at the war's end.

But his few thousands—for a reason he had long since forgotten—had gone into one of the early movie theatres. From the owner of one theatre to the owner of several was not a great step for a real businessman, which Sam Kraft undeniably was; and by the middle 'twenties, if anyone at all in the United States went to the movies, there was almost exactly one chance in nine that it was to a Kraft-owned theatre.

In the midst of this expansion, Anna, Sam's wife, a warm and friendly woman who was bewildered by everything her husband had done since the war, died giving birth to David.

It was to his father's power that David owed not only his creature comforts and his happiness, but his freedom as well. David had been in trouble with the law before. The causes had been such that, in an atmosphere created by a sympathetic Press, Harry Cohalan had brought David through with one acquittal, one suspended sentence, and one suspension of his driver's licence.

None of these things was in David's mind as he looked at his father. He saw that the old man was unhappy, distressed, but he saw—as he had always known—that the old man would not desert him.

Harry Cohalan said, "Come on, then," and led the way out of the little room and into a courtroom.

The tense feeling, the on-guard feeling, left David, although it was his own case that was being batted back and forth by Harry Cohalan and the young man from the district attorney's office. From time to time, Jane's name would be mentioned ("the unfortunate," "the deceased") and each time this happened a twinge would go through David; the idea of Jane's death took on a solidity, a permanence it had not had when Harry told him of it in a single word.

David didn't hear his name called, but suddenly Cohalan was helping him to the witness box. The young man from the district attorney's office came over as the clerk administered the oath.

"Your lawyer tells us you don't remember anything that happened last night," the young man said, not challengingly. "Is that true?"

"Yes, sir. That's true." David's reply was clear and calm, but not insolent.

"Nothing at all?'

"No, sir."

"How about yesterday afternoon?"

Harry Cohalan got to his feet behind the long table, not like a lawyer making a dramatic move, but like a businessman suggesting a new sales campaign.

"Your Honor," Harry asked, "is this line of questioning entirely necessary? This boy has been under the care of a psychiatrist. This is only a preliminary hearing, and I'm informed irreparable damage may be——"

"I agree with you," the judge said.

Suddenly Harry's manner changed. "Your Honor," he said, and his anger was such that he was talking too loud, "I ask that bail be set for this defendant."

"We've discussed that, Counsellor. I've explained the court's position on——"

"I want the record to show, Your Honor, that I asked for bail and that you refused to set it."

"It's a bad policy to interrupt the court," the flat voice retorted. "When you make a motion and I rule on it, you may be sure that both your motion and my ruling will show in the record." The judge looked around, as if to see if anyone else had anything to contribute. "Court's adjourned."

Please turn to page 37

Talking BIG

by T. Wendel Hills

A Column Written from the Wendel Special W to XXXXXXOS Fashion Salon

I would like to introduce myself to the thousands of Women's Weekly readers residing all over Australia. I am the Managing Director of The Wendel Fashion Salons, specialising in fittings for the larger figure. Each fortnight I will bring you up-to-the-minute information on what's new and particularly important, fashions at values unheard of. I would like you to write, phone, or call personally to my Salon, 1st Floor, 147A King St., Sydney, for advice on any fashion or figure problem you may have.

* * *

This service is unique in Australia, and has already proved a wonderful feature to all those women whose measurements are in the category of XW to XXXXXXOS. If you are unable to call, just send your measurements and I can have any garment specially made for you at no extra cost. Write for my special catalogue for the larger figure.

* * *

Start your summer wardrobe with at least one perfect sun-suit. I have in my summer collection sun-suits made from British floral cotton with crisp pique trim. They're in sizes W, XW, 29/11; OS, XOS, XXOS, 32/11 (aqua, blue, cherry, wine, or Autumn tonings). I also have sun-suits in seersucker (a wonderful idea, it doesn't require ironing). These are in pink, red, wine, blue, or Autumn tonings. Sizes—W, 36/-; OS, 38/-; XOS, 39/-; XXOS, 40/-. Write for your favourite colour in your size.

* * *

For extra coolness on a summer day I suggest a floral silk jersey frock—especially featuring a low, soft neckline and gored skirt. In multi-coloured flowery patterns on a clear, white ground (aqua, pink, fuchsia, or autumn tonings dominating). They're in sizes W, XW, SOS, OS, and only 85/-. Sizes XOS to XXXXXXOS, £5/1/1 (grey, blue, mauve, fuchsia, navy, or wine). Also wonderful crepe frocks in wine, aqua, black, blue, or navy. Some are tucked or beaded. Others in plain styles. From XW to XXXXXXOS, £4 to 15gns.

* * *

There's no need to tell you charming ladies how indispensable the edge-to-edge coat is, but I can tell you about my edge-to-edge coats tailored from all wool gabardine. They're in grey, blue, junior-navy, black, or aqua, for only £6/3/11 (the lowest price in town). W, XW, SOS, OS sizes. Also fitted edge-to-edge coats in English boucle. Black, brown, navy, or blue. W to XXXXXXOS sizes. Write for one of these, and if I haven't your size in stock I can make one specially for you. Only £8/5/6.

T. Wendel Hills

1st Floor, 147a King St., Sydney MA5794.

T. & G. Bldg., Elizabeth St., Sydney. MA5503.

National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page5799431

For a prettier bustline

By CAROLYN EARLE,
Our Beauty Expert

EXERCISE firms underlying muscle and encourages circulation. Posture makes the most of natural curves. Support accentuates contours and counteracts any downward trend.

Because exercise is to be the main theme of this article, let us begin with a paragraph on the other two remaining requirements — posture and support. Nobody wishing to attain a firm, rounded bosom can afford to neglect either.

If you feel that posture is overrated, give a thought to the girls who make a career of good looks.

Smooth make-up, smart clothes, grace and poise—in one word, posture—are their stock-in-trade.

They spend possibly months practising this anti-slump theory of good posture.

See for yourself how a high-held chest, indrawn abdomen and diaphragm, and pulling the waist up from the hips shrinks the waistline and slims down the entire silhouette.

If you allow your bosom to slump you are breaking down the natural means of support. A corsetier can recommend garments to rectify this, and at the same time accentuate curves in the right places.

For the slim person, the bandeau-type bra with shallow cups is suitable, but the fuller the breast the deeper the cup needs to be to prevent stretching of the skin.

Brassieres need to be chosen as carefully as shoes are fitted. In discussing the brassiere size and cup, size refers to the measurement round the body, cup to the depth.

There are no such things as breast muscles, since that portion of the body consists of glands and flesh. However, there is a muscle which stretches from shoulder to ribs and helps support the bosom. It can be strengthened by exercise.

Here are two good bosom-builders which need performing for some time to get results:

● **FIRST.** Stand erect. Clasp hands together at centre of the chest, elbows pointing out at the sides (see illustration). Move arms to right in pushing motion. Keep hands pressed together. Next push arms to the left.

Then raise hands up above your head, always keeping them pressed together. Finally lower the hands to the starting position. Repeat twelve times for each position.

● **SECOND.** Stand with feet about six inches apart, arms stretched forward at shoulder level. Now slowly stretch arms apart and back as far as they will go, keeping head and chin up, tummy in. Breathe in with first position, out with the second.

Repeat slowly six times, constantly maintaining erect position.

Deep breathing, arm stretching, and arm swinging are also first-rate exercises for firming purposes.

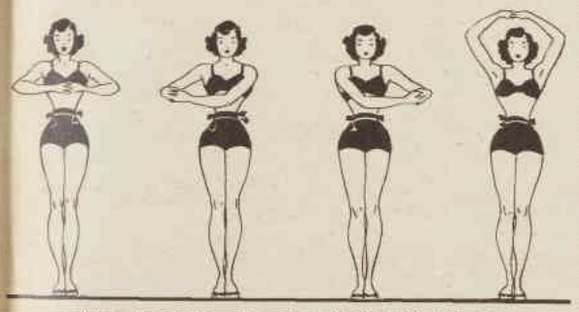
Exercises for reducing the ample bust need to be done vigorously and fast, with rests in between times.

● **RAPID ARM CIRCLING.** With arms outstretched at shoulder level, make large circles as fast as possible. Circle forward and backward. Twenty times in each direction.

● **ROCKING,** arms extended forward. Lie on the floor on the stomach, with legs straight and arms outstretched overhead. Raise feet and legs, and rock back and forth ten times. You'll have to make an effort to accomplish this movement in the beginning.

● There are three ways to win and maintain a pretty bustline —exercise, posture, and support.

A FIRST STEP in bosom beauty is to lift the neck out of the shoulders, the chest out of the rib-cage, and the waist out of the hipbones. Try it yourself and see how the bust is elevated and contoured to lovely lines.



BOSOM BUILD-UP. Win a firm bustline with exercise.

The Man Who Had Influence

Continued from page 36

A THIN-FACED plain-clothes man with glasses took David's arm, led him back to his cell, and took his belt and tie away from him. David sat down on the edge of his bunk, propped his elbows on his knees, and rested his head on the back of his locked hands. This, David decided, was going to be tough.

Five minutes later his opinion was partly confirmed when his father and Harry Cohalan arrived.

"David, how could you do such ——" his father began, almost shouting.

"No, Sam," said Harry, laying his hand on Sam Kraft's shoulder. "That won't do any good." He turned to David.

"How bad is it, Harry?" David asked.

"About as bad as it could be, David. Judge Wistert threw a terrible crimp into us, not admitting you to bail."

"But why? Why? How?" David's father asked.

"Sometimes they get a step ahead of you," Harry Cohalan replied.

"How long do I have to stay in here then, Harry?" David asked.

"That's what the trial will decide," the lawyer said. "You'll be here about a week before the trial. They set an early trial date; they don't like to delay the trial when they're holding a man without bail. You listen to me, now, David."

Harry Cohalan stood directly in front of David and talked perhaps a little more loudly than was necessary. "Keep your mouth shut from now until the trial. The Press won't bother you; I'll take care of that. When you get into court, just tell the truth. I'll do my best for you, and if I get you off"—Harry's voice slowed down the way it did when he reached the climax of an address to a jury—"if I get you off, I never want to see you again. You understand?"

David said he understood and decided that this was the strongest reading of the riot act Harry had ever given him.

A few minutes after Harry and David's father had left, Officer O'Rourke showed up outside the bars.

"Hi," said the cop. "Feeling low?"

"A little," said David. "They wouldn't give me bail."

"I know." O'Rourke turned the key in the lock and let himself in as he spoke. "It's a good thing for you they didn't. Want to go on with the game?"

This time David played slowly right from the beginning. O'Rourke whistled and sang and made jokes and reminisced about the old days in Chicago. And won.

"What did you mean," David asked, while O'Rourke was adding up his winnings, "about it being a good thing I didn't get bail?"

"Oh, that? I shouldn't have said that. What I meant, David" — the name came easily; David didn't notice that it was the first time O'Rourke had used it—"was that I don't think you'd make a very good fugitive."

David looked at him.

"Oh, come now, David," O'Rourke went on. "Don't say you didn't know. If bail had been allowed, you'd have skipped into Mexico. I guess your father would have skipped with you. He might as well. He'd have been ruined."

"You're lying to me." This must be a trick. O'Rourke was a cop. "Why should I skip bail? That's crazy."

"Crazy, eh? You go to trial, and you'll wind up making little ones out of big ones. Come on and deal. You'll never make any money jawing like this."

Please turn to page 42

Susan Hayward as she co-stars with Dana Andrews in the Samuel Goldwyn production "My Foolish Heart."

"I'm a Lux Girl"
says SUSAN HAYWARD

"Daily active-lather facials bring quick new loveliness," says Susan Hayward. Tests support Susan's statement. They have proved that, with Lux Toilet Soap, actually 3 out of 4 complexions improve in a very short time.

"I love the big, new bath size Lux Toilet Soap," adds Susan. Buy this economical new tablet tomorrow, and, every night take a luxurious beauty bath with the new bath size Lux Toilet Soap.

9 out of every 10 Film Stars use Lux Toilet Soap—Lux Girls are Lovelier

National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page5799432

National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page5799433

AWW PROJECT

The Australian Women's Weekly (1933 - 1982)
Issue 1950-08-12
Page 39

Missing Page

National Library of Australia
http://nla.gov.au/nla.obj-58614129

AWW PROJECT

The Australian Women's Weekly (1933 - 1982)
Issue 1950-08-12
Page 40

Missing Page

www.nla.gov.au/nla.obj-58614130
National Library of Australia

● Dior, of Paris, with models wearing his gowns. Left, champagne tulle embroidered in diamonds and straw, and, right, dark blue tulle with matching sequins.

● Formal restaurant gown designed by Dior combines two shades of taffeta. A sash ties in an immense bouffant bow on the right hip.

● Romantic ball gown designed by Marcel Rochas has a wide, elegant skirt with a samba frill. The frill is repeated on the bare bodice top.

National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page5799434

Perfume . . .
the loveliest thing about you

NEW PERFUMED COLOGNES

TO MATCH YOUR FAVOURITE PERFUME

Goya goes gay—gives you a perfumed cologne to wear with each of his famous fragrances, makes it shower-cool, elusive . . . Use it lavishly, in your bath and afterwards, as a refreshing body rub or friction, to sprinkle on your handkerchief to whisper sweet things about you. Gardenia, Decision, Vibration, Goya Heather, "No. 5," Great Expectations. *Perfume Gift Size £5.5.0. Handbag Phial 3/9. Matching Cologne (one ounce) 4/3*

Made in England by

Goya

GOYA · 161 NEW BOND STREET · LONDON · W1

Sole Distributors: Rosswell Pty. Ltd., 409 Collins Street, Melbourne

Scottish Knitwear

FOR **LADIES & CHILDREN**

by **HOLYROOD**

OBTAINABLE AT MOST GOOD SHOPS & STORES

AUSTRALIAN AGENTS—

STUBBS & BOOTES, CHARLES STREET, ADELAIDE.

The Man Who Had Influence

Continued from page 37

DAVID dealt the cards and looked at O'Rourke. O'Rourke looked like a man who was telling the truth.

Throughout the week before the trial, Sam Kraft and Harry Cohalan called on David every day. His father gave him candy, and brought his favorite pipe and a big tin of tobacco. Harry gave him stern advice.

Afternoons David played gin rummy with Officer O'Rourke. They talked freely as they played, and their talk concerned what it had that first morning, horse racing and boxing.

"The fight I remember clearest," O'Rourke remarked on Sunday afternoon, which was two days before the date set for the trial, "is the Dempsey-Willard fight."

"Yes," said David, drawing a card. "I've read about it. The massacre at Toledo."

"It's not Dempsey I remember so well. It's Jess Willard. He was down seven times in the first round. When they rang the bell, he collapsed on his stool."

"And that was the end," said David.

"Not quite," the officer replied. "While he was sitting there, a great big hulk of a man, beaten, disgraced, hurt more than it's right for a man to be hurt, someone from his corner threw a towel in the ring."

David discarded and O'Rourke picked up the card David threw down.

"Willard," he continued, "was about out on his feet. But he could reach that towel with his foot, and he kicked it right out of the ring."

"That Willard must have been a little off his head. Maybe the beating—"

"No, David. He knew what he was doing. There are things in a man's life that he alone can handle. Himself. Alone. And in his own way."

David wanted suddenly to know what the officer was driving at. "Willard did lose the fight, didn't he?"

"Certainly he lost," O'Rourke replied. "Willard was out on his stool at the end of the second. Only nobody threw any towel in that time. The fight ended because he couldn't get himself off that stool."

. . . . . .

Monday they resumed the game. It was late in the afternoon, the last afternoon before the trial, and O'Rourke was still winning heavily. "You worried, David?" the officer asked.

"Harry Cohalan worries for me," David said. "He gets paid for it."

"What do you think he's going to do, David? Fix the jury?"

David looked at O'Rourke steadily, trying to determine whether this was a real question, a joke, or a piece of sarcasm. "No," he said. "No. I don't think Harry would fix the jury."

"Then you'll be convicted, David."

"Yes," said David. "I'll be convicted."

O'Rourke went on evenly as though ignoring David. "And once you're convicted," he said, "you can draw ten years. Or you can draw a suspended sentence. Or something in between."

"So I'll be fined. So they'll take my licence away. So I'll go on probation."

"Why?"

David stared at him.

"You're not a child any more, David," O'Rourke told him when it was obvious that David was not going to answer his question. "You don't draw a light sentence for manslaughter. You haven't a chance, David, unless—"

"Unless what?" It was an effort for David to keep his tone casual.

"I understand you'll draw Judge Dingell to-morrow. He's a sour old man, and they say he's dead honest. But his term's about up. If he serves another term, he's eligible for a pension. If not, he's just another old, old man looking for a job."

"Yeah?" David said absently. "What's the point?" He was beginning to dislike this conversation.

"The point? Well, David, how do you think Judge Dingell feels? Could pressure be brought on him? Would he respond? There's the governor, for instance. He'd like to be re-elected. Suppose someone — a big campaign contributor, for instance —"

David cut in. "Are you talking about my father?" he asked.

"I'm not sure," O'Rourke replied. "I'm just talking if. If this, and if that. And, David, what happens if you do get off? That's what I'd be worried about, if I were you."

"What do you mean?" David asked, but the conversation was over. O'Rourke was letting himself out of the cell.

The trial lasted only two days. David kept watching Judge Dingell for some tell-tale gesture, a change of tone, anything that would tell him whether O'Rourke had been talking sense or nonsense.

The sign never came. The last hour of the second day was all it took for the jury to find David guilty of manslaughter. Judge Dingell set the following morning for sentencing.

David had no visitors that evening. Harry Cohalan had told him he wouldn't be able to see him; "too much to be done," Harry had explained, and David did not want to speculate as to what that might mean.

Later he looked up and saw O'Rourke was standing outside the bars.

"Take what I owe you out of my wallet in your safe," David said.

"Can I talk to you a little while?" O'Rourke made it sound important

"I guess so. Come on in."

O'Rourke let himself in and slid the grille shut behind him. "What about this thing, David?" he asked suddenly.

"What thing?"

"What about yourself, David? What do you think of yourself?"

"Me?" David chose his words carefully. It was just a game, but David always played games as well as he could. "You mean here I am, I killed a girl, and it doesn't seem to bother me." It was a half question, but O'Rourke said nothing.

"Fred," David went on, "this may sound silly to you, but I never deliberately hurt anybody, not even Jane."

"Until now," O'Rourke said.

"What do you mean?"

"All right." O'Rourke spun the wooden chair round, dropping into it so that he straddled it and faced David across the chair back. "You were drunk when you killed Jane, David; as you say, it wasn't deliberate. But you don't have to go on and on. You're sober now. You don't have to destroy Dingell, make him do a thing he'll despise himself for all the rest of his life. And Harry Cohalan. How do you think he'll feel? He's pulled some raw ones for you all right, but nothing like this."

"Harry does what he thinks is best," David said angrily. "He gets paid for it. I don't have any decision to make."

"Stop it, David." O'Rourke lowered his voice now, and there was an anger in everything he said. "What happens if Dingell knuckles under and gives you a suspended sentence?"

"I'll go home. That's all."

"That's not all. You'll have to live with yourself. If they let you off, you'll have to live with the knowledge of what you've done to Dingell and to Cohalan and to your father, and to every decent person. And you can't plead drunkenness, or any other excuse. This one's all yours."

The next morning Officer O'Rourke escorted David from his cell into the crowded courtroom. He said nothing as they walked through the corridor. His face was impassive.

The bailiff made his singsong little speech, and Judge Dingell came out of the little door behind the bench.

"People-versus-Kraft," the bailiff said. "Defendant - rise - and - face - the - court." David stood up.

"David Kraft," the old judge said, his voice a little unsteady, "you have been convicted of manslaughter in having caused the death of Jane Adams. Have you anything to say before I pass sentence on you?"

The judge's eyes were red and they looked on David with resignation and disgust, mingled together as in the eyes of a child who contemplates a dose of medicine he must swallow.

It is true, David decided, it's just the way O'Rourke said it would be; this old man has been reached somehow, and his mind and his voice are no longer his own.

David turned from his contemplation of the judge and glanced at Harry Cohalan who stood a few feet to his right. Harry looked a little frightened, a little disgusted. He's ashamed, David realised, ashamed of what he's doing. David's father sat beside Harry Cohalan, tense, expectant, leaning forward on the counsel table. For a moment David hated him.

"Have you anything to say, David Kraft?" Judge Dingell asked the question again, and David suddenly realised that everyone was waiting for him to speak.

He looked for O'Rourke and spotted him in a corner of the room staring at the floor. It's too late, David thought; that's why O'Rourke won't look up.

"If you have nothing to say—" the judge began, and then David knew there was still time, there had to be.

"I've got something to say," David said. For David understood now what Willard learned in the crippling heat of Toledo with the towel at his feet.

Without mincing his words David dared Judge Dingell to sentence him or to admit his own corruption.

When David had finished, Judge Dingell had no choice. Anything less than the maximum sentence would have been an admission that David's vile charge was true, that David was, to use his own phrase, "bigger than you, bigger than the State, bigger than anything or anybody!"

Four minutes later David walked unguarded to the passage that led to his cell. A policeman he had never seen before met him there and led him out of court on the first leg of a long trip.

A reporter noticed that David walked with a new firmness, a determination in his step, like a man who had, at last, recovered from a long illness; but he didn't write anything about it. At the time, it didn't seem to make sense.

Sam Kraft put his head down on the table and cried like a baby, and nothing Harry Cohalan could do could make him look up. Finally Cohalan felt a touch on his sleeve and glanced up. The lawyer recognised Officer O'Rourke.

"I'd like to talk to Mr. Kraft," the policeman said. "I think I can make him feel better about this." There was something in the way he spoke that made Harry believe him.

Sam Kraft looked up as Cohalan walked out of the courtroom and Officer O'Rourke sat down in the chair he had vacated.

(Copyright)

Notice to Contributors

PLEASE type your manuscript or write clearly in ink, using only one side of the paper.

Short stories should be from 2500 to 6000 words; articles up to 1500 words. Enclose stamps to cover return postage of manuscript in case of rejection.

Every care is taken of manuscripts, but we accept no responsibility for them. Please keep a duplicate.

Address manuscripts to the Editor, The Australian Women's Weekly, Box 4088W, G.P.O., Sydney.

ALL characters in the serials and short stories which appear in The Australian Women's Weekly are fictitious, and have no reference to any living person.

National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page5799435

New releases AND POPULAR REQUEST NUMBERS . . . Caesar Fabrics of cool, cotton-crispness in a profusion of designs that harmonise with any occasion of smart informality . . . candy stripes and joyous florals, Paisleys, plaids and checks of every size, spots or mere dots and in colours ranging from vivids tuned to the teeners' tempo to pastels muted for the primmer taste. Ask to see them—at your favourite store.

CAESAR FABRICS

CESARINE • SUMMER BREEZE • DIMICORD • SUNBURST • CESORA

National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page5799436

BEST SELLERS, AND NO WONDER!

Tailor Maids

have all the fine points of blouse styling

Best sellers in every sense of the word, these Californian styled "Tailor Maids." First, for their crisp cut, meticulous finish, amazing flair for detail, for the interplay of lace and pin tucks, the perfection of tailoring. Then, for their fabric, the famous long-wearing 'Celanese' crepe-de-chene that washes like magic, dries in a trice, and last, but not least, for the fact that some are yours for the choosing in white or soft, soft pastels. 10 styles include 32" to 42" sizes at a low

36/11

MARLBOROUGH DISTRIBUTORS PTY. LIMITED, 59 MARLBOROUGH STREET, SURRY HILLS, N.S.W.

National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page5799437

As I Read the STARS

By WYNNE TURNER

ARIES (March 21 to April 20): An inclination for pleasures and social gaiety surrounds you, and, although there are no outstanding dates, you should be able to make it a happy week. There are also good aspects for all creative work.

TAURUS (April 21 to May 21): A rather quiet week, but a safe one, especially for making decisions regarding home, family, property, housing, or long-term investments. However, don't take risks early next week, especially on Tuesday.

GEMINI (May 22 to June 21): Try to get all important matters adjusted before August 15. A tendency towards unseen delays and restrictions marks that day. Avoid any feeling of apprehension or depression, and take extra care of your health.

CANCER (June 22 to July 23): Continue with your money plans. Get busy on new ideas, act on hunches, especially before the weekend. August 10 could be a day of interest, with the possibility of unexpected events. Schemes or investments could make good progress.

LEO (July 24 to August 23): This week should help you to appear to good advantage, by stirring your personality into fuller activity. Be active, energetic, and industrious, and you will be pleased with results. Heart affairs should progress.

VIRGO (August 24 to September 23): A good week to do a little research into your immediate affairs, and to get your ideas formulated for future action. August 15 needs a little care. Watch health and avoid chills.

LIBRA (September 24 to October 23): Be your most attractive self this week, for friends and associates can contribute greatly to your happiness. You may now ask favors of others and push towards the attainment of some of your desires.

SCORPIO (October 24 to November 22): Your luck holds this week and you may expect steady progress in your career and social life. However, don't bank on big events just yet. Your stars, although strong, still show results of recent events.

SAGITTARIUS (November 23 to December 22): A restful week to meditate, enjoy some sport, catch up with correspondence, take an outing with your children. Your stars are rather quiet for any major change, but quite good if you want to plan for the future.

CAPRICORN (December 23 to January 20): Don't expect too much this week, conserve assets, keep an eye on investments, securities, or jointly held money, especially on August 15, and be wary in communications, contracts, or assignments.

AQUARIUS (January 21 to February 19): Your interests are best served by co-operating with others this week. Follow your partner's advice, and concentrate on the activities and good will of those who share business or domestic life.

PISCES (February 20 to March 20): You will gain more by going slowly this week. Relax and enjoy a well-earned rest. Your opportunity for making new plans is not quite ready yet, although good progress is indicated in your vocational field.

[The Australian Women's Weekly presents this astrological diary as a feature of interest only, without accepting any responsibility whatsoever for the statements contained in it.]

Printed and published by Consolidated Press Limited, 168-174 Castlereagh Street, Sydney.

"Snack" a delicious assortment of 12 fine-quality chocolates

The only chocolate block with these 4 luscious centres.

"STRAWBERRY CREAM"
1. A delicious taste-sensation of freshly-picked strawberries.
"TURKISH DELIGHT"
2. A joy to every taste. Rich and exotic.
"CREAM CARAMEL"
3. A rich, creamy caramel-flavour which lingers on your tongue.
"FRUIT SUNDAE"
4. An exciting blend of choice, fresh-fruit flavours.

Made by MacRobertson

The Great Name in Confectionery

.S01

HEARNE'S BRONCHITIS CURE

There's Real Comfort In Every Sip of Hearne's.

COUGHS & COLDS

A.M. — Australia's Leading Monthly Magazine

For hours of enjoyable reading—plenty of fiction, fact, sport, and pictures—and it's priced at only one shilling.

1/- On Sale at All Newsagents and Bookstalls 1/-

FIRST OF EVERY MONTH.

National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page5799438

When time is on the wing . . . . . remember it's

GAS COOKING for CONTROL and ECONOMY

- High-speed burners
- Fast heating ovens
- Quick cooking grillers

are the reasons!

Yes, it's Gas for Cooking perfection and guaranteed results! Gas gives maximum heat with least waste in minimum time. Cooking by Gas is *definitely faster* — your new, modern Gas Range will prove it — in a single day! Inquire *now* at *your* Gas Company's Showrooms.

GAS for the 4 BIG JOBS

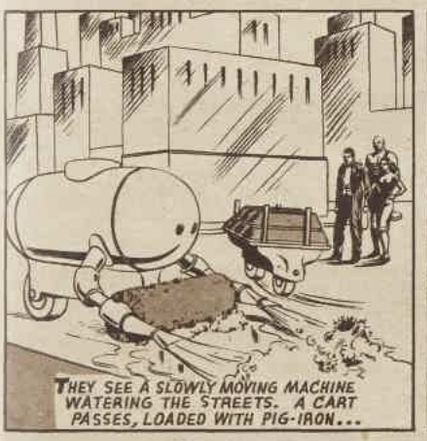
Automatic COOKING • *Silent* REFRIGERATION
Instant HOT WATER • *Healthful* HEATING

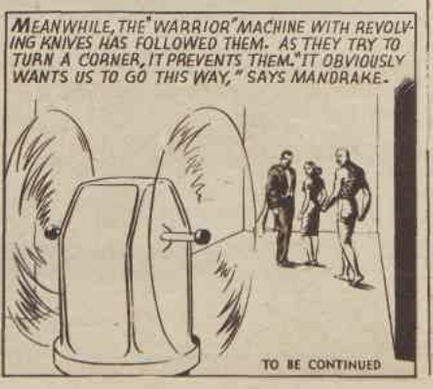
The National Gas Association of Australia

National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page5799439

Mandrake the Magician

MANDRAKE: Master magician, and
LOTHAR: His giant Nubian servant, with lovely
PRINCESS NARDA: Are followed by a television machine they call Joe as they walk across the plain of Mechana. They see a long escalator rise out of the earth and head horizontally over the plain. A notice reads, "Belt to the City for Surface Travellers." They ride it to the other end, where another notice says: "City." The machine, Joe, flies away, the ground tilts, and a chasm appears. NOW READ ON:





Naturally I keep to . . .

CRAVEN "A"

The largest selling cork-tipped cigarette in the world.

CARRERAS LIMITED — OVER 150 YEARS REPUTATION FOR QUALITY

1000 FREE BOOKS ON DANCING!

NOW you can test this wonderful course on dancing yourself—try this famous system in your own home, and if, after 30 days, you have not become an expert dancer, popular, and sought-after, it COSTS YOU NOTHING—not one penny! But you must hurry; this offer may never be repeated. It places you under no obligation whatsoever; all you have to do is to post the coupon NOW!

SIMPLE AS A.B.C.

IT does not matter if you have never danced a step in your life before or if you have been trying for years to dance. The famous BOLOT System, the system that has stood the test of 25 years, guarantees to make you an accomplished dancer in just 30 days—or IT COSTS YOU NOT ONE PENNY—it will teach you all the latest dances—Slow Foxtrot, Quick Step, Waltz, Tango, Rumba, Jitterbug, etc., —together with Modern Old-Time. The Bolot System never fails—you have Professor Bolot's personal guarantee.

BECOME POPULAR

MAGNETIC Personality — Popularity — confidence, can be attained with Professor Bolot's wonderful course — you will find yourself sought after — admired by the opposite sex — invited out to all social functions — in short, you will become a "social lion." Dancing is the short cut to good times — non-dancers and bad dancers miss all the fun in life — now is the time to start. Take advantage of Professor Bolot's wonderful offer. NOW, but hurry, this offer is limited.

"SURROUNDED BY PARTNERS"

"I am writing to thank you for the dancing lessons, which I received safely. I cannot thank you enough, for I am coming on wonderfully with my dancing. The latest dance I went to I never missed one dance, and when the 'Medley' dance came I was in the centre of a ring of men asking: 'Are you engaged for this?' 'Can I have this dance, please?' I did not know what to do, as I could not dance with the lot of them at once. I simply love dancing now, thanks to you. One man told me at the last dance that he could dance with me forever."—M.I. (Miss), Wyalong, N.S.W.

SEND NO MONEY

PROFESSOR J. BOLOT, F.A.R.,
French Dancing Academy,
Studio 38, Oxford St., Sydney.

Dear Sir,—Please send me by return post your FREE Book "DANCING AS A FINE ART." (Enclose 2½d. in stamps.)

NAME .....

ADDRESS .....

.....WW 12/8/50

What this FREE BOOK is all about!

- How to Learn at Home.
- How to Dance the Fox Trot.
- How to Dance all Dances.
- How to be Popular.
- How to Improve Conversation.
- How to be a Perfect Dancer.

Copies of this famous Book will be sent FREE. Send at once for your copy. Write to Prof. Bolot, Dept. 38, Oxford St., Sydney.

National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page5799440

WEDDING BELLES
by
Cashmere Bouquet

Crowned with flowers and enchantingly young in billows of transparent Broderie Anglaise, Dorothy Margatroyd wed Eric Mammatt. Her shining ash-blonde hair and her cameo-perfect skin looked enchanting against the tulle of her veil. Through the hours of that exciting day, her faithful attendant, Cashmere Bouquet face powder, kept her skin exquisitely smooth and fresh.

Gay confetti showers upon the fair young Bride. "Doesn't she look *lovely!*" cries her charming young bridesmaid. Truly Dorothy has never looked more exquisite, her delicate make-up of Cashmere Bouquet giving a flower-like vitality to her skin.

Shining hair and big blue eyes are true beauty assets, but even the prettiest complexion is enhanced by this finest of Face Powders. One of the six entrancing Cashmere Bouquet shades will give you that dewy-fresh "bridal loveliness".

"I'm faithful to Cashmere Bouquet," says Dorothy, "because it's so faithful to me. I choose Peche shade for day use, but for true evening glamour I always wear Dream Rose. Cashmere Bouquet Face Powder is the perfect 'finishing touch'!"

PURSETTE . . . 1/7

REGULAR . . . 2/5

In six lovely shades to suit you

RACHEL · PECHE · SUNGOLD · HONEYGOLD
HAWAIIN TAN · DREAM ROSE

COMPLEXION LOTION POWDER BASE
for a satin-smooth underglow. It protects and enhances, and there is a shade to match your Cashmere Bouquet Face Powder.

CASHMERE BOUQUET COSMETICS *include* COMPLEXION LOTION POWDER BASE · LIPSTICK ROUGE · CAKE MAKE-UP · TALCUM · BEAUTY CREAMS *with the fragrance men love*

National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page5799441

GENE TIERNEY

Elegant in a blue satin gown designed by her husband, Oleg Cassini, Gene Tierney, bright star from Twentieth Century-Fox, will shortly be seen in two new films—"Night and the City," in which she co-stars with Richard Widmark, and "Where the Sidewalk Ends," with Dana Andrews. A flair for clothes, personal charm, and a flawless complexion make Gene one of the best camera subjects in the modern film world, and a favorite with sophisticated filmgoers.

National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page5799442

...dream girl, dream girl,
Beautiful Lustre-Creme Girl
...hair that gleams and glistens
From a Lustre-Creme shampoo

Tonight!..Show him how much lovelier your hair can look.. after a Lustre-Creme Shampoo

Tonight he can SEE your hair sparkling with unexpected sheen ... FEEL your hair caressably soft and silky . . . if you use LUSTRE-CREME to-day. Only Lustre-Creme brings you Kay Daumit's magic formula for glamorizing hair as you wash it. A blend of secret ingredients *plus* gentle lanolin. Lustre-Creme gives "loveliness lather" even in the hardest water. Leaves hair fragrantly clean and free of loose dandruff; gives new, shimmering beauty to all "hair-dos" or permanents. Beauty-wise American women have made LUSTRE-CREME America's favourite cream shampoo. Try it! You'll love the lovely results.
PRICES: MEDIUM, 1/6 LARGE, 2/11

Not a Soap!
Not a liquid!
But Kay Daumit's rich
Lathering Cream
Shampoo with Lanolin

In a tube for your convenience

LC7/160

Clean your Denture thoroughly with 'Steradent'

While you dress or while you sleep, 'STERADENT' will remove stains and film from your denture, leaving it clean and fresh.

'STERADENT' is harmless to all denture materials, including the new acrylics. It makes discoloured teeth clean, lustrous and new-looking.

SOLD BY CHEMISTS ONLY

4861

Steradent
REGD.

1 **BOMBSHELL** announcement that she is engaged to Buckley Dunstan by Kay Banks (Elizabeth Taylor) enrages father, Stanley Banks (Spencer Tracy), and astonishes mother, Ellie (Joan Bennett).

2 **INTRODUCTION** to future son-in-law, Buckley Dunstan (Don Taylor), takes place informally when the young man arrives to take Kay out to a nearby party.

FATHER OF THE BRIDE

THAT great institution, the family, has an innings in this charming M.G.M. comedy, which is based on the Edward Streeter novel of the same name.

Set in a suburban town, the simple story finds a well-organised, comfortable home suddenly transformed into a madhouse of activity by the adored daughter's announcement, "I'm going to be married."

It watches the family through such experiences as whittling down a guest list, choosing the wedding party, cataloguing the gifts, placating the relatives, and the trembling father's long walk down the candle-lit centre aisle with the cool and confident bride.

Briefly, it unfolds on the screen a true picture of what happens every day in any home housing a marriageable daughter, and the emotions are universal.

3 **SLEEPLESS** night causes imagination to run riot. Mr. Banks wonders about this boy who is taking his daughter away.

4 **MAN-TO-MAN** discussion on future finances ends with Mr. Banks telling young man own story and financial bothers.

5 **FORMAL** call on Kay's future in-laws, the Dunstans (Moroni Olsen and Billie Burke), is made gingerly by Mr. and Mrs. Banks. Wedding plans swing into high gear over many martinis.

6 **FAMILY** gathers to discuss wedding reception. On the grounds that inviting 250 people will ruin him, Banks insists list be cut down, but ends up inviting all.

7 **SHOWER** of rice speeds newlyweds, but nerve-racked father of the bride is blocked in doorway of his house and doesn't even get glimpse of his departing daughter.

8 **EXHAUSTED** at the end of hectic wedding, Mr. and Mrs. Banks sink into the nearest chairs and survey wreckage of their home after guests leave. They are tired but happy to reach end of perfect day.

National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page5799443

STC Super Suction does it better!

CARPETS: The flexible pivot nozzle simply *glides* across your carpets, for the S.T.C. is gentle but thorough . . . light but super-powered!

UNDER FURNITURE: Low-angled furniture presents no difficulties. Reverse the pivot nozzle to pick up threads, lint, etc.

WOOD AND LINOLEUM FLOORS: The heavy dusting brush virtually becomes an "electric broom" . . . sweeps clean without any effort.

WALLS: Another job for the heavy dusting brush. Its firm, strong bristles clean walls, floors, ceilings, and also wire mattresses.

POLISHING FLOORS: Use the mop in conjunction with the heavy dusting brush to keep wood and linoleum floors bright as a minar.

CORNERS AND CREVICES: The resilient rubber crevice nozzle deals with dust in hard-to-get-at places.

CURTAINS: This is a job for the utility nozzle. It draws out dust from fabrics, leaves them clean as a new pin, cuts down on laundering.

UPHOLSTERED FURNITURE: Be your own dry cleaning service. The utility nozzle will keep chairs and lounges sparkling clean and fresh.

CLOTHES, FURS, ETC.: Protect them against dust and moth by "air-cleaning" with the utility nozzle. You'll find it works wonders.

HIGH DUSTING: The S.T.C. is like an extra pair of hands to reach to such inaccessible places as picture-rails, mouldings, high furniture.

£26.19.6 — COMPLETE WITH ACCESSORIES

PILLOWS, BLANKETS, MATTRESSES: Keep them sweet as clover by "dusting" with the utility nozzle. Super-suction cleans with clean air.

DUSTING FURNITURE, ETC.: The fine soft dusting brush deals with careful dusting, such as ornaments, pictures, furniture, drawers, cupboards.

LOW DUSTING: The soft dusting brush will take care of skirting boards most comfortably without any bending or stooping on your part.

SPRAYING PAINT, INSECTICIDES: You'll find the spray gun invaluable for fumigants, kalsomine, floor stain, lacquers and insecticides.

STC

It's here . . . the new model Cleaner that brings you Super Suction! Never before such speed . . . such power . . . such effortless action! Armed with an S.T.C. you can whizz through your housework like a breath of clean air, for a complete kit of accessories makes household efficiency *easy!* A light touch of your toe upon the foot-switch brings the S.T.C. *purring* into action. And what a smooth and silent worker it is, with its powerful motor heavily insulated in shock-proof rubber. Ask to see the S.T.C., the best "domestic help" that money can buy. You'll find it effortless to use, economical to run, and absolutely dependable in service. From floor to ceiling the S.T.C. does a mighty fine job!

* * * * * * * * *

Available from all Electrical Retailers 240V or 32V (*complete with accessories*). In Capital Cities, £26.19.6.

Super Suction VACUUM CLEANER

MANUFACTURED AND GUARANTEED BY

Standard Telephones and Cables Pty. Ltd.

SYDNEY AND MELBOURNE

Wholesale Distributors in other States:

Edgar V. Hudson Ltd., BRISBANE. Unbehaun and Johnstone Ltd., ADELAIDE
M. J. Bateman Pty. Ltd., PERTH. W. & G. Genders Pty. Ltd., TASMANIA.

POST THIS COUPON TODAY

To Standard Telephones & Cables Pty. Ltd., Box 525, G.P.O., Sydney

Please send me Free and Post Free, a copy of the illustrated brochure "It's Child's Play".

NAME _____

ADDRESS _____

National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page5799444

60 seconds from now
a radiant new complexion
with a

1-Minute Mask

Every time it's important for you to look your radiant best — "re-style" your complexion with a 1-Minute Mask of Pond's Vanishing Cream.

First — Smooth a cool white mask of Pond's Vanishing Cream over your whole face—except eyes.

Instantly — The "keratolytic" action of Pond's Vanishing Cream loosens dried skin flakes. Dissolves them.

Then — After just one minute, tissue off clean. You're lovelier! Your complexion looks radiant! Clearer, silkier, more velvety smooth!

A lovely foundation cream, too!

Mrs. Cornelius Vanderbilt Jr.

beautiful member of one of America's oldest families, says: "A 1-Minute Mask with Pond's Vanishing Cream is the perfect complexion lift. In just one minute the mask brightens and freshens my skin, gives it a new smoothness that takes make-up wonderfully!"

POND'S VANISHING CREAM

PCO-5

If it's for Dad...

IT MUST BE

Polo

HANDKERCHIEFS

Each handkerchief hygienically packed in Cellophane — or in gift boxes of three.

Ladies' Polo Handkerchiefs also available.

OBTAINABLE ALL LEADING STORES

P.17.8

You're set for admiration

WITH CHRISTY *Permasette* WAVE SET

For personal charm - CHRISTY LAVENDER TALCUM
For lovely hands - CHRISTY OLIVE OIL LOTION
For shining hair - CHRISTY COCONUT OIL SHAMPOO

Ann Todd's Jamaican holiday

● If you have romantic ideas about travelling the world in an old banana boat and ask Ann Todd how to go about it she will tell you not to.

By cable from BILL STRUTTON in London

ANN and director David Lean, her husband, tried this way of travelling to the sun after filming of "Madeleine" had finished.

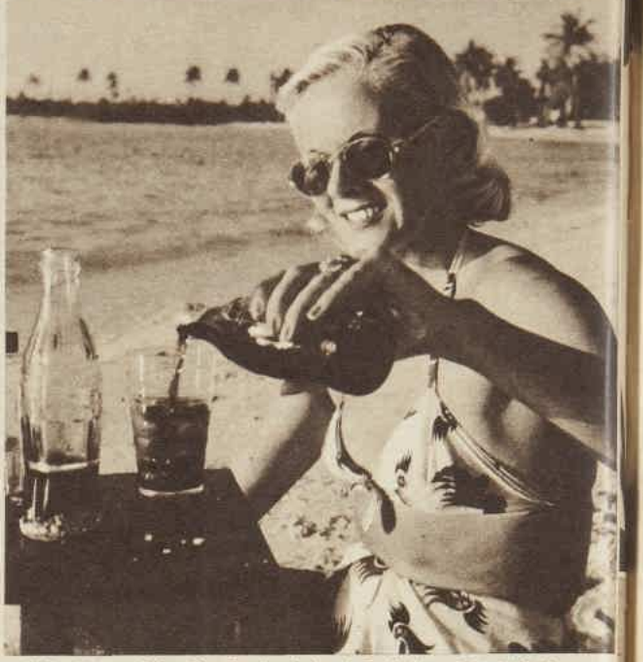
They decided to go to Jamaica for a holiday; you know, a nice lazy voyage off the beaten track in an old tub where there are no autograph hunters and no curious stares from fellow-passengers. Away from everything and the necessity to dress up every day like a film star.

"It was our first real holiday together since our marriage," Ann said. "David hadn't had a rest for ten years.

"A director always has a lot of work to do between films, planning a new one, watching the editing of the one just finished, searching for stories—things an actress doesn't know about, since she's engaged only for the period of actual shooting 'on the floor.'

"Life for him had been just one big job after another—from 'Brief Encounter' to 'Great Expectations,' to 'Oliver Twist,' to 'The Passionate Friends,' and then 'Madeleine.'

"I think that just about everything went wrong on that boat. First of all, I was told I shouldn't need any warm clothes. After four days, everybody said, we would be far enough away from England's fogs to be wearing next to nothing.



ANN TODD and her film-director husband David Lean have just returned from a holiday in Jamaica, where they stayed in Noel Coward's villa. This picture shows Ann pouring a refreshing cool drink while she relaxes on the sunny tropics beach.

"The result was, I froze. I froze for over a week.

"We had fondly imagined a smooth trip through blue tropic seas with the sun blazing down on us. All we would do, we said, was eat bananas and lie out on the deck.

"What actually happened was that we hit weather so rough that our poor little banana boat was just tossed from one big mountain of a wave to another for days and days on end.

"For David, it was a busman's holiday. He had himself strapped to the rail up near the bow and photographed it all with his cine-camera. He takes his camera everywhere.

"David was to have taken a lot of shots around the deck as a record of our holiday. But I stayed below most of the time, and the dirty weather lasted right till we got to Jamaica.

"In fact, the last shot he got was one of me lurching down a gangway into 'close shot,' haggard, and with my hair like a wild woman's. If it had been in color, my face would have shown up a delicate pea-green!

"But the rest was just heaven! Noel Coward had loaned us his villa there, near the capital, Kingston. He had his own private beach and a staff to look after the place, so for us it was one glorious loaf. The weather was something you dream of.

"Except that David kept taking photographs, of course. He climbed everywhere looking for shots. We have filled a fat album with snaps."

She handed me a fistful of photographs. Here are some of them.

"I think I shall remember it as one of the happiest moments of my life; it was so completely relaxing. The only thing roughly resembling work that we did was to make a personal appearance at 'The Passionate Friends,' which was then showing in an open-air cinema in Kingston.

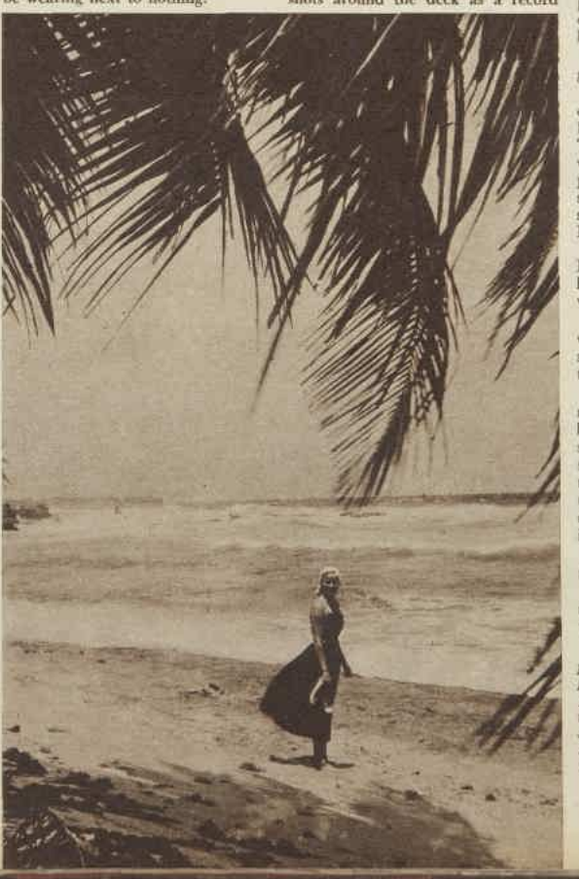
"You can imagine my horror when I settled back in a front seat and heard my first lines in the film. They were: 'I hate Jamaica!'

"The crowd roared. The manager who had invited us announced with some haste that I didn't really think that at all."

Ann has come back looking like a million dollars—tanned, her hair bleached almost platinum by the sun, glowing with health. And now she and David Lean are looking for their next picture. It is almost certain that he will direct her, as he did in "The Passionate Friends" and in "Madeleine."

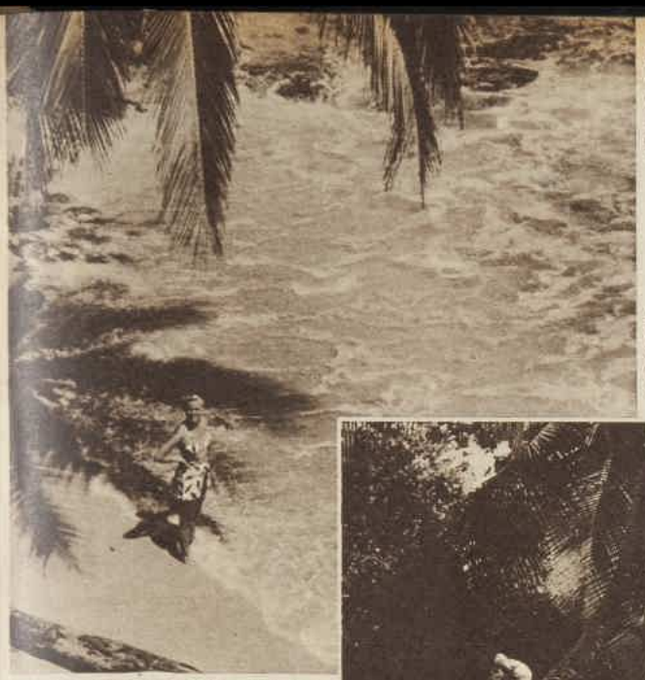
But they are still short of a good film story.

"I have bought the rights to a musical; it would make a lovely technicolor film, but it would be far



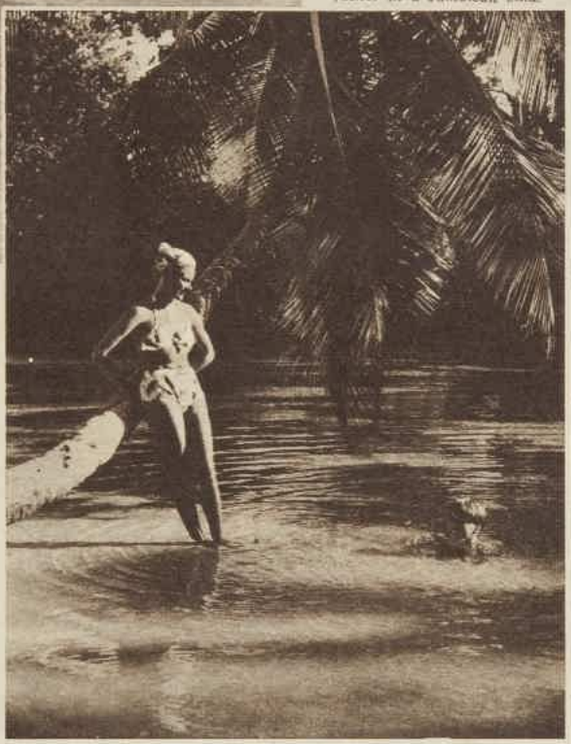
FAR from the rain and fogs of England, here husband David Lean snaps Ann Todd in the tropical surroundings of a sandy Jamaican cove. Their home in Kensington, London, is full of picture records of all their holiday trips.

National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page5799445



IN A SETTING of waving palm trees and foaming surf, Ann Todd beckons the photographer into the water in one of the coves of Jamaica. The man behind the camera is husband David Lean, who perched on a high rock to secure this shot for the family album.

BELOW: Ann Todd is seen with her only son, David, child of her former marriage, who flew out to the island during school holidays to spend a few days in tropical luxury with his mother and stepfather in a Jamaican villa.



too expensive to make under present conditions," Ann said.

"Anyhow, there's no hurry. In the meantime, I have been putting the finishing touches to our new home here. It has been great fun. It has also been ruinously expensive."

Their new home is on Campden Hill, in Kensington, in a quiet, leafy back road. The garden, which you reach through French windows at the end of a long, magnificiently furnished lounge, is one of the rarest luxuries I have seen so close to the heart of London—a trim lawn, rockeries, a flagged terrace studded with bright umbrellas and lounge chairs and walled with trellises of flowering creeper.

David Lean turned gardener to work this transformation. Beyond the garden walls there is no customary vista of London chimney pots, but instead one of trees and parkland. It is like being in the country.

The house itself is panelled in light pine and furnished—cocktail cabinet, desk, chests, adam corner piece—in light woods with a graceful antique line.

There is a huge, blood-red carpet.

"We trembled about that," Ann said. "It was a terrifying job trying to match differently colored items with it—but somehow we succeeded, piece by piece, and yet managed to preserve the individuality of everything we bought."

Residents of Selwood Place, Kensington—a creeper-clad row of Regency houses where Ann Todd used to live—may relax now that Ann has moved to Campden Hill.

While she was there, Selwood Place was the most frequently burgled street in England. Twenty-three of its twenty-four houses had been broken into in two years. Ann's own home had been entered five times.

Neighbors said it was her name which attracted burglars. Film folk and stars of show business are specially favored marks for London cracksman, who deal as much in minks and jewels as in cash.

Since moving to her new home, Ann has had no more burglaries.

As she told me this she darted over to the desk and put her hand on it.

"Touch wood," she said, and laughed.

ANN TODD'S son, David, acted as cameraman for this shot of Ann and husband David Lean walking inshore from a swim in one of the lovely coves which abound along the coast.

ACCORDING TO A RECENT SURVEY

8 out of 10* Dentists recommend

According to an Australian-wide survey conducted by an independent research organisation, more than 8 out of 10 dentists recommend IPANA in preference to any other Tooth Paste.

SOLD ONLY BY CHEMISTS

A PRODUCT OF BRISTOL-MYERS

BM6-50

This is one of the beautiful Rosebank range of furnishing fabrics from England. Ask for them by name at your local store or furnishers, or write to the addresses below for further details.

ROSEBANK

furnishing fabrics

MADE BY:— TURNBULL & STOCKDALE LTD. MANCHESTER · ENGLAND

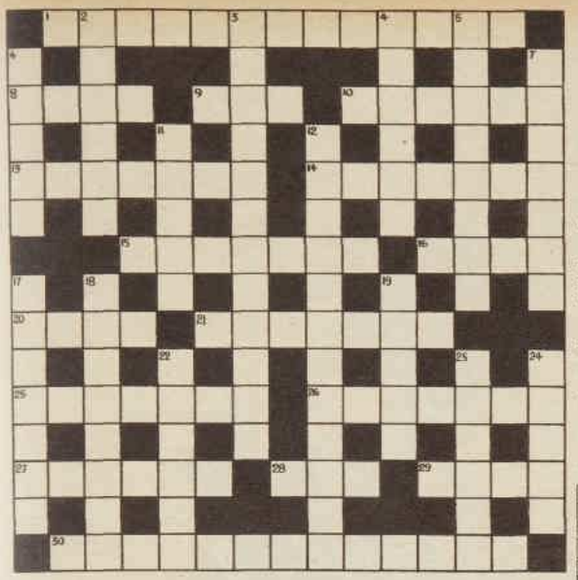
ENQUIRIES TO:—

FRANK D. WALKER BOX 1419 G.P.O. SYDNEY

MR. E. COCKRILL BOX 1822 G.P.O. MELBOURNE

National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page5799446

National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page5799447



Solution will be published next week.

THIS WEEK'S CROSSWORD

ACROSS

1. Hog in rough tog (Anagr.) (8, 5).
8. Direction which is outwardly soaked (4).
9. Cunning (3).
10. Small coin concerning the middle (6).
13. Ease in a back drawl towards the sheltered side (7).
14. It's smelly probably because the second half is turned sour (7).
15. Holy man I see in the beginning of this determined fellow (7).
16. The French before an emaciated (4).
20. A lair in a British colony (4).
21. Capable of being moulded (7).
25. When the printer tells his youngster that no correction is to be made, he seems to speak through his hat; and a good hat too (7).
26. A U.S. country man or why a North American walnut tree (7).
27. Scot godmother is the beginning of a waist sash (6).
28. Dwelling fit for pigs (3).
29. Languish in a tree (4).
30. Proper need can (Anagr.) (13).

DOWN

2. A saint in a disturbed hole where students reside (8).
3. This unpleasing mallard turned out to be a cygnet (4, 8).
4. State in the U.S.A. (6).
5. None grit, so to say, yet it is four-fifths of the atmosphere (8).
6. Expand, it's smart and you find it ends well (5).
7. The whys and wherefores concerning a descendant possessive (7).
11. Decrees after tea are strokes in beating time (5).
12. Constituted authorities (6, 4, 2).
17. Pillage of a Navy dismissal? (7).
18. This saviour starts as a Communist before ease and ends as a French sea (8).
19. Famous enchantress (5).
22. Benumbed as turned rind of fruit (6).
23. Heavenly belt divided in 12 parts (6).
24. God of marriage (5).

Solution to last week's crossword.

A Town Like Alice

Continued from page 9

I SAID quietly, "Tell me about your brother Donald, Miss Paget. Is he still alive?"

She shook her head. "He died in 1943, while he was a prisoner. He was taken by the Japs in Singapore when we surrendered, and then he was sent to the railway."

I was puzzled. "The railway?"

She looked at me coolly, and I thought I saw tolerance for the ignorance of those who stayed in England in her glance.

"The railway that the Japs built with Asiatic and prisoner of war labor between Siam and Burma. One man died for every sleeper that was laid, and it was about two hundred miles long. Donald was one of them."

There was a little pause. "I am so sorry," I said at last. "One thing I have to ask you, I am afraid. Was there a death certificate?"

She stared at me. "I shouldn't think so."

"Oh . . ." I leaned back in my chair and took up the will. "This is the will of Mr. Douglas Macfadden," I said. "I have a copy for you, Miss Paget, but I think I'd better tell you what it contains in ordinary, non-legal language. Your uncle made two small bequests. The whole of the residue of the estate was left in trust for your brother Donald.

"The terms of the trust were to the effect that your mother was to enjoy the income from the trust until her death. If she died before your brother attained his majority, the trust was to continue until he was twenty-one, when he would inherit absolutely and the trust would be discharged.

"If your brother died before inheriting, then you were to inherit the residuary estate after your mother's time, but in that event the trust was to continue till the year 1956, when you would be thirty-five years old. You will appreciate that it is necessary for us to obtain legal evidence of your brother's death."

She hesitated, and then she said, "Mr. Strachan, I'm afraid I'm terribly stupid. I understand you want some proof that Donald is dead. But after that is done, do you mean that I inherit everything that Uncle Douglas left?"

"Broadly speaking—yes," I replied. "You would only receive the income from the estate until the year 1956. After that, the capital would be yours to do what you like with."

"How much did he leave?"

I picked up a slip of paper from the documents before me.

"After paying death duties and legacies," I said carefully, "the residuary estate would be worth about fifty-three thousand pounds at present day prices. I must make it clear that that is at present day prices, Miss Paget. You must not assume that you would inherit that sum in 1956. A falling stock market affects even trustee securities."

"Fifty-three thousand pounds?"

I nodded. "That seems to be about the figure."

"How much a year would that amount of capital yield, Mr. Strachan?"

I glanced at the figures on the slip before me. "Invested in trustee stocks, as at present—about £1550 a year, gross income. Then income tax has to be deducted. You would have about nine hundred a year to spend, Miss Paget."

"Oh . . ." There was a long silence; she sat staring at the desk in front of her. Then she looked up at me, and smiled.

"It takes a bit of getting used to," she remarked. "I mean, I've always worked for my living, Mr. Strachan. I've never thought that I'd do anything else unless I married, and that's only a different sort of work. But this means that I need never work again—unless I want to."

"That's exactly it," I replied. "Unless you want to."

"I don't know what I'd do if I didn't have to go to the office," she said. "I haven't got any other life . . ."

"Then I should go on going to the office," I observed.

She laughed. "I suppose that's the only thing to do."

I leaned back in my chair. "I'm an old man now, Miss Paget. I've made plenty of mistakes in my time and I've learned one thing from them, that it's never very wise to do anything in a great hurry. I take it that this legacy will mean a considerable change in your circumstances. If I may offer my advice, I should continue in your present employment for the time, at any rate, and I should refrain from talking about your legacy in the office.

"For one thing, it will be some weeks before you get possession even of the income from the estate. First we have to obtain legal proof of the death of your brother, and then we have to obtain probate and realise a portion of the securities to meet estate and succession duties. Tell me, what are you doing with this firm Pack and Levy?"

"I'm a shorthand typist," she said.

"Where do you live, Miss Paget?"

She gave me an address in Ealing, and I asked, "Have you got many friends in Ealing? How long have you been there?"

"I don't know very many people," she replied. "One or two families, people who work in the firm, you know. I've been there over two years now, even since I was repatriated. I was out in Malaya, you know, Mr. Strachan, and I was a sort of prisoner of war for three and a half years. Then when I got home I got this job."

"Well, Miss Paget," I said, "I should go on just as usual for the time being. I will consult the War Office on Monday morning and obtain this evidence about your brother as quickly as I can. Tell me his name, and number, and unit." She did so, and I wrote them down.

"As soon as I get that, I shall submit the will for probate. When that is proved, then the trust commences and continues till the year 1956, when you will inherit absolutely."

She looked up at me. "Tell me about this trust," she asked. "I'm afraid I'm not very good at legal matters."

I nodded. "Of course not. Well, you'll find it all in legal language in the copy of the will which I shall give you, but what it means is this, Miss Paget. Your uncle, when he made this will, had a very poor opinion of the ability of women to manage their own money. I'm sorry to have to say such a thing, but it is better for you to know all the facts."

Please turn to page 66

"AEROPHOS" RAISING INGREDIENT

MARJORY CARTER BRINGS YOU ANOTHER

"AEROPHOS" SPECIAL

COFFEE FUDGE a new FAMILY PUDDING

LIGHT & DELICIOUS WHEN BAKED WITH— SELF RAISING FLOUR containing "AEROPHOS"

1 cup sifted s.r. flour;
½ teaspoon salt;
¾ cup sugar;
4½ tablespoons cocoa;
½ cup milk;
2 tablespoons melted butter or margarine;
1 teaspoon vanilla OR
½ teaspoon almond extract;
½ cup brown sugar;
½ cup strong, hot coffee.

Sift flour, salt, sugar and 2 tablespoons cocoa together. Stir in milk, butter or margarine and flavoring. Mix well. Spoon mixture into eight greased custard cups. Mix brown sugar and remaining cocoa together. Sprinkle over top of batter. Pour 2 tablespoons coffee into each cup. Bake in a moderate oven (350 deg.) for 30 minutes. Remove from oven. Cool 2-3 minutes. Invert into dessert dishes, pouring sauce over cake. Serve warm either plain or with whipped cream and top with chopped, toasted almonds or walnuts. 8 servings.

USE ONLY SELF RAISING FLOUR that contains "AEROPHOS" the Double Acting RAISING INGREDIENT

GEN.19.940

Mother of Four has Girl's Figure

Thanks Kruschen for keeping her young, free of aches

Life's a bustling joy to Mrs. M. J. Woolford of 45 Columbine Ave., Bankstown, N.S.W.

Life's a joy to Mrs. Woolford—"thanks to Kruschen."

READ WHAT SHE WROTE:

"I am 38 and mother of four children. Rearing four, one finds plenty to do and you haven't time to be studying one's figure, so I think I can thank Kruschen for keeping me slim and young looking.

"My daily dose is enough to cover 6d. in a full glass of warm water. I don't suffer from aches or pains and I haven't any varicose veins as you sometimes find in women of my age; so, my advice to women and men is to start now taking a daily dose of Kruschen Salts. It not only makes you fit but keeps you tip top all the time."

WHAT ABOUT YOU?

Are you on top of the world, fighting fit, full of the joy of living? Or are you dragged down by the lassitude, the rheumatic and muscular pains that are so often due to wastes poisoning the system? Don't delay treatment a moment longer! Kruschen's skilful combination of six natural salts will stimulate liver and kidneys to function properly. Then—the "Little Daily Dose" will keep you fit and well!

2 Ways to Take Kruschen

Medicinal Dose for rheumatism, gout, lumbago—a teaspoonful in a glass of hot water, daily. The "Little Daily Dose"—as much as will cover a sixpence — is tasteless in your morning cup of tea—gives you that "Kruschen Feeling."

KRUSCHEN SALTS

Trial Size 1/6
Large Economy 2/9
At Chemists and Stores

The Tonic Effect of Kruschen Keeps Millions of People Fit

GET THAT FAMOUS KRUSCHEN FEELING!

E. Griffiths Hughes Pty. Ltd., Box 2949, G.P.O., Sydney.

K20.12

Safeguard your Children this winter with WAWN'S WONDER WOOL!

At the first sign of a cold, sore throat or chest trouble, apply a pad of Wawn's Wonder Wool. It is the simplest and most effective way of creating "inner heat" and breaking that cold.

This harmless medicated cotton wool is easy to apply. Its comforting warmth quickly stimulates circulation and soothes away dangerous congestion.

There's no dosing, so children are "easy" patients with Wawn's Wonder Wool. *Be sure you have a packet in the house this winter!*

WAWN'S WONDER WOOL

for Chills, Colds, Bronchitis, Chest Troubles and Flu!

7W22

National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page5799448

The Shape of Comfort

The shape of comfort is the shape of you . . . it's something that you will experience only from "DUNLOPILLO". Sink into a "DUNLOPILLO" mattress or chair cushion and feel how the myriad of foam-rubber bubbles resist your weight — allowing your body to find its own level. This is comfort you have never experienced before.

Consider the advantages of "DUNLOPILLO" — there's no need to go round each morning plumping cushions, turning mattresses — "DUNLOPILLO" retains its original shape for ever. Your furniture looks new years longer.

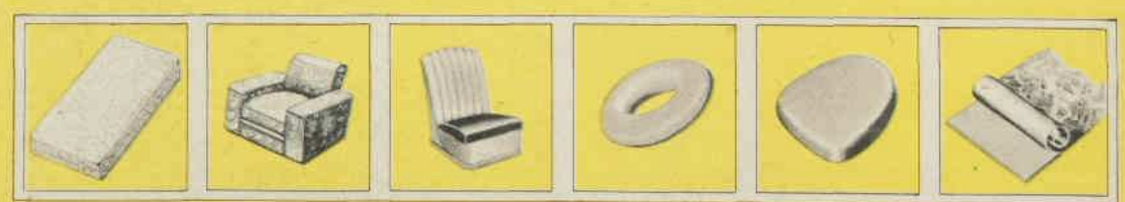
It's healthier, too. It doesn't harbour dust and germs — making it an ideal mattress for hay fever sufferers.

"DUNLOPILLO" is air-cooled, air-cleaned, and soft as an air bubble.

THE ORIGINAL LATEX FOAM CUSHIONING

"DUNLOPILLO"

(REGD. USERS)—LATEX PRODUCTS PTY. LTD.—A DUNLOP COMPANY—BRANCHES IN ALL STATES



MATTRESSES | LOUNGE CHAIRS | "COMFITOP" CUSHIONS | HOSPITAL CUSHIONS | CUSHIONS | CARPET UNDERLAY

National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page5799449

Hear This Woman!

★ We present, as an additional fiction attraction, a serial to be published in specially long instalments. Here is Part I of the first in this series of novels complete in not more than four parts.

By BEN and ANN PINCHOT

THE United Air Lines plane landed at the St. Croix airport at noon. Charlie Turner pulled his old hat over his forehead, walked down the ramp, and hailed a cab.

"What's the best hotel in town?"

"Lake Shore."

Charlie nodded. "Okay. Let's go."

At thirty miles an hour, the battered yellow taxi creaked and groaned like the shutters of a haunted house. Charlie stared out of the window with professional curiosity.

"Quite a burg," he said. "About eighty thousand population?"

"Just about. Place is crawlin' with war workers."

"Doesn't Faith Holmes come from here? The dame who's been stirring up a political rumpus?"

"Yeh," the grey-haired driver said bitterly. "An' every fool female is all for her. Including my missus."

After Charlie registered in the lobby of the old hotel, he went out again, and made his way about until he found the narrow faded brick building that housed the local paper, The Observer. He asked the lethargic boy at the desk for Steve Pringle.

"Down the hall, sir. Then to your right."

"Thanks."

In the noisy main room, he found the editor working at a scarred oak desk beside a dusty open window. He was a thickset middle-aged man, whose regular features were too small and feminine for his heavy-jowled face.

"Mr. Pringle, my name's Turner. I'm from Homer Sweet's office in New York."

"Homer Sweet's?" A genial expression larded Pringle's face. Every newspaperman in the country was familiar with the name. "Glad to know you. What's on your mind?"

"One of St. Croix' fair daughters. Faith Holmes."

"Since when does she need a public-relations counsel? I've always been under the impression she does right well blowing her own horn."

"We're not working for her. Mr. Sweet wants this information for himself."

"Yeh?" suddenly wary. "Whats the idea?"

Charlie shrugged. "Magazine article, I suppose. Do you know Mrs. Holmes?"

"I know her."

"She apparently boasts that she worked for Vrest Macklin, the old editor of The Observer. Is that true?"

"It's true."

Pringle was suspicious. Charlie said disarmingly, "You've a right to be cagy, Mr. Pringle." And handed over the letter Homer Sweet had wangled from the New York head of the syndicate which now owned The Observer.

"This puts a different light on it," Steve Pringle said. "What do you want to know?"

They talked for a half hour, then Pringle suggested Charlie visit the principal of the Holmes High School.

"I'm pretty sure he can dig you up a yearbook for the class of 1924," he said.

And he was right. Charlie leafed through the volume the old man found for him until he came to a postage-stamp picture of a girl with friendly eyes and an ingratiating smile. Faith Andrews, her name was then.

The caption called her:

The Outstanding All-Around Student. Destined for Future Fame: Faith Andrews.

The judgment of her classmates had certainly proved correct. The principal sent him to Miss Lovejoy, Faith's first teacher, a small, withered woman, retired now.

"Yes," she said tartly. "I remember Faith Andrews well. Very well! I taught both her and Mark Holmes, you know, when they were children. She was a common little thing—ordinary background—but clever, and bold. And right from the beginning she attached herself to Mark Holmes."

"What do you know about Mark Holmes?"

"He's head of Wolverine Motors now."

"So I heard."

"The schools in our town are named for his grandfather, Eben Holmes," she rambled on. "He was a great man."

Miss Lovejoy sent him to Winona Kraus. "Her father, Mr. Kraus, runs the big supermarket on the Heights. She was Faith's best friend in high school."

Winona turned out to be a straw-colored, weary woman of forty. She wasn't interested in talking to him until he suggested lunch at the Lake Shore.

He ordered steaks, which weren't on the menu, French fries, and coffee. Winona drank her lunch. She kept quiet about Faith until Charlie mentioned Mark Holmes. Then she admitted Mark's family had sent him abroad to forget about Faith.

Please turn to page 58

Snow fell, as though shutting them off in a world alone. "A magic world, all our own," Faith said, laughing.

National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page5799450

Hear This Woman!

Continued from page 57

LOOKING at Charlie with pale, disillusioned eyes, Winona added, "It didn't work. You couldn't put anything over on Faith Andrews. When Mark came back from Paris she got hold of him . . ."

Once started, there was no stopping her. And all the while she discussed her old friend's actions, envy corroded her voice. Funny about women, Charlie reflected.

Two weeks later, he sat on a chair in his fourth-floor room at the Lake Shore, portable typewriter on the table beside him, and looked over a stack of notes. He was pleased with himself.

Now that he'd lined up the information on her youth, he was going back to New York to dig up the rest of the story. He meant to interrogate people who knew her well. Harvey Jessup, Christine Ostbergh, and Eric the Great.

Another week's work and he'd be finished, ready to place the dossier on Homer Sweet's desk. He had an astute suspicion of how desperately Mr. Sweet needed this information on Mrs. Holmes. There should be a fat bonus in it for one Charlie Turner . . .

. . . . . .

In his private office on the thirtieth floor of a Rockefeller Centre skyscraper, Homer Sweet fidgeted behind his Chippendale desk. His pale prominent eyes scanned the note at the top of a memo pad:

2.30: Re: Faith Holmes.

"Faith Holmes," he muttered, glaring at a picture of a slim, handsome woman in a dark tailored suit, standing before a microphone. "She's made the front page again!"

The "New York Times" announced: FAITH HOLMES ADVOCATES GOVERNMENT BE TAKEN OUT OF HANDS OF PARTY POLITICIANS.

The "Herald Tribune": MORE THAN LEADERS, COUNTRY NEEDS INTELLIGENT CONSTITUENCY, SAYS FAITH HOLMES.

The "Daily News" was flippant: FAITH HOLMES ACCUSES MEN OF MAKING WOMEN THE SAPPY SEX.

It was foolhardy, Homer thought, to dismiss her lightly. That had been their initial mistake. For in the beginning people said, What can one woman do? Nobody will take her seriously — probably another publicity stunt, anyway.

The soundproof room was deadly quiet. In a corner, Harvey Jessup was hunched in a green leather club chair, a highball in his hand, a scowl on his handsome, self-indulgent face. Homer Sweet glanced surreptitiously at him. Jessup was sulky and ill at ease, lacking his customary affability. Homer hadn't seen much of him recently. To-day, Faith Holmes was instrumental in bringing them together.

How did Jessup feel, Homer wondered, now that they were finally in a position to silence her for good? Was his vehement cry for retaliation sincere—or was he still in love with her? Even Homer admitted wryly it was not easy to forget Faith Holmes.

Then, abruptly, Jessup finished his drink and struggled to his feet. His well-fleshed, ruddy face reflected his tenseness. He's afraid, Homer realised maliciously. Afraid of meeting Ostbergh, who, seven years ago, dismissed him brutally. He's riddled with fears.

Miss Kelly, Homer's secretary, looked in reverently.

"Mr. and Mrs. Ostbergh are here," she said.

"Show them in, please."

Eric Ostbergh's name was familiar in financial and industrial circles as the head of the International Petroleum Company, but few people knew the man himself. He was over six feet tall, massively built, with the muscles of a wrestler.

Editors referred to him as "The Man Who Never Smiles." Even his wife, Christine, now a personality in her own right, was never entirely relaxed in his presence.

Homer jumped up to greet him.

"It's good of you to take the time, Mr. Ostbergh," he said.

Ostbergh nodded brusquely, then ignored him. And Homer was free to turn to Christine.

"You're looking very handsome, my dear," he said in an undertone, as if this were a secret between them.

Christine smiled demurely, her official smile, which her admirers had been privileged to see in hundreds of photographs during the time she served as a Congresswoman from New York.

"When is Faith supposed to be here?" she asked.

"Any moment."

Jessup stirred restlessly. "Shall I fix you a drink, Christine?"

"A whisky sour, please."

After handing her the glass, Jessup debated with himself whether to offer some Irish whisky to Ostbergh, who was at the window, impervious as granite. Seven years ago, Ostbergh had withdrawn the International Petroleum account from Jessup's agency, nearly ruining the business as well as Jessup's morale.

"Drink?" he asked hesitantly.

Ostbergh didn't even answer.

Homer Sweet watched the interplay with veiled satisfaction. Jessup was a weakling at heart. Not enough of a man to accept a share of the guilt. He had let Faith Holmes take the punishment alone.

Eric Ostbergh swung round abruptly. "Homer, what are your terms to her?"

"Terms?" Homer savored the word. "Mr. Ostbergh, we have no intention of bargaining with her. Either she resigns as the head of this new National Women's Committee or we release the story of her private life to every newspaper in the country."

The idea had first taken root in his mind a month ago, as he pored over her speeches, seeking the inadvertent admission that might be used to incriminate her.

"There's only one way to deflate her and to crush this movement," he had told Ostbergh three weeks ago. "Find the skeleton in the closet—that is our problem. There's a scandal somewhere in her life. There must be! No woman as personable as Faith can stay out of mischief forever."

So Homer Sweet dug for dirt and struck gold.

Miss Kelly entered. "Mrs. Holmes is here," she said breathlessly.

Deliberately, Homer Sweet took a straight-backed chair from its place at the wall and stood it in the centre of the room, in the spotlight of the afternoon sun. Then he turned to his secretary.

"Show her in."

The door opened slowly. Faith Holmes hesitated, as her dark luminous eyes measured them coolly.

"Good afternoon, Homer."

"Come in, Faith," he said. "We've been waiting for you."

She smiled courteously, as if this were a casual meeting, utterly without significance. Her tall figure in a tailored blue greatcoat was still slim and willowy. She was a beautiful and distinguished woman, and, consequently, all the more dangerous.

"I'll stand, if you don't mind," she said in a voice that matched his for softness. She remained at the chair, composed and unruffled as she appraised each of them in turn. Her level glance met Christine's indifferently, turned into a challenge as it rested on Ostbergh's grim features, ignored Hank Jessup entirely.

This wouldn't do, Homer decided testily. It wouldn't do at all! To reassure himself, he looked at the manila folder containing the detailed report which had involved such effort and expense, not to mention the services of his best man, Charlie Turner.

"Faith Holmes," he began pontifically, "you are the head of an organisation that is deliberately misleading thousands of gullible women. You've made ugly accusations you cannot substantiate. You've sullied the reputations of innocent people who have done you no harm, turned traitor to your old friends——"

Again he glanced down at his desk, conscious of the potential value of the evidence in the folder, and a triumphant smile broadened his pale, fleshy lips.

"Sure, I still love you. I love your every gesture—the way you cook, the way you keep house, the way you darn socks."

HOMER SWEET'S REPORT ON FAITH HOLMES

Birth. May, 1906.

Place of Birth. St. Croix, Michigan.

Parentage. FATHER: Tod Andrews, drunken, shiftless printer. Never wanted to settle down. Mechanic at Wolverine Motors, later foreman. Tied up with a Mrs. Hussar, disreputable woman who ran the local pawnshop.

(Source. Present owner, Willie's Tavern and Bar.)

MOTHER: Maiden name unknown. Something odd here. Possible parents weren't legally married. Charlotte Andrews moody, hysterical, superstitious woman. Perhaps obsessed with shame daughter was illegitimate? Died in insane asylum. Daughter missing from bedside.

SPECIAL NOTE: Use this illegitimate angle and mother's insanity in campaign against Faith Holmes.

Early Youth. Only child. Precocious. Tricky. Adept at getting own way. Parents ill-mated, quarrelled bitterly. Girl played one against the other. But dominated by neurotic mother.

(Source. Miss Lovejoy. First-grade teacher.)

EVEN in youth, the report continued, Faith Andrews snobbish of environment. Snubbed neighborhood children. Set her sights on richest boy in town, Mark Holmes, grandson of pioneer founder of St. Croix. Attached herself to boy. Repulsed anyone else he was interested in.

(Source. Miss Lovejoy, who had occasion to watch Faith Andrews through formative years. And still has same picture of stubborn, aggressive, ambitious girl.)

High School. Outsider, socially. But repaid snubs by monopolising young Mark Holmes. Joined glee club and debating team because he was interested in them.

(Source. Winona Kraus, Faith Andrews' best friend.)

At this time, first signs of her glib tongue. Her devilish talent for persuading listeners she is right.

(Source. Miss Lovejoy.)

Her hold on Mark Holmes source of worry to his family, who took him to Paris to forget her.

(Source. Winona Kraus.)

During his absence she ingratiated herself with his grandfather, Eben Holmes. Persuaded old man to arrange job for her with Vrest Macklin, editor of local paper.

(Source. Winona Kraus.)

Made herself deliberately attractive to elderly bachelor, Vrest Macklin. Rode roughshod over staff.

On young Holmes' return she persuaded him to elope. Moved into mansion of Eben Holmes. Rejected her parents. At this point mother committed to institution.

(Source. Steve Pringle and The Observer.)

Early Years of Marriage. Faith's character already hard, calloused. Mother's tragedy had no effect on her. Used her charms on Eben Holmes. Wangled priceless string of pearls from him.

Made herself first young matron in St. Croix. Got the Lewis Trouts to sponsor her.

(Important note. Lewis Trout, to-day St. Croix' leading industrialist, most co-operative in giving trenchant picture of her early married life. Dropped old school friends. Tried to implicate Trout in clandestine flirtation.)

No children. Why? Obviously healthy young couple. Resented entanglements? No impediment in her climb upward?

. . . . . .

Godawmighty! Charlotte was still whining. Ever since they had stepped on the greasy deck of the Lady Marquette, the overnight ferry to St. Croix, she hadn't stopped complaining. Her thin face had a greenish cast, but her tongue went on and on.

"Tod, open the window!"

"Porthole's been open all night."

"I can't breathe. I feel awful."

He was helpless against this introverted hysteria. Only way to shut her up was to outshout her, and he couldn't do that.

Soon the boat would dock at the slip in the tranquil St. Croix harbor, the trip over, the prospect of getting a job as a printer at The Observer bright as the May morning. Tod didn't mind the ill-smelling cabin, the greasy food, the bawdy revellers. He never fussed about lack of comfort. An itinerant printer couldn't travel like Teddy Roosevelt.

"You'd better get your clothes on," he said. "We're docking soon."

Awkwardly she fastened her blouse and pulled a worn black jacket over her shoulders.

"I only hope we'll find us a place to live. An' I'm tellin' you now, Tod. No more traipsin' around. This time we stay put—start savin' for the future!"

The martyred lines in her shallow face spoke of poverty and worry. Why can't we make roots like other folk? It's your fault, Tod Andrews, you led me into this. . . .

Please turn to page 59

SMART COATS

Spring

Mail Orders Supplied

MQ1WW/8—Unusual and attractive **SUMMER-WEIGHT COAT**, with taffeta-trimmed lapels and peplum and detachable taffeta scarf. Skirt has unpressed pleats in front and a centre back inverted pleat. In Black, Navy, Beige or Grey. For XSSW, SSW, SW and W. May be worn without Tie. Price **£5/17/8**

MQ2WW/8—Fine quality feather-weight wool makes a beautifully styled **MATRON'S COAT** featuring self inserts in bodice and sleeves. Colours are Mid Blue, Junior Navy, Soft Green and Black. For W, SOS, OS, XOS, XXOS, XXXOS. Price **£5/19/6**

GRACE BROS Pty. Ltd. *Sydney* P.O. Box *42 Broadway*

National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page5799451

Hear This Woman!

Continued from page 58

IT seemed unbelievable to Tod that only a short time ago he had been smitten with Lotte's dark beauty. He had been stuck in a one-horse town, Rockland, Wisconsin. He was bored and restless, and Lotte was there, an orphan, raised in a dreary institution, conditioned to poverty, plain food, ugly clothes.

She had been farmed out at sixteen to a Rockland lawyer and his wife. When Tod met her six years later, she was docile, inarticulate and pathetically eager for affection. A good girl was a novelty in Tod's life. And in this affair with Charlotte, he unwittingly garnered a whirlwind.

Her moods of gaiety and depression baffled him, and her sudden fits of crying unnerved him. Yet, one evening when she told him she was pregnant, he made no fuss. He was twenty-five, he'd knocked around plenty. Maybe it'd do him good to settle down.

Then, too, Lotte acted as if she loved him. And being loved meant a lot to Tod Andrews.

However, immediately after the ceremony, her attitude underwent an abrupt and terrible change. Shame took the place of wanton passion. She was chained to a man who'd been forced to marry her. She had conceived a child in sin.

Now she lived in perpetual fear that the baby would be marked, spiritually and physically. She feared retribution, and made a nervous wreck of herself and Tod.

"What're you fretting about?" he asked again and again. "We're married. We're gonna be happy. And our kid'll be a nice kid, you wait and see. What more do you want?"

"Tod . . ."

"Yeh?"

"How much money we got left?"

He was jarred out of his reverie, pulled back to the hot, smelly cabin.

"You got it all, Lotte."

She counted glumly. "Seven dollars. I figured we had more. Tod, what about the cash you had?"

"It's gone."

"What'd you do with it?"

"Lotte, for heaven's sake! We ate last night—that was a buck apiece." They'd had dinner in the salon. Chicken and the fixings. He figured they should eat decently for a change.

"People like us don't deserve chicken," she said.

"Why not? It's a free country!"

"For them with money."

"Oh, forget it!"

But immediately he regretted his brusqueness and smiled to soften the effect of his words.

"Lotte. I've been on my own for years—ever since I was a kid. I've never starved yet. And I won't let you starve, either."

"You sure you'll get this job?"

"Vrest Macklin promised it to me last year when I was working for him."

"It's six months since you wrote him."

"Stop fussing, Lotte. It's gonna be all right."

But Lotte was not convinced.

Ever since their marriage, they had been on the go. One small town after another. And each time he'd grown restless and wanted to push on.

The Lady Marquette collided with the pier, winches creaked; heavy footsteps thundered overhead. Tod reached down for his battered carpet bag and Charlotte's suitcase.

"Come on, Lotte."

Up on the deck he took a deep greedy breath of air, as he watched the sun make a majestic entrance over the horizon. The fishing boats were setting out for the day's catch, bouncing on the swell. He rehearsed his greeting to the editor of The Observer. "Better late than never, Mr. Macklin. I'm ready to start."

Charlotte shivered in the chill air. "Doesn't look like much of a place," she said disparagingly.

She followed him past the pier to the cobblestone street. In a narrow cafeteria, jammed with stevedores, he ordered coffee for both and a Western sandwich for himself. After he had eaten he wiped his greasy lips with the back of his hand and smiled reassuringly at her.

"I guess we'll try Mrs. Hussar's. She takes in boarders. Last year I stayed with her."

She picked her way clumsily over the cobblestones, damp and slippery in the morning mist. He helped her into the trolley, and as they rolled down Main Street he acted as her guide.

"That's the Lake Shore Hotel," he said excitedly, pointing to the four-story red stone building. "And across the street—there's The Observer! That's the desk Mr. Macklin uses, right beside the window. And here's the Bon Ton Department Store. Jack Wertheimer runs it—fine fella. After the kid's born, you get yourself some pretty things."

"What'll we use for money?" sarcastically.

"Quit whining, Lotte." His enthusiasm boiled over again. "There's the pawnshop—Mrs. Hussar owns it. Wonder if she's still got the gold watch I hocked. Got the ticket somewhere."

The trolley swung drunkenly around the curve, and they caught a glimpse of Lake Michigan, reflecting the silver-blue of the sky. Now a column of black smoke corrupted the pure air.

Tod stretched to the end of the wide seat and nudged the conductor. "What's up?"

"New factory," the conductor said.

"Factory? What's it gonna make?"

"Automobiles. Guess it'll mess up the town some."

Tod raised his sandy brows. He stared at the huge new sign below the formidable smokestacks.

WOLVERINE MOTORS.

It was May, 1906.

Tod and Charlotte Andrews had arrived in St. Croix on a red-letter day; the day which marked its end as a sleepy village, dependent on fishing, fur-trading, and Eben Holmes' timber camps, and its inception as a great industrial city.

MRS. HUSSAR was a huge hearty woman of Dutch extraction. Years ago she had married a supercharged little Hungarian pawnbroker, who had been foolish enough to outsmart a Canadian trapper, and had his head blown off for his efforts. Mrs. Hussar took over the pawnshop, and as a sideline took in a few boarders.

"Tod Andrews! You sonofagun!" she greeted Tod effusively. "Am I glad to see you!"

Tod grinned. His arm around her massive shoulder, he tried to answer Mrs. Hussar and introduce his wife at the same time. Charlotte held out her small, work-roughened hand, and saw it disappear in the maw of Mrs. Hussar's welcoming grasp.

She was filled with sudden loathing for Tod, for this woman, for the entire town.

How greedily they ate! Slabs of cold roast pork, steins of foaming beer, mounds of greasy home-fried potatoes, chunks of apple pie and cheese. They sat at the round oak table in the dining room, gorging themselves, laughing and drinking, totally oblivious of Charlotte.

The sight of them sickened her.

"I think I'll get some air," she said nervously.

"There's a rocker on the porch," Mrs. Hussar boomed. "Make yourself at home, dearie."

Tod rolled a cigarette. "Guess I'll take a walk down to The Observer. I'll be back with a job," he added optimistically. "Then we'll find ourselves a place to live."

Charlotte sat on the porch rocker; her weight kept it immobile.

She dozed, then woke. Tod should be back now, she thought. With good news! She pictured a small place of their own, a few pieces of furniture—a home for her child. Since her marriage, it was the dream that gave her comfort when she was cold and wretched, the hope that kept her going. Home, roots, stability, all she had never known before, she would have one day. For this reward she could even tolerate Tod.

But when he did return, he was so genial, she suspected something was wrong.

"Tod! The job?"

"No luck, Lotte. Macklin didn't have a place for me."

"But he promised . . ."

"It just didn't work out."

"You kept saying he'd hold the job for you. You were so sure."

"He did wait. Then finally he got somebody else."

"I told you we shoulda come straight here. I told you!"

"There you go again. Lotte, listen. I was thinking we'd take the Interurban to Great Falls. They got two papers in Great Falls. I'll find something."

She realised that their roots would never dig deep or permanently in any soil. Not unless she took the burden on herself.

"I won't go."

"Now, Lotte . . ."

"I can't keep traipsin' around. It's dangerous in my condition. And how far do you think we'll go without a job? We'll starve all right!"

He glared at her, provoked beyond endurance. "I wish I'd never seen Rockland! I wish I'd never met you."

"That goes for me, too!" she cried hysterically. "I wish I were dead!"

. . . . .

Faith Andrews was born on Decoration Day in 1906.

Tod and Charlotte were living in a dingy brown bungalow down the street from Mrs. Hussar's. A shabby place with a leaky, overhanging roof that threw small rooms into perpetual twilight.

Charlotte was ill for a long time afterwards, and she never allowed Tod to forget how much she had suffered because of him. He heard the litany each morning, before he left for his job at Wolverine Motors, and each night when he returned home. It was part of the daily routine, like the baby's howls and the smell of coffee brewing.

Tod was a good husband. Every Saturday night, he handed Lotte his pay envelope. He tidied up after himself.

After washing up at night, he played with the kid. Cute little rascal, bright as a new penny, and worth it all, he figured. But after she was put to bed he left the house.

On Main Street, he'd square his shoulders; his big foolish nose would sniff the air eagerly, like a hound's. And he'd remind himself he wasn't thirty yet, and there was still life in the ole boy. Yessiree!

Sometimes, Tod loitered before The Observer, like a kid in front of a candy store. He longed to enter, smell the ink, listen to the rumble of the presses, gab with Vrest Macklin, who was the most outspoken and courageous man he'd ever met. But he hesitated, shy, a little ashamed of what Macklin might think of him, working as a mechanic at Wolverine Motors.

But he wouldn't be working at Wolverine Motors much longer. Soon as he paid Doc Williams, got a little head start, well, then he'd scout around for a store and open a printing shop. . . .

Faith Andrews was truly the child of her parents, the result of their individual characters and backgrounds. But her childhood was conditioned mostly by their incompatibility.

Her mother's perpetual brooding, the gloomy foreboding with which she met the new day, contributed as much to the moulding of the child's personality as the genes which gave her Tod's tawny coloring, his long body, his gregariousness and his incurable optimism.

To the child, her mother seemed old beyond years — older than Mrs. Hussar or the mothers of other children. But her father was always young and full of fun.

To her impressionable mind, the pattern of her parents' life was woven of arguments and tears. Marriage was worry over money, not having enough to pay Mr. Schultz the grocer, or Mr. Kraus the butcher, or Doc Williams. Marriage was the fearful tragedy of the unexpected sickness, like the time papa wrenched his back and there was no money in the house, no firewood to keep warm, nothing to eat.

Marriage was mama's tears and complaints, papa's anger. Sometimes Faith, lying in her small bed with the door open to the kitchen, listening to them quarrel, thought miserably, How awful to have to grow up and marry . . .

. . . . .

September. The first day of school. When Tod came into her room, clad in his heavy blue workclothes, Faith was already wide awake. He sat down cautiously on the narrow bed.

"Big day, pumpkin."

She bounced up, tawny pigtails flying, eyes glowing like amber.

"I want you to remember one thing, honey," he said. "Those teachers are as scared of you as you are of them!"

"I'm not scared." Full strong tone coming out of that pink child's mouth. Tod chuckled. Pretty little face and foghorn voice.

"That's fine, pumpkin. I like to hear you talk like that. Always remember you live in a free country. You don't hafta take any gaff." He placed his large hand tenderly on her well-shaped head. "You be a good girl. Learn everything you can. Promise?"

"Promise." She lifted her small hand solemnly. "An' if I'm good, do I get another kitty?"

Last week Tod had brought home from Mrs. Hussar's a tortoise-shell kitten. But mama wouldn't let her keep it. Mama hated cats.

"When you grow up," Tod consoled her, "you'll have all the pets you want. 'Cause you'll be your own boss."

After he left the house, Charlotte came to the door. "Time to get up," she said. Charlotte never called her honey or pumpkin, for she avoided verbal endearments. Faith was the centre of her life, yet she seldom fondled the child. It was as if she dreaded any reminder of physical emotion.

"Come on, Faith. Hurry!"

Faith had learned to dress herself, all except the laces on her brand-new, white-topped shoes and the bow to her plaid jumper. She couldn't stand still. Why did papa ask if she was scared? Gosh, she couldn't wait to meet all the kids! She had no friends because mama didn't like the people living on Ontario Place. Cheap foreigners, mama called them.

"If you eat all your breakfast, I'll give you a present."

"A doll? A new doll, mama?"

"Something nicer than a doll."

"Skates? Mary Navotny's got brand-new roller skates!"

"I won't have you running around the streets, like those foreigners."

"Papa said I could have skates."

"Never mind what he said." Charlotte spooned cereal into a dish, took a cinnamon bun from a greasy paper bag. "Now be a good girl."

Faith measured her mother shrewdly. "I'll eat if you give me the s'prise first."

With a stab of jealousy, Charlotte realised the child never bargained with Tod.

"You're making my head ache again." There was a martyred air about Charlotte as she took a small box from her apron pocket and handed it to Faith. The girl opened it with clumsy haste. A tiny heart-shaped locket on a fragile gold chain fell to the table. Faith let out a wail of disappointment.

"You said it was somethin' to play with."

"I said nothing of the kind, Faith Andrews."

Please turn to page 60

Now!

3 1-oz. tins KRAFT Fish Pastes for 1/1

or 4½d. per tin

Six Savoury Varieties

HERRING and TOMATO
ANCHOVY
LOBSTER and TOMATO
SALMON and SHRIMP
LOBSTER
ANCHOVY and TOMATO

3 TINS FOR 1/1

Also available in 1½oz. jars

Not afraid to bend or stoop!

BACKACHE, RHEUMATISM RELIEVED

Gardening and odd-jobs are a pleasure again when backache and aching joints are relieved. These pains are often a warning of tired kidneys which leave an excess of acids in the blood and may cause backache, rheumatic pains, leg pains, swelling, puffiness under eyes, headaches and dizziness. Millions of sufferers have found relief by taking DOAN'S Backache Kidney Pills. If you suspect your kidneys, get DOAN'S. At Chemists and Stores all over the World.

DOAN'S BACKACHE KIDNEY PILLS

New Powder Makes FALSE TEETH Hold Tight All Day Long

Now you can wear false teeth more firmly and more comfortably than ever. A new, improved powder called FASTEETH sprinkled on your plates every morning gives more comfortable fit all day. False teeth will not annoy and bother you by dropping and slipping when you eat, talk or laugh. FASTEETH does not thin out or wash away. Try FASTEETH and enjoy better false teeth security and comfort. Get FASTEETH at any chemist. Refuse substitutes.

Reckitt's Blue

"Out of the blue comes the whitest wash"

RESULTS OF 'SUMMIT' *Handwriting Competition*

1st Prize £50 CASH and Summit Fountain Pen to J. C. Villiers, 109 Simpson Street, East Melbourne.

25, 2 guinea Consolation Prizes go to

Edwin J. Hulme, 12 Kerferd Street, East Malvern.
Alan Hamilton, 6 Orchard Street, Croydon, N.S.W.
C. Hickey, 11 Clifton St., Mosman, N.S.W.
Mrs. D. M. Harris, c/o Marcus Clark & Co., 831 George St., Sydney.
Douglas Shotliffe, 54 William Edward St., Longueville, N.S.W.
Master Barney Harding, 90 Bar Beach Ave., Merewether, N.S.W.
Mrs. S. M. De Patron, 27 Carrington St., Summer Hill, N.S.W.
Mr. M. Hooper, 56 Robey Street, Maroubra, N.S.W.
J. C. Cusack, 36 Grand View Pde., Mona Vale, N.S.W.
Mr. G. Jeffries, 12 Batten Ave., West Ryde, N.S.W.
Maxwell T. Stewart, The Commercial Banking Company of Sydney Ltd., Newcastle, N.S.W.
Joseph Dunn, Buckland Chambers, 183 Liverpool St., Sydney.
Ivor Chas. Hallam, Montrose, Tas.
Norman Potter, 39 Williams Ave., Dulwich, S.A.
Harry R. Willetts, 14 Stewart St., Eastwood, N.S.W.
M. N. Read, Main Road, Claremont, Tasmania.
Peter Gorton, National Bank, Northam, W.A.
Thomas Power Baird, c/o Charles Cormichael, McLeod St., Cairns, North Queensland.
Derrick Hammon, 35 Patterson St., Coburg.
Sgt. W. J. Castle, 103 Transport Platoon, RAASC, Sturt St. Drill Hall, South Melbourne.
Miss Jill Anquetil, 73 Market St., Essendon, W.5.
Cecil F. Houston, Wangoom P.O., via Warrnambool, Vic.
John A. Lush, Dunolly, Vic.
Robert R. Graham, 36a Littlewood St., Hampton, S.7.
Gladys Peel, 18 Victoria St., Warwick, Queensland.

Coughing, Asthma, Bronchitis Curbed Quickly

Do you have attacks of Asthma or Bronchitis so bad that you can't sleep? Do you feel weak, unable to work, and have to be careful not to take cold and can't eat certain foods?

No matter how long you have suffered or what you have tried, there is new hope for you in a famous prescription called Mendaco. No dopes, no smoke, no injections, no stomach! All you do is take two tasteless tablets at meals and in three minutes Mendaco starts working through your blood, aiding nature to remove phlegm, promote free, easy breathing and bring sound sleep the first night so that you soon feel years younger and stronger.

No Asthma in 2 Years

Mendaco not only brings almost immediate comfort and free breathing but builds up the system to ward off future attacks. For instance, J. Richards, Hamilton, Ont., Canada, had lost 49 lbs., suffered coughing every night, couldn's sleep. Mendaco stopped Asthma spasms first night and he has had none since in over two years.

Money Back Guarantee

The very first dose of Mendaco goes right to work circulating through your blood and helping nature relieve you of the effects of Asthma. Try Mendaco under an iron-clad money back guarantee. You be the judge. If you don't feel fully satisfied after taking Mendaco just return the empty package and the full purchase price will be refunded. Get Mendaco from your chemist to-day and see how well you sleep to-night and how much better you will feel to-morrow. The guarantee protects you.

Mendaco

A.M. AUSTRALIA'S LEADING MONTHLY MAGAZINE

Plenty of fiction, fact, sport, and pictures

1/- AT ALL NEWSAGENTS AND BOOKSTALLS 1/-

FAITH went on wailing petulantly, "I don't like it. I want a doll—or skates."

Charlotte caught the small arm. "Listen to me," she said fiercely. "This locket is worth more than all the dolls in the world! It's the only thing I have from my own mother—the only treasure in all this world! When you wear it, you'll be safe. Remember that, Faith. Nothing can hurt you!"

She placed the delicate tarnished chain around the child's neck reverently, adding a prayer to keep her from harm. There were too many temptations facing an innocent girl.

The strange consecrated expression on her mother's gaunt face moved Faith to sudden childish pity. She kissed Charlotte shyly.

"I'll eat," she promised. Then to cover her embarrassment, she grew boisterous. "I'll eat my whole breakfast—every bit of it!"

She proceeded to do so, falling to with a will.

Years later, the first touch of autumn invariably brought up in Faith's memory a nostalgic image of this first day at school. She was back in St. Croix, the year was 1912, and she was walking with her mother.

They were taking the long way to avoid Mrs. Hussar's house. On this, of all mornings, Charlotte had no intention of sharing Faith with that dreadful old woman.

"Manistee Drive is a nicer walk," she said adroitly.

Faith didn't care which path they took as long as it led to school.

The well-to-do families of St. Croix lived on Manistee Drive in large houses set back from the street, protected from curious eyes by evergreen hedges and iron-grille fences. The massive grey-stone house opposite the library was the Holmes place.

Charlotte, who usually took little interest in the town's elite, had heard yesterday that Eben Holmes' grandson had just arrived from London to attend school here. The school his grandfather had endowed.

They cut through the park to the playground. At the girls' entrance, Charlotte knelt and straightened Faith's collar, then touched the gold locket with nervous fingers.

"It'll be a long day without you," she said.

The wistfulness in her mother's voice escaped the little girl. She kissed Charlotte obediently, and turned to the door. She meant to keep her pace controlled and reluctant, knowing it would please mama, but it was awfully hard. She loved mama, but she was eager to make friends. The world, the beautiful, exciting outside world, beckoned.

St. Croix was still infant in the year 1875 when young Eben Holmes drifted in from Rhode Island.

He chanced on its virgin timber with the bewildered excitement of a poor man unearthing a hidden treasure. Great dark forests; mixed hardwoods; swamp cedars; spruce and balsam and white pine; beech and elm and sycamore.

It's mine, young Eben Holmes thought, awed. It's mine for the taking!

And here, in the timeless and impenetrable forest, he Holmes lumber camps mushroomed. Eben Holmes cut timber, erected saw mills, shipped lumber. He became fabulously rich and he contributed generously to the growth and expansion of St. Croix. He endowed the schools, the library and the hospital.

He built a vast grey stone house on Manistee Drive, where he lived in simple elegance with his wife, and his only son, Dick. He remained a man of no pretensions, blunt and outspoken but possessed of a great respect for the dignity of his fellow beings.

When he received a cable from his son Dick, announcing that his grandson had been born in a Paris nursing home, Eben Holmes decided grimly

Hear This Woman!

Continued from page 59

Dick and Elinor weren't going to make a juvenile expatriate of the boy. By heritage and inheritance he was an American. His grandfather resolved that he would be brought up as one, and set out on his first trip abroad.

During this trip, his own son Dick was constantly on his mind. Why was Dick such a failure? He was a good-looking young man who wore the right clothes and cultivated only the Right People. My son, Eben Holmes thought in candid disgust, has the soul of an oyster.

Unquestionably, his mother had helped ruin the boy. Eben Holmes had been devoted to his wife, he mourned her death sorrowfully. But she had been a weak and doting mother, rather proud of her son's snobishness.

Three years ago, Dick had married a girl eminently suited to him. Elinor was a Virginia girl, conditioned to the precept that a Southern lady born of an impoverished family must inevitably sacrifice herself on the altar of Yankee riches.

Dick took her abroad for a honeymoon which turned into a protracted stay, for Elinor knew well if she returned to America it must be to that dreadful little town called St. Croix. As for her stubborn, outspoken father-in-law, she preferred to know him only as the signature on a generous monthly cheque.

During his three-month stay with Elinor and Dick in their spacious apartment on the Avenue Victor Hugo, Eben acquired a vivid and repellent picture of their social life. He was both astounded and revolted at the extent of the young couple's hectic and everlasting chase for pleasure. It was a tireless round of luncheons, musicales, dinners, balls, the races and the opera.

EBEN refused brusquely to be included in the young couple's gaiety. He spent much of his time in the nursery, partially relieved that they were too busy to attend the baby.

The day he was to sail for home, he held a spirited conference with Elinor and Dick.

"Elinor," he began bluntly, determined to lay down the law, "I've been saving this for the last because you won't like it. I want a hand in Mark's upbringing. He's an American, and should be raised as one."

Elinor looked stricken at first; then she grew sarcastic. But in the end, they compromised. It was expedient, since Eben assured them Mark was to be his sole heir.

Mark would remain with his parents until his sixth year. Then he would join his grandfather and attend school in St. Croix until he was sixteen. The choice of a college, either English or American, would be left to him.

Elated with his victory, Eben returned home. But Mark's sixth birthday came and went, and still there was no sign of the lad. Finally, in reply to his urgent cable, Dick wrote that the boy was ill with bronchitis and they considered it unwise to subject him to a long voyage.

Again Eben waited. At last, after two years had passed, he decided on drastic measures. He ordered his bankers to withold Dick's monthly draft.

Mark stepped off the train at Union Station at eight o'clock on the evening of September 2, 1912.

"Welcome home, son," Eben said, shaking hands gravely with the boy.

At breakfast next morning, his grandson sat facing him. Eben could not believe it yet. He was such a nice lad! Eben smiled at the boy who was in his own image, lean, dark-haired, grey-eyed. But even more than the physical similarity, he sensed the spiritual kinship between them. You're the son I should have had, he thought fiercely. And it's not too late.

"Your first day of school in America. Excited, Mark?"

The boy finished his cocoa and wiped his trembling lips on a heavy damask napkin. "Rather, sir."

"You'll like school, once you get used to it."

"Yes, sir."

"Time to leave now. You can look after yourself, can't you?"

"I'll try, sir."

"Good."

From the window, he watched Mark cross the street and turn left to the granite building. His steps lagged.

By four o'clock in the afternoon, Miss Lovejoy, first-grade teacher at the Holmes Public School, was ready to call it a day. The beginning of the term was always difficult, the children shy, nervous, and clumsy. And what a grab bag this year, Dutch, Swedish, Polish.

"I hope I never have to go through another such session," she confided to Miss Finney, the second-grade instructor. "Those dreadful little beasts ganged up on Mark Holmes! The Kolchek boy started pulling his tie, then Joe Smolinsky joined in. Mark had a hard time defending himself. But before I could get to him a girl took his part. You should have heard her scolding the boys! Afterwards, she kept telling Mark not to be scared, she'd help him. Can you imagine!"

"Who was the girl?" Miss Finney asked curiously.

"A bold little thing. Her name's Andrews. Faith Andrews."

. . . . .

The glorious September day ended at sundown in a violent thunderstorm. Mark Holmes was alone in the library of his grandfather's house. He tried valiantly to concentrate on "The Last of the Mohicans," but his eyes kept wandering from the page. The room was shadowy. Rain beat against the window panes.

He was very much alone.

His mother wouldn't like it if he cried. She'd be ashamed of him. She was three thousand miles away, yet the very thought of her made his eyelids sting. His grandfather had been detained at the Lumberman's Bank, so there was nobody . . .

At the sound of the door opening, he jumped. It was Mrs. Hanrahan. Eben Holmes' housekeeper.

"My, it's dark in here. Why don't you turn on a light?" She added gently, "Don't mope, son. It's natural to be lonesome in a new place."

"Yes'm."

"Your grandfather won't be home till late, so you better have your supper now. How'd you like to eat in the kitchen?"

His intense young face lightened. "I should like it very much, Mrs. Hanrahan."

The cheery sounds in the big warm kitchen drowned out the weeping of the rain. His back to the huge black coal-stove, Mark sat at a table covered with a red-checkered cloth and tried very hard to swallow morsels of roast lamb.

"Drink your milk, Mark."

"Yes'm."

He must remember to eat slowly and think of something quite gay. Then, before he knew it, he'd be ready for dessert. It was a game his mother had taught him when his nurse was away.

"Gingerbread and hot applesauce, Mark. That's a favorite American dessert."

He managed to finish it and keep it down. Mrs. Hanrahan offered to help him with his bath, but he said politely he could manage, thank you. And his childish dignity almost wrecked her own self-control.

He stayed in the tub a long time, his lean young body slumped, his face empty and remote.

Please turn to page 61

National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page5799453

BORN TO THE SADDLE!

6-YEAR-OLD Margaret Henry of Coogee, N.S.W., could ride a horse almost as soon as she started to walk! What's more, she's an expert swimmer and surfer. Mrs. Henry says: "Margaret was a Vegemite fan at the age of six months! She still loves it and has it every day. You've only to look at her to see how healthy and sturdy she is." Vegemite is the delicious yeast extract that's nearly three times richer in Vitamin B_1 than other similar extracts! Rich in niacin too, and contains no starch, no wonder Vegemite is so important in kiddies' diets.

V09

Covering the wound isn't enough! Infection starts right under that skin break. Why give it a chance? Apply Rexona Ointment generously to your usual dry dressing. Rexona goes deep and heals quickly at the point where infection starts.

** A handy, small jar of Rexona Ointment is an absolute necessity in every bathroom cupboard.*

O.110.61

Colds never worry me!

Troublesome colds and coughs that recur are a sign that your system lacks the necessary resistance to infection. Improve your health and fortify yourself against treacherous weather with a course of Angier's. This palatable emulsion builds up bodily strength and so reduces the seasonal risks of 'catching cold'.
In two sizes, from all Chemists.

Angier's EMULSION

DISTRIBUTORS: FASSETT & JOHNSON, LTD., 20/40 CHALMERS STREET, SYDNEY, N.S.W.

Hear This Woman!

Continued from page 60

Faith must realise, mama added, that the only friend she had on this earth was her mother.

"Don't you ever forget that, child."

'I won't, mama. I promise."

"Your mother knows what's best for you. If I don't like you going to the water, then it's not right for you."

"Yes, mama."

The following Sunday was clear and sunny. Tod said, "Pumpkin, how about a picnic on the beach?"

Faith's eyes sparkled. But then she remembered, and she said quietly, "I guess not, papa."

She sat on the porch swing and read a comic. She felt terrible because she had hurt papa. But she had obeyed her mother.

. . . . .

Faith Andrews was precocious, self-possessed and aggressive. Mark Holmes was shy, reticent and painfully sensitive. Nevertheless, something more than Faith's impulsive defence of him the first day of school brought them together and made them fast friends.

Each found in the other a quality lacking in himself. Compared to children coming from normal, well-adjusted households, they were both outcasts.

To Miss Lovejoy's intense annoyance, they were soon inseparable. They studied together, played together, did their chores together.

Privately, Miss Lovejoy questioned the wisdom of Eben Holmes in allowing his grandson to grow so deeply attached to a common child. Of course, he was known as a very democratic man, but wasn't this carrying democracy a bit too far?

"I'm sorry, Mr. Kendall, but I guess you don't realise it's only 30 minutes to closing time."

As for Charlotte Andrews, she resented Faith's constant, enthusiastic prattle about Mark even more than Miss Lovejoy did. The Holmes' were rich and well born, and therefore completely out of the Andrews' sphere. Since no good could come of such a friendship, she was determined to thwart it.

She begged Faith to play with the little Shannon girls on Front Street. But it was too late. Faith wanted only Mark.

He invited her home to play many times, but when she asked if she could visit Mark, Charlotte ordered curtly, "You stay where you belong—an' let him stay where he belongs. Then we'll have no trouble."

Whenever they were together, they found plenty to talk about. Faith listened avidly to stories of Mark's home life; the dinners which he and his grandfather enjoyed before the crackling fire in the sitting room; their trips to the lumber camps in the new red cutter; and finally, the new dachshund, Putzi, given him by his grandfather the week before Christmas.

"A puppy!" Faith cried ecstatically. She had to see him, she couldn't resist, even if it meant fibbing to her mother. So she told Charlotte glibly she had to stay after school—and went home with Mark.

At four-thirty, Charlotte appeared in the classroom. Miss Lovejoy assured her Faith left at the regular hour. She and Mark went out together, as usual.

Nervously, Charlotte retraced her steps. The murky dusk was deepening to black night. The air was chill and bleak. At the corner she hesitated, shivering. Where was Faith? What had happened to her?

Then she remembered Miss Lovejoy's words. She moved clumsily up snow-covered Manistee Drive, sobbing to herself. She passed through the open gate and hurried up the low broad steps of the Holmes house and rang the bell.

After a moment, a middle-aged woman opened the door.

"Yes?" Mrs. Hanrahan said.

Charlotte caught a glimpse of a brightly lighted hall. Then she saw Mark Holmes rushing in from another room, and close on his heels, her daughter. Faith's rosy face was glowing as she cradled in her arms a small black-and-tan dachshund.

"Mama, just look at Putzi! Isn't she cunning—just like a baby!"

Faith was safe. No harm had come to her. Charlotte was conscious of a deep and blessed sense of relief. And immediately afterwards, a rush of uncontrollable fury.

"So you were here all the time. You didn't stay after school. You lied about it."

The children were appalled by her white face; they retreated before her harsh accusing voice. Mark made a gesture to protect Faith.

"Get your things!"

Before Faith could reply, Eben Holmes came into the hall. He put his hand on the girl's shoulder. "I'm happy to meet you, Mrs. Andrews. Won't you come in and have a glass of sherry with us?"

Brusquely, Charlotte refused. "My daughter has upset me. I've been looking for her." She snatched Faith's hand. "Come along," she ordered roughly.

In spite of the snow, her pace was so swift that Faith could scarcely keep up with her. For the first time she was bitterly ashamed of her mother.

"You don't realise how much you hurt me," mama said sorrowfully. "I want you to promise never to go near the Holmes place again."

Something exploded in the childish mind. "I won't promise!"

"Faith!"

The round face was set in stubborn lines. "I'll go any time they ask me! I like it there better'n home! I wish I lived there . . ."

Charlotte's sallow face turned livid. "How can you say such things to your mother? How can you hurt me so? After all I've done for you! You should be ashamed of yourself!"

"I'm not ashamed," Faith screamed. "And if you try to make me stop playing with Mark, I'll hate you!"

. . . . .

The assassination of a minor royal head in a far-off Balkan country had few repercussions in St. Croix, Michigan, U.S.A. However, The Observer did carry a news item to the effect that Mr. and Mrs. Richard Holmes were trapped in Paris. Eben did his best to comfort Mark. The boy listened gravely, was lulled, and suffered nightmares in which the Hun slaughtered his mother.

Wolverine Motors developed a new combustion engine, and the owner, Zeb Whiting, made his first million. Long before the Lusitania was sunk and President Wilson declared a state of war, Eben Holmes was catapulted out of semi-retirement and caught in the exigencies of wartime production schedules.

There were Wheatless Days and Sugarless Days; there were shortages of food and fuel. Mary Pickford and Douglas Fairbank hawked Liberty Bonds. Women knitted for soldiers and Belgian orphans. The slogan of the day was "Make the World Safe for Democracy."

Please turn to page 62

On the maple bedside table Mark found a plate of butter cookies, a shiny McIntosh apple, and a book, "The Adventures of Tom Sawyer." He slid between the cool sheets and bit into the apple.

Shutting his eyes, he wished desperately it weren't so hard to grow up, to be a little man. He thought of his grandfather and Mrs. Hanrahan and that girl at school—Faith Andrews. How brave she was! Yet he wasn't at all sure he liked the idea of her jumping to his defence. His father would have laughed at him.

The door opened and his grandfather came in quietly.

"Good evening, Mark. How did it go to-day?"

"Quite well, sir."

Eben lowered himself in the chintz chair.

"Mark, have you ever gone fishing?"

"No, sir. But I'd like to try it."

"Good! Next Saturday, we'll go up to my camp in the north woods." He smiled. "Do you ride a horse?"

"Yes, sir."

"There's a piebald in the stable. And a cart. We'll have to get you a dog, too. What kind of dog would you like, Mark?"

"A dachshund, if it isn't too much trouble, grandfather."

A dachshund! Why, the kids would rag him unmercifully. He must convince the boy a terrier or a setter would be more suitable. He started talking, easy and relaxed, telling Mark about his own boyhood. Presently he said gravely, "After a while you'll get used to us, Mark. Then you won't be lonely any more."

His voice died to a whisper. The boy was asleep. Eben leaned down and kissed his cheek tenderly.

. . . . .

Faith Andrews hated the weekends, because she had to stay home, under her mother's thumb. Usually Tod went off by himself on the day of rest. And no matter how much mama nagged, he refused to stay home. Then, one Sunday, he said, "Pumpkin, how'd you like to go fishing?"

"Oh, swell!" Faith answered quickly.

They had fun, laughing and joking, and they caught some perch, too. And she said, "Papa, why don't you take me with you all the time?"

But mama put a stop to the excursions.

"Since Faith can't swim," mama said, "you've no right to take her out in a rowboat."

"If you keep on scaring her," papa said, "she'll never learn to do anything."

They didn't go fishing again. But they took walks through the woods or on the beach. Faith liked to pull off her long, white, ribbed stockings, and race barefoot along the shore where the glassy waves rolled in leisurely.

"Papa, I got my dress wet!"

"Take it off, pumpkin. Sun's plenty warm."

"Help me."

As he unfastened the buttons on her brown serge dress, she stepped out of it hesitantly.

"Mama would be awful mad if she saw me."

"Why, pumpkin?"

"Well — because I'm almost nekkid."

The knowledge that Charlotte was corrupting her healthy young mind infuriated him. "Don't ever be ashamed of your body," he said. "Nature didn't mean you to hide it under heavy clothes. Babies aren't born with diapers!" Faith giggled. Gosh, what fun papa was! She loved being with him.

After supper that evening, mama took her for a walk up Main Street. Faith loved the bright windows of the Bon Ton. Mama bought her a nickel bag of popcorn at Burnside's. If it weren't for women, mama said as they passed Willie's saloon, the world would be lost beyond redemption. But there were many pitfalls for innocent girls . . .

HERCO *the all purpose* **LOTION**

a make-up base

In the instant of soothing application Herco creates a new, delicately soft complexion, awaiting your cosmetic . . . your skin looks flawless, beautiful . . . feels gloriously natural . . . delightfully refreshed. And while Herco acts as your matte make-up base, it soothes and revitalises your face. Herco's rich creamy lotion smoothes your skin silken soft by its secret "deep penetration" formula. Tiny lines soften and disappear and flaky roughness smooths away.

Women everywhere are saying "Herco keeps my make up fresh for hours. It is so easy to apply and never becomes greasy, streaky or shiny. My skin looks younger too, and fresher since I started using Herco".

CONTAINS Olive Oil

ANDREX

Cleansing Tissues

☆ For removing cosmetics

☆ Gentle on babies soft skin

☆ Use as a handkerchief

☆ To mop up splashes

From all Chemists & leading Department Stores in the handy dispenser carton.

101 uses

5 doctors prove this plan breaks the laxative habit

If you take laxatives regularly—here's how you can stop!

Because 5 New York doctors now have proved you may break the laxative habit . . . and establish your natural powers of regularity. 83% of the cases tested did it. So can you.

Stop taking whatever you now take. Instead: Every night for one week take 2 Carter's Little Liver Pills. 2nd week—one each night. 3rd week—one every other night. Then—nothing! Every day: drink eight glasses of water; set a definite time for regularity.

Carter's Little Liver Pills "unblock" the lower digestive tract and from then on let it make use of its own natural powers.

Further—Carter's Little Liver Pills contain no habit-forming drugs. Get Carter's Little Liver Pills at any chemist or store.

National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page5799454

Hear This Woman!

Continued from page 61

AT Wolverine Motors Tod worked overtime, then he loafed in Willie's Bar or on Grant Avenue with his cronies. He had learned to shut his ears to Charlotte's continual fault-finding. Were it not for the kid, he'd have walked out long ago.

Faith's friendship with Mark Holmes gave Tod genuine pleasure. He wasn't impressed by the boy's position as much as the soundness of his character. Mark was level-headed and unassuming, and a good influence on Faith, who was apt to fly off the handle.

They still saw each other daily. They sang in the glee club, all the songs popular during the war years—"Roses of Picardy," "Keep the Home Fires Burning," "There's a Long, Long Trail A-Winding."

In the summer they volleyed on the tennis court behind the Holmes place. In winter, Mark taught her to skate and ski; and after their exercise, windburnt and exhausted, they tramped into the big warm kitchen, where Mrs. Hanrahan served them sandwiches and cocoa. Often they curled up in the huge red leather chairs in Mr. Holmes' library and lost themselves in favorite books.

Lotte resented Mark Holmes more than ever.

"You have no business getting friendly with the Holmes'," Lotte wailed. "They're not your kind. You stay on your side of the fence, Faith, else you'll end up in tragedy. Your folks may be poor, but they're respectable—and you're going to stay decent!"

"Fine way to talk to a young girl!" Tod interrupted. "I don't see any harm in her friendship with Mark. You couldn't pick a nicer fellow!"

"A girl of twelve should be playing with other girls," Charlotte snapped. "Not with boys. It's putting temptation in her path."

"You're not acting right with Faith," Tod reproved her bitterly.

"I'm not upset about Faith," he added reassuringly. "She can take care of herself."

By the time she was fifteen, Faith was one person with her folks, quite another with Mark and Eben Holmes. Meekly she accepted criticism and advice from Eben which she would have rejected bitterly from her family. Her friendship with Mark was the star on which she fixed her course. It afforded her the sense of security she found lacking at home, and it gave her also a special niche with her classmates.

At the Holmes High School her already dynamic personality made itself evident. She had a capacity for hard work which, combined with her energy and enthusiasm, helped make her an outstanding student.

In her sophomore year she was picked for the debating team of which Mark was captain. And the glee club. The girls admired her warily; the young men were frankly overwhelmed.

Among the fast set at school, Leah Parker and Winona Kraus were the ringleaders. They drove out to the casino on the lake in flivvers; they drank bathtub gin, and boasted of their escapades.

Winona was slight and exceedingly pretty, with long pale-blond hair, gullible blue eyes, and a porcelain skin. She had a small, pleasant soprano voice, a memory for all the popular songs and she did the Charleston better than any girl in town.

She envied Faith for the many qualities she herself lacked—poise, maturity, self-efficiency. She tried to make friends with Faith, who would see her, grudgingly, in the summer months, while Mark was away on a trip with Eben Holmes.

The rest of the year Faith was absorbed in her work and in Mark. She had time for nothing else.

. . . . . .

Eben Holmes sat before the fire, a copy of The Observer on his lap. He looked at Mark, whose dark head was bent over a book; he noted proudly the wiry strength of the boy's lean body, the good shoulders, the sensitive hands.

Mark was eighteen and, Eben hoped, well adjusted. It had not been easy going. He missed his mother acutely, he had worried about her and his father when they were stranded in Paris. He was worrying even more now.

Last autumn, Dick had written that Elinor was desperately ill with pneumonia, the result, no doubt, of the considerable hardships she had suffered. She had been sent to convalesce at a sanatorium near Basle, where the doctors discovered a lesion on her left lung.

As soon as she regained her strength, they planned a trip to the United States. Mark looked forward eagerly to their expected visit.

Eben felt differently about it.

"In June you'll be finished with high school, Mark. Have you given any thought to college?"

"I'd like to wait until dad and mother get here before I decide."

He meant of course that he would heed Elinor's wishes. Eben realised her hold on the boy was still powerful. What a pity, for he needed guidance, understanding.

In many ways, Eben dreaded their homecoming.

As for Mark, he had not seen his parents for almost eleven years, and the prospect of their visit to St. Croix in June, 1923, was almost more than he could bear.

WHEN at last his mother stepped off the train, assisted by his father and the porter, Mark was deeply shocked. She must still be very sick, he thought. She was so thin that her coat flapped about her body.

Tears filled her eyes as Mark put his arms around her and kissed her shyly.

"Darling, you're so grown," she marvelled. She stifled a cough and turned to her husband. "Dick, do look at your son. Isn't he wonderful, aren't you proud of him?"

Mark met his father's dispassionate glance and realised there was nothing between them. Dick was a lean, handsome man in his forties with courtly manners and a bored air.

"Elinor must have two hours rest before dinner," he said, as soon as they were home.

"Mark is coming upstairs to talk to me," she said, linking her arm with his. "We've so much to catch up on."

Eben Holmes reflected sardonically that her dramatic interest in Mark had been awfully late in coming, but he remained silent.

They arrived the week of graduation exercises, and having them here made all the difference in the world to Mark. He was cheerful and much more talkative than usual. Old Eben was exasperated by his reverent devotion to his mother.

After all, Elinor had neglected the boy for years. Only now when she was ill did it gratify her ego to have a charming young son dancing attendance on her. And it was soon obvious that she meant to hold him.

"Mark, dear," she said, one day, "next autumn I should like to see you in a good English school. Near enough so you can visit me often."

Mark hesitated. He didn't want to leave home, his grandfather and Faith. He belonged here. He felt no genuine kinship with his parents—at least, not with his father.

"May I think about it?" he hedged.

"Mark, dear, I need you. I need you very much." She moistened her parched lips. "Darling, don't tell me you have a girl?"

"Yes," he answered candidly, without embarrassment, "and I'd like very much for you to meet her."

"I'm sure she's charming, dear," his mother said. "But at eighteen, you mustn't get entangled."

At the graduation exercises she met Faith and was offended by her exuberance and healthy animal spirits. And that evening she said feverishly, "Mark, you're young, handsome, and rich. The world's ahead of you. Darling, it would break my heart to see you waste yourself before you've even had a chance!"

It was important to take him away. The sooner the better. She only hoped he wasn't too involved with the girl.

Though her body was weak her will was like iron. In the end, Mark was powerless against it.

He hated the thought of going to live in Europe. The parting with Faith was an agony to him. But he couldn't stand up against his mother's repeated plea: "It will mean so much to me to have you near me."

MARK was gone. Faith couldn't quite believe it at first. She'd wake up thinking, in a little while Mark will be over. We'll play tennis in the morning, later Mr. Holmes will take us for a drive. Then, she'd remember. Mark wasn't here. He was miles away—with other people and other interests.

"I don't know what to do with myself," she confessed in despair to Eben Holmes when she visited him one day in the summer holidays. "The days drag out so."

She has an odd maturity, Eben Holmes reflected, she is so different from most sixteen-year-olds.

"Would you like to work until school begins again? A job would be good for you, Faith. Take you out of yourself."

"I'd like it a lot! But what could I do?"

He rubbed his fingers against his bearded cheek. "I'll speak to Vrest Macklin to-morrow. Perhaps he'll have something."

The following morning he arranged with his friend to hire Faith as a copy girl on The Observer.

And somehow, between her work at the paper and Mark's frequent letters, the summer slipped by. She dreaded the return to school, which she must face without his help and encouragement. This year she was captain of the debating team, an honor which involved considerable work.

The first important debate of the season, between St. Croix and Genesee—winner of last year's Mid-west Trophy—took place the week before Christmas. Vrest Macklin was one of the judges. He was a big man, well over six feet, but he looked shorter because of his stocky frame.

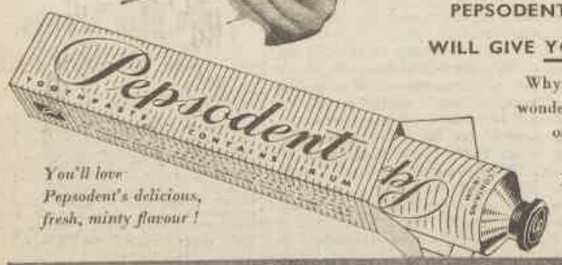
After the debate was over and St. Croix won, he spoke to Faith. "Not many of your arguments held water," he said dryly. "But you were so smooth and convincing, you fooled the audience—and even the judges. That's a facile trick, you know. A politician's trick." Then to her astonishment he added casually, "If you're interested in a steady job after graduation, come and see me."

Please turn to page 63

"Why are your teeth so much **Whiter** today?"

"Because I changed to *New* **PEPSODENT** with Irium"

AMAZE YOUR FRIENDS



You'll love Pepsodent's delicious, fresh, minty flavour!

PEPSODENT REMOVES DULLING FILM —
WILL GIVE YOU, TOO, THE WHITEST TEETH

Why! Because only Pepsodent contains Irium — the wonder ingredient that combats film. Film builds constantly on *everyone's* teeth. Film clouds natural whiteness, glues acid to teeth, assists decay. *Rout dulling film with Pepsodent.* Pepsodent, with Irium, removes film quickly, efficiently, pleasantly — reveals the true whiteness of your teeth!

PEPSODENT gives the WHITEST teeth

F1.87.WW65

National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page5799455

Hear This Woman!

FAITH reported the news to her father and he was delighted. "A chance to work steadily for Vrest Macklin—that's a great privilege, pumpkin. And the best Christmas present you could get!"

She hated to contradict him, but privately she considered the packages from Mark infinitely better gifts. If only Mark himself were home . . .

Spring arrived swiftly. In June she graduated, seventh on the list in scholastic achievement. But under her photograph in the Class of 1924 Yearbook there were these significant words:

The Outstanding All-around Student.
Destined for Future Fame:
Faith Andrews.

The Monday after graduation Faith started work again at The Observer. She walked up Main Street, feeling mature and competent enough to take on the burdens of the world.

The Observer was housed in a two-story narrow red brick building on the west side of Main Street, just below the Lake Shore Hotel. The front windows, piled high with printing matter, were hidden by a large blackboard on which were chalked last-minute news bulletins.

Vrest Macklin's scarred oak desk, littered with pamphlets, reference books, and unanswered mail, stood at a point where Macklin, slouching behind it, corncob pipe stuck between his teeth, could keep an eye on all activities.

As Faith came in he struggled to his feet, spectacles in one pudgy ink-stained hand, pipe in the other. He led her over to Miss Smith.

"We're going to step you up," he said genially. "You'll assist Miss Smith, the society editor."

"Society editor? Gosh, what do I know about society?"

"No less than anyone else in town." He chuckled. "Besides, it's the spot where you can do the least harm."

He was laughing at her, but without malice, as if he liked having her here. He was a strange man. She knew St. Croix was divided in its opinion of him.

Industrialists like Lewis Trout, politicians like Big Bob Costello and the Mayor hated him. But the plain decent townsfolk admired him tremendously. He hit out against evil and injustice generally, and against corrupt local politics specifically.

Faith loved her work, and made herself useful not only to Miss Smith but to other members of the staff. She never balked at staying late or doing more than was expected of her.

"You've got printer's ink in your veins," Steve Pringle, Macklin's assistant, told her.

She grinned. "I come by it naturally."

Steve was a good-looking fellow with regular, almost feminine features and a mop of coarse red hair that grew low on his forehead. He was a glib, impressive talker, and most women found his impudent manner irresistible. Miss Smith adored him. Vrest Macklin tolerated him.

"Every office needs a buffoon," Vrest said wryly.

Several times Steven walked Faith home; brought her boxes of chocolates tied with big satin bows.

He invited her to dinner, and when she refused he said, "What's wrong? Don't you like Stevie?"

She flushed. "You're very nice."

"Got a boy friend?"

She made no answer. A boy friend? She'd never thought of Mark in this way.

She still missed him dreadfully, but the acute longing had worn off. She knew that since August, he was living near a sanatorium in Switzerland, watching over his sick mother.

"I wish you could see how much mother depends on me. . . ." he wrote Faith.

She understood. She was growing inured to the circumstances that kept them apart. . . .

Then, the day before Thanksgiving, Eben Holmes telephoned her at the office. He had just received a cable from Dick. Elinor had died. Mark would be home for Christmas.

As it turned out, Mark's boat was delayed by violent mid-Atlantic storms. Without him, Christmas at the Holmes house was a sorry affair. Faith had tea with Eben Holmes in the afternoon, and they did nothing but speculate about Mark's return. How would he look? Would he have changed?

There were other questions Faith needed to ask, but not aloud, only to herself.

It was a relief to return to the office the following morning, and to lose herself in the chores Miss Smith assigned to her. At four in the afternoon, as was his habit, Steve Pringle brought in wedges of chocolate cake and steaming coffee, which he placed on Faith's desk.

"Fall to," he urged hospitably.

"Thanks."

She looked up as the door opened. A tall, dark-haired young man in an English coat stepped into the room and stood uncertainly for a moment, looking about him. Then, as he spied her, a smile transfigured his thin face.

"Faith!"

The coffee spilled, unnoticed.

"Mark! Is it really you?"

They stared at each other, too moved to say more. Steve Pringle turned away, brushing the crumbs from his rumpled shirt.

"Can you leave now?" Mark asked. "I'll get my things."

In her excitement, she matched up Miss Smith's scarf, and had to go back and retrieve her own. She led him past Vrest Macklin's unoccupied desk and into the street, where snow was falling all about them. It was treacherous underfoot. Once she slipped, but Mark caught her arm.

BY common impulse, they turned down Main Street. A streetcar rumbled by; a snowplough made an unwieldy turn.

As they went, snow continued to fall, as though shutting them off in a world alone.

"A magic world, all of our own," Faith said, laughing as Mark took off his glove and brushed the snow from her short curling hair.

At the Holmes house, with the heavy grilled door behind them, Mark stopped.

"Let me look at you, Faith," he said. There was a new note in his voice, which she found immeasurably exciting.

She was crying. She didn't mean to cry, but it had been such a long time. Each day she had said to herself, It's a day nearer Mark's homecoming. But now that he was here, she couldn't believe it.

"Let's go," Mark said.

Holding hands, they ran up the steps together. As if they were coming home.

Faith stayed for dinner. Even her mother's morose answer when she telephoned to explain why she would be late coming home couldn't dim her happiness.

They were all in a festive mood. Eben Holmes wore a serene and contented smile; Mark was grinning boyishly, in spite of the new maturity in his grey eyes. Even Mrs. Hanrahan was beaming.

Again and again her fatuous gaze returned to young Mark. How handsome he was! What a fine young man! All the girls in St. Croix would be setting their caps for him. But not one stood a ghost of a chance, she reflected, looking slyly at Faith Andrews who was not quite at ease in all this elegance.

Eben Holmes raised his glass. "To Mark's homecoming," he said.

Solemnly Faith joined him.

Dinner over, they went back to the comfortable sitting room, where Mrs. Hanrahan placed a tray of coffee and liqueurs on the table before the fireplace.

Eben went to bed early. "Good-night children," he said. They watched him walk slowly from the room and they heard the muffled sound of his feet on the stairs. They were alone. Faith was conscious of a sense of tension and strain, and she thought nervously, This is ridiculous. We have so much to say, yet we sit here like strangers.

"Mark . . ." She turned to him, her expression vulnerable, waiting.

With an abrupt and clumsy gesture, he took her into his arms. "Faith," he whispered roughly, "all the days I thought of you—dreamed of being home with you. Darling . . ."

It was midnight when he took her home to Ontario Place. The sleeping streets were transformed by the blizzard into a strange world.

They lingered at her door. "I hate to leave you," he said, "even for a little while."

"Oh, Mark, it's just too good. It scares me to think . . ."

"You mustn't be afraid, ever." He held her protectively. "It's up to us. We can make it last forever."

She clung to him. "Darling!" Terror blurred her voice. "How can I tell mother?"

"I'll talk to her."

"Couldn't we be married first—and tell her later?"

He shook his head sternly. "We'd better face it right in the beginning. I want our life to start right."

Mark came at eleven o'clock next morning, refusing even to let Faith pave the way for him with her mother.

He came to the point directly and sincerely. "Mrs. Andrews," he said quietly, "Faith and I love each other. We want to be married. Will you give us your consent?"

Even before he spoke, Charlotte knew her long struggle to keep Faith from temptation was over. She had lost. Evil has triumphed, she thought incoherently. It has triumphed over my child, because she has inherited my own weakness.

"I will never give my consent," she answered bitterly.

"Mrs. Andrews, please be fair. You have nothing against me."

"Faith isn't ready for marriage yet," she said evasively. "And you're not the right man for her. You have nothing in common. But men like you feel you can buy anything with your money."

Mark was horrified. "Mrs. Andrews . . ." he began.

"I will never consent," she repeated in a mocking voice. "And my child will not disobey me."

Faith was pale and stricken, too shocked to defend him. But Tod spoke up for her.

"Lotte," he said severely, "Faith is not a child. She's old enough to know her own mind. She and Mark love each other, and you have no right to stand in their way!"

Charlotte put her trembling hands to her face. "A marriage built on deceit can never last," she whispered. "It brings only misery and despair."

In her frenzied mind, she saw the pattern repeating itself. The pattern from which all these years she had struggled to save Faith.

A week passed. Outwardly Faith was docile. The tension had given way to an armed truce.

The afternoon was grey and sombre. As Charlotte dried her hands on the roller towel behind the kitchen door, she noted the sky was the color of pewter.

Why must my child suffer as I have, Charlotte mourned. I must save her from herself. I owe it to her. She put her hands to her throbbing head. Something was wrong. She was drenched with sweat, shivering with a vague, unknown fear.

Tod opened the door, stamping snow off his goloshes. The sight of him should dispel this odd mood, but still she felt strange and frightened.

Continued from page 62

"Looks like a storm is coming up," he said, rubbing his red hands.

"Faith," she said laboriously. "She is late to-day."

"She isn't coming home to-night." Tod wasn't looking at her. With a clumsy gesture, he pulled a yellow slip of paper from the pocket of his workshirt, and handed it to her.

"Now don't go off the handle, Lotte. Faith isn't sick, or hurt, or anything. The kids just got tired of waiting. So they ran off and got married. . . ."

Abruptly he sprang up.

"Lotte, Lotte! What's got into you! What is it?" he whispered, frozen with horror.

. . . . .

"Faith. Faith Holmes," Mark said quietly. "How does it sound, darling?"

Her face was illuminated with happiness. "Next to Mrs. Mark Holmes, it's the nicest name in the world."

They were driving back to St. Croix the following afternoon in Mark's old roadster. She said blissfully, "Gosh, it's wonderful being married. Do you suppose other people are as complete as we?"

"No. They haven't enough to give each other."

They drove past the State Hospital, two miles this side of St. Croix. Finally the first factories loomed in sight, the smokestacks of Trout Celluloid bold and ugly against the pale sky.

She said, "Mark, you'll be patient with mother?"

"I hope she's as patient with us."

Now she grew aware of a dozen obstacles. Really, she should have spoken to her mother first, paved the way . . .

Mark swung the car down Ontario Place and brought it to a stop at the kerb. She was sickened with a sense of foreboding. What words were powerful enough to bridge the gap between her mother's intolerance and her great love for Mark? She must forgive me, she must!

She stepped up to the door. Tod alone greeted her.

They were standing before the heavy oak entrance to the drab brick building. Faith stared numbly at the narrow barred windows. Only an hour ago, she and Mark had driven past here on their return to St. Croix. The State Hospital.

"I can't understand," she said dully. "Mother seemed perfectly well when I left the house yesterday morning. No different than usual."

Words, words, she was hiding behind them, and they made a sorry screen. Everything seemed normal when I left the house. Which implied mother had cracked up when she got the news of their elopement. Mother had tried to kill herself.

A nurse opened the door.

Mark spoke. "Mrs. Andrews—she was brought here yesterday. Would it be possible for us to see her—for just a moment?"

The nurse's lined face revealed sudden comprehension. "If you'll wait a moment . . ."

Shortly, a heavy-set white-coated man appeared. "I am Dr. Cummings," he said.

"About my mother . . ." Faith began uncertainly.

"Yes," Dr. Cummings said. "Oh, yes." He regarded Faith intently. "Under the circumstances, Miss—er—Andrews, I feel it would be wiser to wait until later. Perhaps when she herself asks for you. A more auspicious time, yes. Until then . . ." He shrugged.

Faith closed her eyes. Slowly Mark led her to the door.

. . . . .

"They're here!" Mrs. Hanrahan called out.

Eben Holmes put down The Observer. A deep frown etched itself on his forehead as he tried to determine his line of action.

Please turn to page 64

Kidney Trouble and Backache Quickly Relieved

Flush Kidneys With Cystex and You'll Feel Fine

Cystex—the famous scientific prescription — improves faulty kidney action in double quick time, so, if you suffer from **Rheumatism, Sciatica, Neuritis, Lumbago, Backache, Nervousness, Leg Pains, Dizziness, Circles under Eyes, Frequent Headaches and Colds, Poor Energy and Appetite, "puffy Ankles or Interrupted Sleep,** go to your chemist to-day for Cystex.

Cystex Helps Nature 3 Ways

The Cystex treatment is highly scientific, being specially compounded to soothe, tone and clean Kidneys and bladder and to remove acids and poisons from your system safely, quickly and surely, yet contains no harsh, harmful or dangerous drugs. Cystex works in these 3 ways to end your troubles:—

(1) Starts killing the germs which are attacking your Kidneys, Bladder and Urinary System in two hours, yet is absolutely harmless to human tissue.

(2) Gets rid of health-destroying scanty poisonous acids with which your system has become saturated.

(3) Strengthens and reinvigorates the kidneys, protects you from the ravages of disease-attack on the delicate filter organism, and stimulates the entire system.

Feels a Different Woman

"I have been taking Cystex for Kidney and Bladder trouble and it has made a different woman of me. I am feeling splendid, can do all my work, run about and walk miles although I am 61 years of age. Cystex does all you claim for it."

(Sgd.) M. L. Zessin, Thompson Estate, Brisbane.

Now Able To Walk Without Stick

"I had Kidney and Bladder complaint, pains in leg and back; in fact, I had to use a walking stick. I have used two bottles of Cystex, now I have no pains anywhere. I consider Cystex the greatest medicine in the world for Kidney complaint."

(Sgd.) J. McPherson, Nangerbone Stn., N.S.W.

Guaranteed to Satisfy or Money Back

Get Cystex from your chemist to-day. Give it a thorough test. Cystex is guaranteed to make you feel younger, stronger, better in every way, or your money back if you return the empty package. Act now!

This is a GUARANTEED Treatment **Cystex** for your Kidneys, Bladder, Blood-drive

Trained Nurse Offers Remedy for Grey Hair

Recommends Simple Mixture That Quickly Darkens It.

Miss Mary J. Hayes, a well-known nurse, makes the following statement about grey hair: "The use of the following remedy, which you can employ at home, is the best thing I know of for streaked, faded or grey hair, which turns black, brown or light brown as you desire. Just go to your chemist and ask him for **Orlex Compound.** He will mix it up for you according to the directions he has. This **Orlex Compound** only costs a little. Comb the liquid through the hair every other day until the mixture is used up. It is absolutely harmless, free from grease or gum, is not sticky and does not rub off. Itchy dandruff, if you have any, quickly leaves your scalp, and your hair is left beautifully soft and glossy. Just try this if you would look years and years more youthful."

KEEP **SLIM** THE "IVA" WAY

IVA'S suction does wonders.

IT tones up skin and muscles.

IT restores figure beauty.

IT preserves youth and vitality.

The IVA Stimulator and Reducer is the very latest method for body hygiene and slimming.

This unique article costs 35/- (incl. postage).

Mail your order today to

IVA CO.

190 Bourke Street, C.1, Melbourne, VICTORIA —or send for particulars.

National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page5799456

Look at your skin

..others do!

Help skin blemishes disappear with

REXONA SOAP

ESPECIALLY MEDICATED * FOR *'SKIN CARE'*

You simply can't hide blotches and other skin faults with make-up! But you *can* clear up blemishes with Rexona Soap because it is especially medicated with Cadyl to restore skin to natural loveliness.

11D AT ALL CHEMISTS AND STORES

★Cadyl is a fragrant blend of 5 rare beauty oils, exclusive to Rexona Soap. Rexona's silky-fine lather carries cadyl deep into the pores where most blemishes start.

X.106 WW82

WHAT'S YOUR RQ*?

* REGULARITY QUOTIENT

The first step to Loveliness . . .

REGULARITY QUOTIENT (R.Q.) is the term used to describe health and energy in relation to bowel regularity, and R.Q. is the first step to loveliness.

Many people need the gentle assistance of Dr. Morse's Indian Root Pills to keep their R.Q. high. If you suffer from indigestion, headache, heaviness or lassitude—any of the symptoms of constipation—you can raise your R.Q. by taking this time-tested overnight TONIC laxative.

Dr. Morse's Pills are compounded of five natural ingredients of fruits, vegetables, and herbs. This 9-hour overnight TONIC laxative does not disturb your sleep. No discomfort even for haemorrhoid sufferers.

SAVE MONEY — buy the new family size from you chemist or store to-day.

PRICES
FAMILY ECONOMY (Large) SIZE
Contents: 80 Pills, 2/6.
STANDARD SIZE.
Contents, 40 Pills, 1/6

DR MORSE'S INDIAN ROOT PILLS

THE "Overnight Laxative"

WITH THE TONIC ACTION

Hear This Woman!

Continued from page 63

MARK would receive the full brunt of his anger, Eben thought grimly. Not because he'd married the girl, though they were much too young for marriage, but for running away. Elopements were cowardly procedures. And since this was the first time he'd found Mark remiss, he was doubly vexed.

They were coming into the hall now. He listened intently for the sound of their youthful voices. But there was silence. A moment later the measured tread of their footsteps echoed solemnly on the parquetry floor. The door of the sitting-room opened. He looked up sternly.

He saw Faith first.

Mark began, "Faith's mother . . ." and broke off.

Eben Holmes did not hesitate. He stood up and held out his arms.

"Welcome home, children," he said.

. . . . .

St. Croix read the news of the elopement on page one of The Observer, which carried a photograph of Faith, the one used in the high-school yearbook, revealing her young, life-eager face. Staring at the headline Vrest Macklin realised how loath he was to lose her.

From rags to riches, he thought ironically. If any girl can take such a dazzling ascent, Faith's the one!

He picked up an item from his desk and re-read it. Charlotte Andrews, wife of Tod Andrews, had been committed to the State Hospital.

In town the marriage evoked curiosity, speculation, and plenty of gossip. Mothers with marriageable daughters wondered how she'd done it. Winona Kraus boasted of their friendship, and pictured herself a privileged guest at the Holmes'. Leah Parker, who was working in the Fashion Shop, assured her best customers that Faith was practically her oldest and dearest friend.

Faith had every reason to be happy. Mark was deeply in love with her; Eben was pleased with the marriage; she was obviously the luckiest girl on earth.

But there were too many nights when she would awaken from a troubled sleep and lying still, in order not to disturb Mark, her hand would creep to her throat, to touch the tiny gold locket she wore all the time now. And in a flash, the radiant happiness was darkened.

Her father knew she was deeply disturbed and sought to comfort her. He never disclosed Charlotte's last sane words—or her agonising conviction that this marriage of Faith's was a necessity, a tragic repetition of her own mishap.

He closed the old house on Ontario Place, sold the shabby furniture, and moved back to Mrs. Hussar's. Wipe out the past, he begged Faith silently. You have a new life . . .

When she wasn't thinking of her mother, Faith was ecstatically happy.

Each week-day morning, when Mark left for the office of the Holmes Lumber Company, Faith walked part of the way with him, up Manistee Drive, cutting through the park to Sycamore; stopping at Town Square, and saying reluctantly, "Well, I suppose I should turn back."

She was left to her own resources the rest of the day, and she spent much of the time with Eben. She helped him with his heavy correspondence. She read aloud those books in which he was interested, on economics, sociology, current affairs—and what she did not understand he explained to her.

They had tea in the afternoon and listened to organ recordings on the new victrola. Here Faith heard Bach's "Jesu, Joy of Man's Desiring" for the first time. She was sitting on the worn crimson velvet hassock by the fire, looking out at the dead garden. The weary, dejected curve of her body warned the old man that she was still brooding. He thought, I should have spoken before. There are times when tact is more cruel than a blunt honest word.

"Nature doesn't intend a young person to take the long view," he said, "but, Faith, I promise you that in time the pain of being separated from your mother will ease. Once you have your own children you'll see the situation objectively."

She listened politely, but she did not believe him. The memory of her mother's breakdown, the knowledge of its cause, would haunt her for the rest of her days. "Once you have your own children . . ." Eben said. That, she realised intuitively, was her hope of salvation. She wanted a big family. And I'll give them a healthy, normal upbringing, she thought. Not a childhood like my own.

But there was still no indication of the hoped-for pregnancy, and meanwhile she fashioned her days to conform to the pleasant, gracious Holmes pattern. Under Eben's patient tutelage she blossomed, and from him she learned an intelligent approach to life.

Often, on bright afternoons, they took a drive along the lake front. And shortly before Easter, Eben took her on a shopping expedition and helped her choose a spring wardrobe, consisting of a grey flannel tailored suit and a brown suede topcoat, several light wool frocks, and a severe and beautifully cut blue silk evening dress.

"I've never had such lovely things before," she said, frankly, awed. "You're too good to me, grandfather."

"You deserve it, my dear."

Mark usually came home at five-thirty, which was the highlight of her day. Unfortunately, he wasn't happy in his job, but he worked hard at learning the lumber business.

"Perhaps you don't belong in the lumber business," Faith said to him once. "Why don't you speak to grandfather . . ."

He shook his head. "I can't hurt him. I may as well carry on."

SPRING lingered far beyond time that year, and in the summer Mark and Faith went for a few weeks' vacation at Eben's camp.

They savored each moment, knowing that soon they must return to earth, leaving their private paradise far behind. For Faith, this vacation was a reaffirmation of her sacrifice and love for Mark. And it was, incidentally, to serve a secret purpose of her own. Recently, she had gone for a checkup to Dr. Savage, the Holmes' physician.

"There's no physical reason why you shouldn't become pregnant," he said. "But you're too tense, possibly too anxious. Faith, why don't you and Mark go off for a little trip by yourselves? Forget St. Croix." Meaning, she knew, forget your sense of guilt about your mother.

At the lodge, she was happy and relaxed, and thought of her mother seldom. Dr. Savage's advice was sensible. She had a serene feeling of confidence that she would conceive the child she wanted so eagerly.

They were home a fortnight when Faith heard from Leah Parker.

"We have some beautiful fall clothes in," Leah telephoned. "I'd love you to see them before they're picked over."

Faith wasn't really interested, but she wanted to be kind.

"I'll try to get in during the week," she said.

"Why don't you make it Thursday? We'll have a bit of lunch together."

"Good."

When Faith entered the Lake Shore Grill at one-thirty, she saw that Leah was not alone. Mrs. Lewis Trout was with her, very smart in black crepe.

"This is Madeline Trout," Leah found it necessary to explain elaborately. "We ran into each other. I felt you two should know each other, so I asked her to join us."

Mrs. Trout smiled intimately at Faith.

It was a pleasant luncheon, and Faith almost persuaded herself to forget that the Trouts had once snubbed her in her early reporting days. Afterwards, they sauntered over to the Fashion Shop where Leah showed them the new numbers.

"I'd love to see that navy print on you," Mrs. Trout said to Faith. "Do try *it on*."

Faith hadn't intended buying a thing, but she allowed herself to be led into the dressing-room. The navy print really was beautiful, and so was the beige banded with red and black ribbon.

"You certainly can wear them," Mrs. Trout exclaimed. "Better take them both."

"I really shouldn't . . ."

"I'll open a charge for you," Leah interrupted smoothly. "Don't you need some lounging pyjamas?"

"I don't think so. And I'd better be going now."

"Can I drop you?" Mrs. Trout asked. "I have the car."

"I think I'll walk home. Thanks, anyway."

"I do hope we'll see you again, Mrs. Holmes. Why don't you and your husband dine with us Saturday?"

"I'll let you know."

She related the incident to Mark that evening, while he was shaving for dinner.

"Grandfather doesn't think much of the Trouts," he said.

"Well, actually she seemed rather nice," she said defensively. "I wouldn't mind going there."

"I would. Better tell her we can't make it."

She hadn't been serious about it until he raised objections; now, suddenly she wanted very much to go, and she found herself resenting his refusal. However, she made an effort to control her irritation.

"By the way, darling, I bought a couple of dresses to-day. They're rather expensive, but awfully pretty. Wait until you see them."

"How much?" he asked.

"One was fifty and the other seventy-five."

"You shouldn't have done it, Faith." His manner was stern. "You know what I earn a week. How am I going to pay for them?"

She stared at him, astonished. "I don't think grandfather will object to taking care of the bill. I mean, he's bought me things . . ."

"Gifts are something else!" Mark retorted, and she had never seen him so angry. "You can't keep on sponging! When you buy clothes, I've got to pay for them. You're my responsibility! And that means you must keep within a certain limit! I'm sorry, but that's the way it's got to be!"

She was subdued and hurt. "Shall I send them back?"

Mark picked up his robe. "No. Keep them. I'll find some way to meet the bill."

"I don't understand," she said, bewildered.

"You should. You've known me long enough."

She found his reaction very confusing. She had known him almost all her life. Yet there were facets to his character which she was only now discovering, and which puzzled and antagonised her.

To be continued

ALL characters in the serials and short stories which appear in The Australian Women's Weekly are fictitious, and have no reference to any living person.

Such lovely cottons could only come from England...

When it comes to crisp, colourful cottons, England can still show the world a thing or two. Look at these new Horrockses Fashions, for example. Have you ever seen anything lovelier . . . or more practical for your spring wardrobe? Designed in England . . . and made from some of the prettiest English prints you've ever seen . . . they feature a host of enchanting new ideas including self belts and buckles. Fully crush and crease-resisting, too!

. . . could only be made by

HORROCKSES FASHIONS

BY CALIFORNIA PRODUCTIONS LIMITED

A disastrous dock fire in England caused the loss of many of the new Horrockses Fashions destined for Australia. As a result supplies are limited this season, so make a point of seeing them as soon as you can at your favourite store. In fact, it might even pay you to make a special trip into town today!

HORROCKSES FASHIONS (AUST.) PTY. LTD.

National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page5799458

SOMEONE ISN'T USING NEW PERSIL YET!

[Is that *'someone'* **you?**]

Sooner or later you're bound to come round to **NEW PERSIL** for . . .

WHITEST WHITES **BRIGHTEST COLOURS**

Read what **Mrs. P. Crowe of 6 Rofe Street, Leichhardt,** has to say: "Recently I changed to New Persil and I'm really pleased at the difference it made to my white things from the first time I used it. Of course I'd heard of Persil whiteness, but I never believed that my white things could be so white and clean as they are now."

"I reckon New Persil's just as good for my colours and fine things, too." *Mrs. Crowe continues,* "I've noticed that my coloured frocks and blouses are brighter than they were before I started using New Persil and it's ever so gentle to the fine materials." (*Actual letter on file*).

AND THE SECRET? The secret is the blend of pure soap and oxygen in New Persil's oxygen-charged suds. Ordinary suds loosen surface dirt, leaving deep dirt in the weave to discolour clothes. But New Persil's oxygen-charged suds bubble *through the weave,* floating out every last scrap of dirt with the utmost gentleness. Only New Persil has this special blend of pure soap and oxygen which works so thoroughly yet is so safe for clothes and hands alike. Persil whiteness — Persil brightness — is *cleanness.*

NEW PERSIL FOR DISHWASHING TOO!

New Persil's busy suds get to work in a jiffy dissolving grease. Your dishes come out gleaming . . . what's more, with Persil so gentle, hands are so safe.

NEW PERSIL GIVES EXTRA CLEANNESS—*EXTRA GENTLY*

P.40.WW142a

A Town Like Alice

Continued from page 55

JEAN PAGET laughed. "Please don't apologise for my uncle, Mr. Strachan," she said. Then: "Go on."

"At first, he was quite unwilling that you should inherit the capital of the estate till you were forty years old," I said. "I contested that view, but I was unable to get him to agree to any less period than the present arrangement in the will."

"I see. Uncle Douglas was afraid that I might spend the fifty-three thousand all at once. So you're going to look after the money for me till I'm thirty-five and give me the interest to spend in the meantime? Nine hundred a year?"

"If you wish us to conduct your income tax affairs for you, that would be about the figure," I said. "We can arrange the payments in any way that you prefer, as a quarterly or a monthly cheque, for example. You would get a formal statement of account half-yearly."

I added, "At all times, we should be glad to act for you and help you in any way we could."

She said unexpectedly, "I couldn't ask for anybody better." And then she glanced at me, and said mischievously, "I made some inquiries about this firm yesterday."

"Oh . . . I hope they were satisfactory?"

"Very." She did not tell me then what she told me later, that her informant had described us as "as solid as the Bank of England, and as sticky as treacle." "I know I'm going to be in very good hands, Mr. Strachan."

I inclined my head. "I hope so. I'm afraid that at times you may find this trust irksome, Miss Paget; I can assure you that I shall do my utmost to prevent it from becoming so. You will see in the will that the testator gave certain powers to the trustees to realise capital for the benefit of the legatee in cases where they were satisfied that it would be genuinely for her advantage."

"You mean, if I really needed a lot of money—for an operation or something—you could let me have it, if you approved?"

She was quick, that girl. "I think that is a very good example. In case of illness, if the income were insufficient, I should certainly realise some of your capital for you."

She smiled at me, and said, "It's rather like being a ward in Chancery, or something."

I was a little touched by the comparison. I said, "I should feel very much honored if you care to look at it that way, Miss Paget." I handed her her copy of the will.

"Well, there is the will, and I suggest you take it away and read it quietly by yourself. I'll keep the certificates for the time being. After you've thought things over for a day or two I am sure that there will be a great many questions to which you will want answers. Would you like to come and see me again?"

She said, "I would. I know there'll be all sorts of things I want to ask about, but I can't think of them now. It's all so sudden."

I turned to my engagement diary. "Well, suppose we meet again about the middle of next week. What time do you get off from your office, Miss Paget?"

She said, "Five o'clock."

"Would six o'clock on Wednesday evening suit you, then? I shall hope to have got somewhere with the matter of your brother by that time."

She said, "Well, that's all right for me, Mr. Strachan, but isn't it a bit late for you? Don't you want to get home?"

I said absently, "I only go to the club. No, Wednesday at six would suit me very well." I made a note upon my pad, and then I hesitated.

"Perhaps if you are doing nothing after that you might like to come on to the club and have dinner in the Ladies' Annexe," I said. "I'm afraid it's not a very gay place, but the food is good."

She smiled, and said warmly, "I'd love to do that, Mr. Strachan. It's very kind of you to ask me."

That evening, I had a little talk in the club with a man who is in the Home Office about the procedure for establishing the death of a prisoner of war, and on Monday I had a number of telephone conversations with the War Office and the Home Office about the case.

When Jean Paget came to see me on Wednesday evening I was able to report the progress I had made.

"I've got your brother's death certificate," I said.

"What did Donald die of, Mr. Strachan?" she asked.

I hesitated for a moment. I did not want to tell so young a woman the unpleasant story I had heard from the Home Office. "The cause of death was cholera," I said at last.

She nodded, as if she had been expecting that. "Pood old Donald," she said softly. "Not a very nice way to die."

I FELT that I must say something to alleviate her distress. "I had a long talk with the doctor who attended him," I told her. "He died quite peacefully, in his sleep."

She stared at me. "Well then, it wasn't cholera," she said. "That's not the way you die of cholera."

I was a little at a loss in my endeavor to spare her unnecessary pain. "He had cholera first, but he recovered. The actual cause of death was probably heart failure, induced by the cholera."

She considered this for a minute. "Did he have anything else?" she asked.

Well, then of course there was nothing for it but to tell her everything I knew. I was amazed at the matter of fact way in which she took the unpleasant details and at her knowledge of the treatment of such things as tropical ulcers, until I recollected that this girl had been a prisoner of the Japanese in Malaya, too.

When I was a young man, girls didn't know about cholera or great ulcers, and I didn't quite know how to deal with her. I turned the conversation back to legal matters where I was on firmer ground, and showed her how her case for probate was progressing. And presently I took her downstairs and we got a taxi and went over to the club to dine.

I had a reason for entertaining her, that first evening. It was obvious that I was going to have a good deal to do with this young woman in the next few years, and I wanted to find out about her.

When we sat down in the drawing-room of the Ladies' Annexe for sherry and a cigarette before dinner, I asked her, "What did you do in the week-end? Did you go out and celebrate?"

She shook her head. "I didn't do anything very much. I'd arranged to meet one of the girls in the office for lunch on Saturday and to go and see a new film."

"Did you tell her about your good fortune?"

She shook her head. "I haven't told anybody. It seems such an improbable story," she added, laughing. "I don't know that I really believe in it myself."

I smiled with her. "Nothing is real till it happens," I observed. "You'll believe that this is true when we send you the first cheque."

I paused, then I said, "Have you thought yet what you are going to do in a month or two when the income from the trust begins? Your monthly cheque, after the tax has been deducted, will be about seventy-five pounds. I take it that you will hardly wish to go on with your present employment when those cheques begin to come in?"

"No . . ." She sat staring for a minute at the smoke rising from her cigarette. "I don't want to stop working. I wouldn't mind a bit going on with my present job if it was worth doing," she said. "But—well, it's not. We make ladies' shoes and handbags, Mr. Strachan, and small ornamental attache cases for luxury trade. I couldn't go on with it now, with all this money. One ought to do something more worth while, but I don't know what."

I thought for a moment. "May I ask a very personal question, Miss Paget?"

"Of course."

"Do you think it likely that you will marry in the near future?"

She smiled. "No, Mr. Strachan, I don't think it's very likely that I shall marry at all. One can't say for certain, of course, but I don't think so."

I nodded without comment. "Well, then, had you thought about taking a university course?"

Her eyes opened wide. "No—I hadn't thought of that. I couldn't do it, Mr. Strachan—I'm not clever enough."

"It was just a thought," I said.

She shook her head. "I couldn't go back to school again now. I'm much too old."

I smiled at her. "Not quite such an old woman as all that," I observed.

For some reason the little compliment fell flat. "When I compare myself with some of the girls in the office," she said quietly, and there was no laughter in her now, "I know I'm about seventy."

I was finding out something about her now, but to ease the situation I suggested that we should go in to dinner. When the ordering was done, I said, "Tell me what happened to you in the war. You were out in Malaya, weren't you?"

She nodded. "I had a job in an office, with the Kuala Perak Plantation Company. That was the company my father worked for, you know. Donald was with them, too."

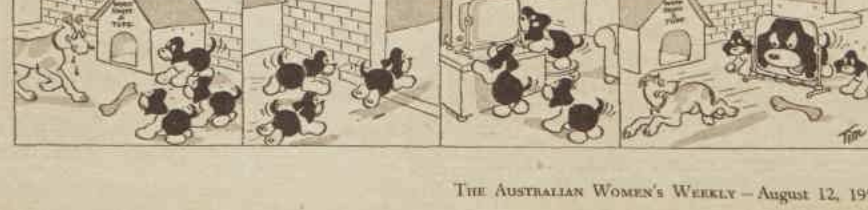
"What happened to you in the war?" I asked. "Were you a prisoner?"

"A sort of prisoner," she said.

"In a camp?"

Please turn to page 68

Wuff, Snuff & Tuff — FOR THE CHILDREN — by TIM



for Adults

Nyal Bronchitis Mixture acts in three ways in "breaking" stubborn coughs and colds. It soothes the inflamed membranes of the throat and chest. It clears away congestion and makes breathing easier, and brings soothing relief from irritating coughing. 3/-.

for Children

Nyal Children's Cough Mixture is specially formulated for children between the ages of five and fourteen years of age. This pleasant-tasting syrup contains only the purest ingredients, which help to soothe the throat and chest, and ease the cough. 2/-, 3/-.

for Babies

Nyal Baby Cough Syrup is a pleasant-tasting combination of wholesome and effective ingredients specially prepared to treat coughs and colds in infants and children up to five years of age. For your protection, the formula is plainly printed on the package. 2/-, 3/-.

Why three Cough Mixtures?

There are "sizes" in medicines just as there are sizes in shoes and hats. An infant of 12 months doesn't require the same amount—or kind—of medicine as an adult. That's why NYAL offers three completely different cough mixtures—Baby Cough Syrup for infants, Children's Cough Mixture for children between five and fourteen, and Bronchitis Mixture for adults.

As you of course know, NYAL medicines are not intended to replace your doctor. They are designed for the dependable treatment of the ordinary, everyday ailments which occasionally visit every home. Only the best drugs obtainable enter into the composition of NYAL medicines, and they are compounded by the most modern methods, under the supervision of skilled pharmacists.

NYAL

FAMILY MEDICINES

Sold only by Chemists

National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page5799460

All by itself the Bendix fills with water . . . washes clothes . . . changes its own water . . . rinses 3 times in fresh water . . . damp-dries clothes . . . cleans, drains and shuts itself off — AUTOMATICALLY.

Words can't tell you how clever the Bendix is! Here is the Automatic Home Laundry you've been waiting for . . . a washer that will never grow out of date. Let us demonstrate how gentle, thorough and magically quick it is.

SEE THE WONDERS OF THE BENDIX FOR YOURSELF AT—

BENDIX automatic Home Laundry

LEVIN & CO. LTD.
Sole Australian Agents
FOR BENDIX HOME LAUNDRY
45 King St., Sydney
432 Bourke St., Melbourne
113 Grenfell St., Adelaide
Cor. Margaret & Albert Sts. Brisbane
C/- A. G. Webster & Sons Ltd. Hobart

TOMORROW'S CHAMPION

Planning a "Welcome Home"?

Then you'll be a wise hostess if you follow the plans in

"COOKERY FOR PARTIES"

This Australian Women's Weekly publication gives all the helpful hints and tested recipes that you could wish for.

At All Newsagents and Bookstalls. —AND IT'S ONLY 2/-

A Town Like Alice

Continued from page 66

FOR a moment, Jean hesitated, then she said, "No, they left us pretty free." And then she changed the conversation very positively, and said, "What happened to you, Mr. Strachan? Were you in London all the time?"

I could not press her to talk about her war experiences if she didn't want to, and so I told her about mine—such as they were. And from that, presently, I found myself telling her about my two sons, Harry on the China Station and Martin in Basra, and their war records, and their families, and children.

"I'm a grandfather three times over," I said ruefully.

She laughed. "What does it feel like?"

"Just like it did before," I told her. "You don't feel any different as you get older. Only, you can't do so much."

Presently I got the conversation back on to her own affairs. I pointed out to her what sort of life she would be able to lead upon nine hundred a year. As an instance, I told her that she could have a country cottage in Devonshire and a little car, and a daily maid, and still have money to spare for a moderate amount of foreign travel.

"I wouldn't know what to do with myself unless I worked at something," she said. "I've always worked at something, all my life."

I knew of several charitable appeals which would have found a first-class shorthand typist, unpaid, a perfect godsend, and I told her so.

I told her about the almoner's job at a hospital, and she was very much interested in that.

She said, "I think that's the sort of job one might get stuck into and take really seriously. It's worth thinking about, anyhow."

With the coffee after dinner I tried her out on the Arts.

For a young woman with nine hundred a year, in London, she knew little of the arts and graces of social life, which seemed to me to be a pity.

"Would you like to come to the opera one night?" I asked.

She said, "It's terribly nice of you to ask me, but I'm sure you'd be much happier playing bridge."

"Not a bit," I said. "I haven't been to the opera or anything like that for years."

She smiled. "Well, of course I'd love to come," she said.

We talked on for some time. When we rose to leave she said warmly, "Thank you so much, Mr. Strachan, for the dinner, and for everything you're doing for me."

"It has been a very great pleasure to me, Miss Paget," I replied, and I meant it.

She hesitated, and then she said, smiling, "Mr. Strachan, we're going to have a good deal to do with each other. My name is Jean. I'll go crackers if you keep on calling me Miss Paget."

In the following weeks while probate was being granted I took her to a good many things. We went together to the opera several times, to the Albert Hall on Sunday afternoons, and to art galleries and exhibitions of paintings.

In the course of these excursions she came several times to my flat in Buckingham Gate; she got to know the kitchen, and made tea once or twice when we came in from some outing together.

Her business was concluded in March, and I was able to send her her first cheque. She did not give up her job at once, but continued to go to the office as usual. She wanted, very wisely, to build up a small reserve of capital from her monthly cheques before starting to live on them; moreover, at that time she had not made up her mind what she wanted to do.

That was the position one Sunday in April. I had arranged a little jaunt for her that day; she was to come to lunch at the flat and after that we were going down to Hampton Court, which she had never seen. I thought that the old palace and the spring flowers would please her, and I had been looking forward to this trip for several days. And then, of course, it rained.

She came to the flat just before lunch, dripping in her dark-blue raincoat, carrying a very wet umbrella. I took the coat from her and hung it up in the kitchen. She went into my spare room and tidied herself; then she came to me in the lounge and we stood watching the rain beat against the Palace stables opposite, wondering what we should do instead that afternoon.

We had not got that settled when we sat down to coffee before the fire after lunch. I had mentioned one or two things but she seemed to be thinking about other matters. Over the coffee it came out, and she said:

"I've made up my mind what I want to do first of all, Mr. Strachan."

"Oh?" I asked. "What's that?"

She hesitated. "I know you're going to think this very odd. You may think it very foolish of me, to go spending money in this way. But—well, it's what I want to do. I think perhaps I'd better tell you about it now, before we go out."

It was warm and comfortable before the fire. Outside the sky was dark, and the rain streamed down on the wet pavements.

"Of course, Jean," I replied. "I don't suppose it's foolish at all. What is it that you want to do?"

She said, "I want to go back to Malaya, Mr. Strachan. To dig a well."

She leaned towards me, and said, "I know it's a funny thing to want to do. May I tell you about it?"

I said, "Of course. Is this something to do with your experiences in the war?"

JEAN nodded. She went on slowly, "I've never told you about that. It's not that I mind talking about it, but I hardly ever think about it now. It all seems so remote, as if it was something that happened to another person years ago."

"Isn't it better to leave it so?"

She shook her head. "Not now, now that I've got this money." She paused. "You've been so very kind to me," she said. "I do want to try to make you understand."

Her life, she said, had fallen into three parts, the first two so separate from the rest that she could hardly reconcile them with her present self. First, she had been a schoolgirl living with her mother in Southampton. They lived in a small, three-bedroomed house in a suburban street.

There had been a period before that when they had all lived in Malaya, but they had left Malaya for good when she was eleven and her brother Donald was fourteen, and she had only confused memories of that earlier time. Their father had been living alone in Malaya when he met his death in a car accident.

They lived the life of normal suburban English children, but one thing differentiated them slightly from other families. They all spoke Malay. The children had learned it from the amah, and their mother encouraged them to continue talking it in England, first as a joke, and as a secret family language, but later for a very definite reason.

When Arthur Paget drove his car into a tree near Ipoh he was travelling on the business of his company, and his widow became entitled to a pension under the company scheme. He had been a competent and a valuable man. The directors of the Kuala Perak Plantation Company, linking compassion with their quest for first-class staff, wrote to the widow offering to keep a position for the boy Donald as soon as he became nineteen.

This was a good opening, and one that they all welcomed. It meant that Donald was headed for Malaya and for rubber-planting as a career. The Malay language became a matter of importance in giving him a good start, for very few boys of nineteen going to the East for their first job can speak an Oriental language.

Jean left school at the age of seventeen, went to a commercial college in Southampton, and emerged from it six months later with a diploma as a shorthand typist. She worked then for about a year in a solicitor's office in the town, but during this year a future for her in Malaya was taking shape.

Her mother had kept in contact with the chairman of the Kuala Perak Plantation Company, and the chairman was very satisfied with the reports he had of Donald from the plantation manager. Unmarried girls were never very plentiful in Malaya, and when Mrs. Paget approached the chairman with a proposal that he should find a job for Jean in the head office at Kuala Lumpur it was found at once.

The war broke out while all this was in train, and to begin with, in England, this war was a phony war. There seemed no reason to upset Jean's career for such a trivial matter; moreover in Mrs. Paget's view Jean was much better in Malaya if war was to flare up in England. So Jean left for Malaya in the winter of 1939.

For over eighteen months she had a marvellous time. Her office was just round the corner from the Secretariat, a huge building built in the more spacious days to demonstrate the power of the British Raj.

Here everybody lived a very English life with tropical amenities; plenty of leisure, plenty of games, plenty of parties, plenty of dances, all made smooth and easy by plenty of servants.

"It was just too good to be true," she said. "There was a dance or a party every night of the week."

When war came with Japan it hardly registered with her as any danger, nor with any of her set.

Even when the Japanese landed in the north of Malaya there was little thought of danger in Kuala Lumpur; three hundred miles of mountain and jungle was itself a barrier against invasion from the north. The sinking of the Prince of Wales and the Repulse was a catastrophe that didn't mean a thing to a girl of nineteen who had just rejected her first proposal.

Soon the married women and the children were evacuated to Singapore, in theory at any rate. As the Japanese made headway down the peninsula with swift encirclements through jungle that no troops had ever penetrated before, the situation began to appear serious.

There came a morning when Jean's chief, a Mr. Merriman, called her into the office and told her bluntly that the office was closing down. She was to pack a suitcase and go to the station and take the first train down to Singapore. He gave her the name of their representative at an address off Raffles Place, and told her to report there for a passage home.

Five other girls employed in the office got the same orders.

The Japanese at that time were reported to be near Ipoh, about a hundred miles to the north.

The serious nature of the position was obvious to everyone by then. Jean went to the bank and drew out all her money, about six hundred Straits dollars. She did not go to the station, however. Instead, she went to Batu Tasik to see Mrs. Holland.

Please turn to page 69

National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page5799461

Everyone can afford the luxury of . . .

Erin-Art

SCALLOPED
SHEETS
AND
EMBROIDERED
PILLOW CASES

Made from finest quality linen-finished sheetings. Erin-Art sheets are available in all sizes, either hemstitched or scalloped, or plain if you prefer. Erin-Art pillow cases are available hemstitched, embroidered or plain housewife style.

NL.1-50

A PIONEER PRODUCT

Wash baby's hands then apply

"NEVER SUCK"

to the fingertips. Finger-sucking or nail-biting quickly erases

SAFE . . HYGIENIC 2/6 from all chemists

"HUMAN RUST"

Food waste (Human Rust) adheres to the inner walls of the large intestine much as rust collects in a water pipe. The result is self-poisoning which causes 95% of present day ill-health, constipation, headache, neuritis.

Coloseptic clears away Human Rust by first loosening then smoothly removing this food waste by normal evacuation and keeps you in good health and strength.

COLOSEPTIC

FOR BETTER INTERNAL CLEANNESS

At all Chemists and Stores

473

HUGH DE VOS
also known as
WHEELER.

If the said Hugh de Vos also known as Wheeler or his children will communicate with the Public Trustee, Federation of Malaya, Kuala Lumpur, they may hear something to their advantage. Bartler, Perry & Purnell, Solicitors, 11c Castlereagh Street, Sydney.

A Town Like Alice

Continued from page 68

BATU TASIK is a place about twenty miles north-west of Kuala Lumpur, and Mr. Holland was a man of forty, the manager of an open-cast tin mine. He lived in quite a pleasant bungalow beside the mine with his wife Eileen and their three children, Freddie aged seven, Jane aged four, and Robin, who was ten months old.

Eileen Holland was a comfortable, motherly woman between thirty and thirty-five years old. The Hollands never went to parties or to dances; they were not that sort. They stayed quietly at home and let the world go by them.

They had invited Jean to come and stay with them soon after she arrived, and she had found their company restful. She had been to see them several times after that, and once, when she had had a slight attack of dengue, she had spent a week with them recuperating.

In Kuala Lumpur on the previous day she had heard that Mr. Holland had brought his family into the station, but had been unable to get them on the train, so they had all gone home again.

Jean felt she could not leave without seeing the Hollands and offering her help with the children; Eileen Holland was a good mother and a first-rate housewife, but singularly unfitted to travel by herself with three children in the turmoil of evacuation.

Jean got to Batu Tasik fairly easily in a native bus; she arrived about lunch time and she found Mrs. Holland alone with the children. All trucks and cars belonging to the mine had been taken by the Army, and the Hollands were left with their old car with one tyre worn down to the canvas and one very doubtful one with a large blister on the wall.

Mr. Holland had gone into Kuala Lumpur to get two new tyres; he had gone in at dawn and Mrs. Holland was already in a state of flutter that he had not come back.

In the bungalow everything was in confusion. The amah had gone home or had been given notice, and the house was full of suitcases half-packed, or packed and opened again. Freddie had been in the pond, and was all muddy, Jane was crying, and Mrs. Holland was nursing the baby and directing the cooking of lunch, and worrying about her husband all at the same time.

Jean turned to and cleaned up Freddie and comforted Jane, and presently they all had lunch.

Bill Holland did not come till nearly sunset, and he came empty-handed. All tyre stocks in Kuala Lumpur had been commandeered. He had found out, however, that a native bus was leaving for Singapore at eight in the morning, and he had reserved seats for his family on that.

They would leave at dawn, which would give plenty of time to get to Kuala Lumpur before eight.

Jean stayed the night with them in the bungalow, wakeful and uneasy.

That night the Japanese advanced patrols infiltrated behind our forces lining the Bidor and penetrated as far as Slim River, less than fifty miles away.

They were all up before dawn and loading up the car with the first grey light. Mr. Holland paid the boys off, and they started down the road for Kuala Lumpur, but before they had gone two miles the tyre that was showing canvas burst. There was a strained pause then while they worked to put the spare on, and this took them for another half mile only before going flat.

In desperation Mr. Holland went on on the rim; the wire wheel collapsed after another two miles, and the old car had run to its end. They were then about fifteen miles from Kuala Lumpur, and it was half-past seven.

Mr. Holland left them with the car and hurried down the road to a plantation bungalow about a mile away. There was no transport there, and the manager had left the day before. He came back disappointed and anxious, to find the children fretful and his wife only concerned to get back to their bungalow.

In the circumstances it seemed the best thing to do. Each of the adults took one child, and carrying or leading it they set out to walk the five miles home again, leaving the luggage in the car, which they locked.

They reached home in the first heat of the day, utterly exhausted. After cold drinks from the refrigerator they all lay down for a little to recover. An hour later they were roused by a truck stopping at the bungalow. A young officer came hurrying into the house.

"You've got to leave this place," he said. "I'll take you in the truck. How many of there are you?"

Jean said, "Six, counting the children. Can you take us in to Kuala Lumpur? Our car broke down."

The officer laughed shortly. "No I can't. The Japs are at Kerling, or they were when I last heard. They may be farther south by now." Kerling was only twenty miles away. "I'm taking you to Panong. You'll get a boat from there to get you down to Singapore."

He refused to take the truck back for their luggage, probably rightly. It was already loaded with a number of families who had messed up their evacuation, and the old car was five miles in the direction of the enemy.

Kuala means the mouth of a river, and Kuala Panong is a small town at the entrance to the Panong River. There is a District Commissioner stationed there.

By the time the truck reached his office it was loaded with about forty men, women, and children picked up from the surrounding estates.

The truck halted at the D.C.'s office and the subaltern went inside; the D.C. came out presently, a very worried man, and looked at the crowded women and children, and the few men among them.

He said, "Drive them to the accounts office over there; they must sit in the verandah for an hour or two and I'll try to get something fixed up for them."

The party were unloaded on to the verandah of the accounts office, and here they were able to stretch and sort themselves out a little. There were chatties of cold water in the office and the verandah was shady and cool.

Jean and Bill Holland left Eileen sitting on the verandah with her back against the wall with the children about her, and walked into the village to buy what they could to replace the luggage they had lost. They were able to get a feeding bottle for the baby, a little quinine, some salts for dysentry, and two tins of biscuits, and three of tinned meat; they tried for mosquito nets, but they were all sold out.

Jean got herself a few needles and thread, and seeing a large canvas haversack she bought that too. She carried it for the next three years.

They went back to the verandah about tea time and displayed their purchases, and had a little meal of biscuits and lemon squash.

Towards sunset the lighthouse keepers at the river mouth telephoned to the D.C. that the Osprey was coming in to the river. This was the powerful, sea-going Customs launch that ran up and down the coast looking for smugglers.

The D.C.'s face lit up; here was the solution to his problems. Whatever was the mission of the Osprey she must take his evacuees on board, and run them down the coast out of harm's way. Presently he left his office, and walked down to the quay to meet the vessel as she berthed, to interview the captain.

She came round the bend in the river, and he saw that she was loaded with troops, small stocky men in grey-green uniforms with rifles and fixed bayonets taller than themselves. With a sick heart he watched as she came alongside.

The Japanese came rushing ashore and arrested him immediately, and walked him back up the jetty to his office with guns at his back, ready to shoot him at the slightest show of resistance. But there were no troops there to resist; even the officer with the truck had driven off in an attempt to join his unit.

The soldiers spread out and occupied the place without a shot; they came to the evacuees sitting numbly in the verandah of the accounts office. Immediately, with rifles and bayonets levelled, they were ordered to give up all fountain pens and watches and rings.

Advised by their men folk, the women did so silently, and suffered no other molestation. Jean, who returned from a short scouting expedition while this was all in progress, stood calm and disdainful while the soldiers went systematically through her possessions.

An officer came presently, when night had fallen, and inspected the crowd on the verandah in the light of a hurricane lamp; he walked down the verandah thrusting his lamp forward at each group, a couple of soldiers hard on his heels with rifles at the ready and bayonets fixed. Most of the children started crying.

The inspection finished, he made a little speech in broken English.

"Now you are prisoners," he said. "You stay here to-night. To-morrow you go to prisoner camp perhaps. You do good things, obedience to orders, you will receive good from Japanese soldiers. You do bad things, you will be shot directly. So, do good things always. When officer come, you stand up and bow, always. That is good thing. Now you sleep."

He walked away, leaving two sentries on guard at each end of the verandah.

To be continued

RIVETS

COLES

Terry Moore, of Columbia Pictures.

Chosen for Beauty

Starlet COSMETICS

Propelling lipstick 2/11
Creme make-up 2/11
Matching nail enamel 1/11
Compact rouge 1/6
Cuticle and Polish remover 1/6

AT ALL
COLES
STORES
THROUGHOUT AUSTRALIA
G. J. Coles & Coy. Limited
(Incorporated in Victoria)

Handy pocket

VAPEX INHALER

Always ready to relieve the first hint of a cold

Easily recharged from standard Vapex bottle

From your Chemist

THOMAS KERFOOT & CO. LTD., ENGLAND

How to get a LIFT in LIFE

When you feel low in spirit, weary, depressed, nature is warning you that you're run-down. Then is the time to start taking WINCARNIS, the tonic with the marvellous reputation for restoring natural buoyant health and vigour to people who are run-down through worry and overwork.

WINCARNIS is prepared from choice selected wines blended with special fortifying elements to feed the brain and nerves. Thousands of recommendations have come from the medical profession praising WINCARNIS for its high recuperative powers. Go to your Chemist to-day. Ask for a bottle of WINCARNIS and give yourself a lift. WINCARNIS . . . the Wine of Life.

National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page5799462

Faster, cleaner washing - clothes last longer, look brighter with the new 1950

Hotpoint

MODEL CF/P

clothes washer

FEATURES

LARGE CAPACITY TUB. *The aluminium tub is octagon-shaped to increase turbulence of the water. The scientifically designed activator assures highest possible washing efficiency without any harmful wearing action on clothes.*

OVERSIZE WRINGER. *Extra large rolls with greater resilience give increased effectiveness in wringing, reduce possibility of strain on delicate fabrics, buttons, etc. Additional wearing surface ensures long life operation of rollers.*

WRINGER STORAGE COMPARTMENT. *A roomy compartment is provided in the base of the washer for storage of the wringer—*

THOROUGH, GENTLE WRINGING. *This cross-section view of the wringer shows how the top roll yields to the bottom roll, giving a large wringing surface. Automatic pressure adjustment.*

PUSH-BUTTON CONTROL.

and listen to these superb Hotpoint radios while your washing is done!

There's a host of features about the new Hotpoint CF/P Washer to save you time and effort! The Hotpoint scientifically designed activator and tub shape give speedy, thorough cleansing for *all* clothes in *all* parts of the tub—colours stay brighter, household linens wash beautifully white.

FEATURES: • *Simplicity of design ensures long life and minimum upkeep cost* • *Quick-action motor-driven pump empties the tub without trouble* • *Sediment trap prevents circulation of dirt* • *Driving mechanism completely enclosed, permanently oiled* • *Push-button "Start/Stop" control* • *Special device protects motor against overloading* • *Renowned ½ h.p. B.T.H. motor for lifetime service* • *Resilient-mounted motor, drive mechanism and tub minimise vibration* • *Chrome and cream enamel finish with enamelled top and lid.*

WRINGER FEATURES: • *Instant-safety roll-pressure release on both sides* • *Automatic pressure regulation* • *Drain plate reverses automatically to suit direction of rolls* • *Can be latched in any one of five working positions* • *Interlocking device prevents swinging of wringer whilst in use* • *Price, £93/10/- 240-volt, A.C.; available with 32-volt, D.C., motor, £99/10/-.*

OBTAINABLE FROM YOUR HOTPOINT RETAILER.

Handsome walnut veneer cabinet — large, easily read dial — 12" speaker — A.C. models equipped for use with a pick-up — available in 5-valve models for dual-wave and all-wave, battery or A.C. reception. From £49/10/-.

Distinctively styled plastic cabinet — 5" speaker — A.C. model features a built-in aerial—battery model uses miniature valves —Walnut, Burgundy or Ivory. From £17/14/-.

AUSTRALIAN GENERAL ELECTRIC

PROPRIETARY LIMITED

PRICES FOR CAPITAL CITIES, EXCEPT PERTH.

SYDNEY, NEWCASTLE, LISMORE, MELBOURNE, BRISBANE, ROCKHAMPTON, TOWNSVILLE, ADELAIDE, HOBART, LAUNCESTON. AGENT IN W.A.: ATKINS (W.A.) LTD.

"There's a Hotpoint Electric Servant for every domestic need"

National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page5799463

No wife can be...

HER HUSBAND'S KEEPER

NAGGING nearly broke up this marriage. Wife told husband she was surprised anyone invited them out twice, because he monopolised conversation, refused food he didn't fancy, used his coffee cup for an ashtray.

By HELEN COLTON

THIS is the first article of a new series which will deal with family relationships and the problems arising from them. It will cover every aspect of family life and show how individuals deal with difficulties as they are faced with them.

ONE night, not long ago, my husband and I came home from a lovely party and got into a quarrel. I started it. I picked on him for monopolising the conversation.

"And it's not just to-night," I fumed. "You're always butting in and grabbing the conversation. You never give anyone else a chance to get in a word."

"FOR heaven's sake," Martin said, exasperated, "don't you ever do anything at a party but check on my behaviour all night?

"One party we went to, you thought I was too argumentative; another time you came home complaining because I didn't eat all that fancy goo at supper. Every time we go out it ends up in a fight, and I'm getting sick of it."

"Well, I'm getting sick and tired of having to correct your boners all the time," I stormed. "I'm surprised anybody ever asks us out any more."

"Okay," Martin answered. "Let's say you are right. But why should you be so upset about it?

"Just when will you realise that people hold me responsible for my actions, not you? People don't expect you to be my keeper."

The next day, after a rather strained breakfast, I thought about what Martin had said.

As I thought back over our six years of marriage, I realised that almost every quarrel we've ever had was the result of my trying to be Martin's keeper.

Nearly every party we went to ended up with my criticising him on the way home.

I recalled how many times I'd worked myself into a lather over my husband's food preferences. The plainer the fare, the happier he is.

"Why should I put things in my mouth that I don't like the taste of?" Martin once answered me. "A hostess wants her guests to be happy, doesn't she? If I'm happier for not eating something she's prepared, then she ought not to mind."

I didn't see the logic of it at the time. All I could see was that he was insulting our friends by not even trying to eat the food, and he was annoying me by not being worldly enough to like lobster salad or cheese souffle.

I detest cigarette ashes in coffee cups and this had been the cause of one of our bitterest arguments.

Whenever we'd sit at a hostess' table after dinner and smoke, I'd be too tense to take part in the conversation. I'd be watching the ash on Martin's cigarette, anticipating with irritation the moment when he'd flick it into his coffee cup.

But that morning I reasoned it out.

Did Martin go out of his way to flick ashes into cups? I asked myself. I had to admit that he did it only when there were insufficient ashtrays on the table.

If our hostess didn't mind, I decided, then why should I?

Of all my husband's bad habits, nothing he does infuriates me as much as his talking loudly in public places, so much so, that I have become a "shusher."

That morning I awakened to the sad truth. I was married to a man with a voice as dulcet and modulated as a bullocky's. My "shushing" and my lectures would never do any good.

What was I going to do about our married life? I asked myself.

I found the answer at the library, in a book by Dr. G. V. Hamilton called "What Is Wrong With Marriage?"

In it Dr. Hamilton, a psychologist specialising in marriage, says that a basic cause of unhappy marriage is that we are concerned too much with how people ought to act, and not with how they do act. We ought

Family Affairs
NEW WEEKLY FEATURE

first, he says, to study how people do act, then adjust our standards of behaviour more closely to what they actually do, than to what we'd like them to do.

When Dr. Hamilton asked one hundred men, "What is wrong with your marriage?" most of them gave "temperamental dissatisfactions" as the chief cause of discord.

These men complained that their wives nagged them about their tastes in clothes and food, their habits, their prejudices, their dispositions.

"I don't like nagging even if I do realise it is the truth oft-repeated," one man said.

Another husband said, "Believe it or not, my wife's constant looking after me makes me maddest of all.

"It irks me when she will so often ask, 'Why don't you wear your coat this morning?' "

I was a little alarmed when I realised that if my own husband had become one of the hundred men questioned, he would possibly have said, along with most of them, "My wife is a nagging pest."

I realised I had been making a pest of myself over such small items as his getting a haircut on time, and with my well-intentioned daily reminder, "Don't forget to put a clean hanky in your pocket."

My husband is a grown man. He knows how important good grooming is in business. He knows how uncomfortable one can be without a handkerchief.

I credit the thought session I had with myself that morning with saving my marriage. For surely if I had kept on being my husband's keeper, he would have slipped his leash and run off some day.

Out of it came the realisation that we don't nag our husbands for their own benefit at all, but out of vanity. We want public opinion of them to reflect creditably upon ourselves. I, for instance, realised I didn't care so much about people saying, "Martin is a fine fellow," as "Helen has a nice husband."

I determined right then to chloroform my vanity and to let my husband be himself.

That was three months ago. Since then, my marriage has never been happier. We haven't found a thing to quarrel about, or rather I haven't found a thing to quarrel about. And I have never enjoyed our social life and our married life as much.

Like those who say, "Love me, love my dog," I now say, "Like my husband, then be tolerant of his irritating habits." His real friends will not be aware only of those habits anyway, but will remember the many nice ones Martin has, like his magnificent sense of humor and his willingness to baby-sit in emergencies.

Martin still bellows in public, but I am no longer the "shusher."

Should Martin steal the other fellow's limelight, that's his crime, not mine.

When we go out I relax and have a good time. I am no longer under the strain of trying to be kind, thoughtful, polite, considerate, and worldly enough for two.

I have become the true friend to my husband that I want other people to be—someone who remembers Martin's qualities and by-passes his defects.

Out at parties, Martin still refuses food he doesn't care for; and so far no one has crossed us off her visiting list.

Dick Bentley,
from London, cables...

"Good chocolate— like good comedy— must have plenty of smoothness and SNAP— and Small's Club Chocolate has both!"

"I can well believe that the louder the snap the better the chocolate. Even after travelling 13,000 miles from Sydney to me here in London, Small's Club Chocolate broke with a good loud snap every time. That's chocolate! Yes, and that "Not-so-sweet" flavour is a real flavour for men.

Small's make Great Chocolate

A.M. —THE AUSTRALIAN MONTHLY MAGAZINE.
AUGUST ISSUE NOW ON SALE
WITH FICTION—SPORT—ARTICLES AND COLOUR PICTURES.
1/- AT ALL NEWSAGENTS AND BOOKSTALLS 1/-

National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page5799464

Bake all your cakes this new, easy way...

NO MORE CREAMING — NO MORE FUSS

JUST MELT'N'MIX WITH COPHA

Here's how you get TWO grand cakes from ONE so simple recipe . . .

STEP 1 : Bake twin cakes from Copha's basic melt'n'mix recipe.
4 ozs. Copha · 3 eggs · 5 tablespoons milk · 8 ozs. sugar 1 level teaspoon salt · 1 teaspoon vanilla · 8 ozs. self-raising flour

Place the Copha in a saucepan. Put all the other ingredients — except half the flour — all in together in a mixing bowl.

Now melt ! Melt the Copha over gentle heat. *It should be barely warm — not hot.* Pour the melted Copha over the other ingredients in the mixing bowl.

And mix ! Beat for 5 minutes with rotary beater or machine mixer — or for 8 minutes with a wooden spoon. Add remaining flour and beat 1 minute longer.

Divide the mixture between 2 greased deep 7 inch sandwich tins and bake in a moderate oven (350°F. gas; 400°F. electric) for 30-35 minutes.

Now you have 2 halves of a delicious layer cake — but instead of using them that way, treat them as twins, to make 2 cakes.

STEP 2 : Make this easy basic frosting. Cream 3 level tablespoons Copha until soft, then add gradually 1½ to 2 cups sifted icing sugar. Beat until smooth and creamy, adding a little milk if too stiff.

STEP 3 : Take half the basic frosting. Add 2 level tablespoons raspberry jam and beat until well mixed. (Add a little cochineal if you like). Spread this Raspberry Frosting over one layer of cake, and add shredded coconut.

STEP 4 : Take the remaining basic frosting. Add 2 level tablespoons cocoa mixed with 1 dessertspoon coffee essence. Beat until smooth. Spread this Mocha Frosting over the second cake layer, and top with chocolate pieces.

And there they are — two tempting, glamorous, completely different cakes — ready to win "oohs" and "aahs" from the family, compliments galore on a party table. Who'd ever guess that they're twin sisters under the skin? Who'd ever have thought they could be made so beautifully, so easily.

TAKE YOUR PICK OF THE
MELT'N'MIX RECIPES
IN THE COPHA COOK BOOK

And loads of other grand recipes, too. Copha is the all-white, all-purpose, pure vegetable shortening. Learn how to use it for melt-in-the-mouth pastry, 'easy-on-the-digestion puddings, scones that almost float . . . cookies crisper than you ever imagined . . . special dainties that need no cooking at all.

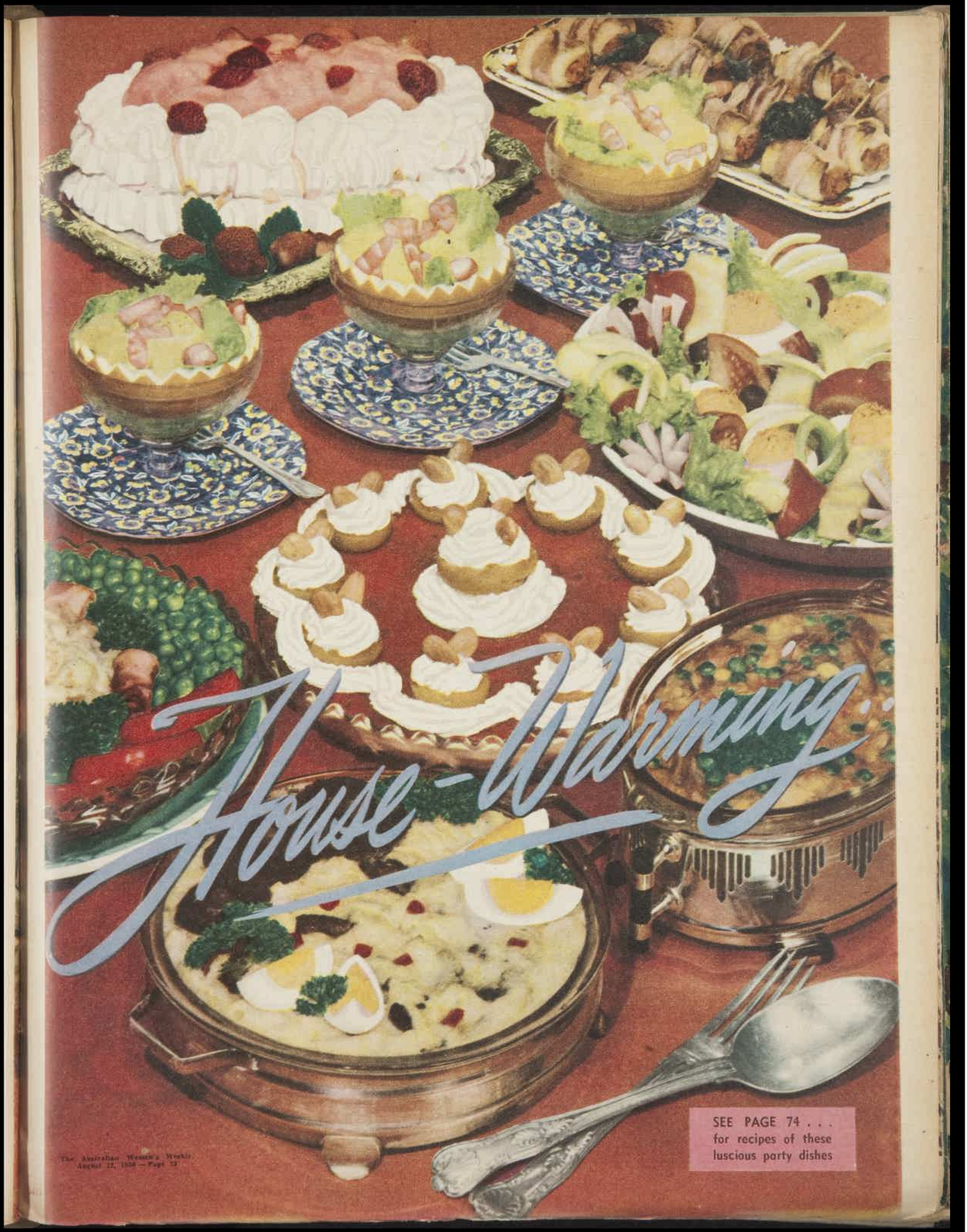
100 recipes — and every one a winner

ASK YOUR GROCER HOW TO GET YOUR COPY

The one and only COPHA — sold only in this packet

Co.11.WWFPC

National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page5799465



National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page5799466

'DETTOL'

The antiseptic that has been proved in countless cases in the hospitals of the British Empire

Obtainable from all Chemists

4084

A Beauty hint from Hollywood

HELEN WALKER, Paramount Star.

"Damp-set"

YOUR HAIR WITH VELMOL

HOLLYWOOD STARS were quick to seize on the amazing "damp-setting" technique. Now, with VELMOL, you can "damp-set" your hair in thrilling waves and curls—whenever you like!

Takes but four minutes to do . . . to these **THREE EASY STEPS:** 1. Run a wet comb through your hair to damp it. 2. Brush a few drops of VELMOL through the hair. 3. Then arrange waves and curls with fingers and comb—just as you wish.

"Damp-set" your hair regularly, and you'll always have deep, firm waves that are lustrous, natural looking, silky soft and never "stiff" or oily.

VELMOL works on any hair—holds a finger wave for days and retains that "salon-smartness" between visits. Ask your chemist, store or hairdresser for a bottle of VELMOL.

GEORGE WASHINGTON

who (so they say),
Could never tell a lie,
Was in the larder feeling gay,
With cake and apple-pie.
"What have you taken?" asked his dad;
"You'll tell the truth, I'm sure!"
"I took," replied the famous lad,
"Some **Woods' Great Peppermint Cure.**"

House Warming

PARTY MENU ***as illustrated on page 73***

Crab and grapefruit appetiser
Brunswick stew
Creamed fish, eggs, and mushrooms
Salad platter
(Pineapple sticks, ham rolls, stuffed eggs, celery, radish roses)
Hot potato salad with peas, tomatoes, and bacon rolls
Cocktail stick savories stuck in red apples
Prawn rolls
Apricot and almond cream trifle
Strawberry fluff pavlova
Spiced fruit cup or minted fruit punch

MOVING into a new home has always called for celebration—the traditional housewarming. Now that there is such an acute shortage of houses the thrill and excitement of the occasion are greater than ever.

An informal meal is easiest for the hostess and produces a friendly atmosphere among the guests.

Foods which require forks only are the best choice.

If the party is a small one you may prefer to serve a formal dinner, for which the menu suggested may be adapted.

CREAMED FISH, EGGS, AND MUSHROOMS

Two 12oz. tins fish (or 1½lb. flaked, cooked fish), 2 tablespoons butter or margarine, 3 tablespoons flour, 2½ cups milk, salt and cayenne pepper to taste, 1 dessertspoon lemon juice, 4 chopped, hard-boiled eggs, 1 tablespoon diced, parboiled red pepper, ¼ to ½lb. mushrooms, lemon and parsley to garnish.

Remove bones from fish, flake with a fork. Melt butter or margarine, add flour, cook 2 or 3 minutes without browning. Stir in milk, salt, and cayenne pepper. Stir until boiling, simmer 2 or 3 minutes. Fold in fish, lemon juice, chopped eggs, and diced red pepper. Peel mushrooms, reserving a few whole ones to garnish. Saute chopped mushrooms until tender in a little extra butter, adding a sprinkling of salt. Fold into fish mixture, correct seasoning, turn into casserole dishes. Saute whole mushrooms for garnishing and arrange on top of dishes. Reheat in oven when required, and, just before serving, garnish with hard-boiled egg, lemon, and parsley. For 6 to 8.

PRAWN ROLLS

(Serve hot; eat them in the fingers.)

Half cup tomato juice, 1 beaten egg, 2 cups stale breadcrumbs, salt, pepper, 1 teaspoon chopped parsley, 1 teaspoon chopped celery leaves, 1lb. chopped prawns, strips of bacon, puff pastry, cocktail sticks, whole prawns and parsley to garnish.

Combine tomato juice, beaten egg, breadcrumbs, salt, pepper, chopped parsley, celery leaves, and chopped prawns (reserving some to garnish). Mix well and allow to stand. Roll pastry thinly on floured board, cut into strips about 1½in. x 3in. Take a teaspoonful of prawn mixture at a time and place in centre of pastry strip. Moisten edges of pastry and fold over, leaving ends of rolls open. Place on flat oven-tray, bake in hot oven (450deg. F. gas, 500deg. F. electric) 8 to 10 minutes until pastry is cooked and golden brown. Wrap each roll in a bacon strip, secure with a cocktail stick. Just before serving return to oven to reheat rolls and cook bacon. Serve on hot dish; garnish with whole prawns and parsley. Makes about 24.

BRUNSWICK STEW

One 3lb. fowl, small quantity good fat, ¼ cup chopped onion, 1½ cups skinned, chopped tomatoes, 1½ cups boiling water, 1 teaspoon salt, pinch cayenne pepper, 1½ cups corn (home-cooked and stripped from the cob, or tinned), 1½ cups peas, 1 teaspoon Worcestershire sauce, parsley to garnish.

Cut fowl into convenient-sized pieces for handling. Brown lightly in hot fat, remove. Add chopped onion and allow to brown. Place browned fowl and onion into saucepan, add tomatoes, boiling water, salt and pepper. Cover closely and cook very gently (an asbestos mat under the saucepan helps to keep the heat low and even) until fowl is almost tender. Add corn, peas, and sauce. At this stage flesh may be removed from fowl joints, bones discarded, and flesh cut into strips or dice. Continue cooking gently until peas are tender. Turn into casserole-dish, keep hot in oven until required, garnish with parsley before serving. For 6 to 8.

HOT POTATO SALAD

(Served with peas and grilled bacon rolls; goes well with Brunswick stew or the creamed fish and mushroom casserole.)

Four potatoes, 2 tablespoons finely diced onion or shallot, 1 cup chopped bacon, ½ cup mayonnaise, 2 tablespoons chopped parsley, salt and cayenne pepper to taste.

Wash and peel potatoes. Cut into dice a little less than ¾in. in size. Place in saucepan with cold water to cover and 1 teaspoon salt. Cook gently with lid on until just tender, or pressure cook 2 minutes. Meanwhile, place bacon in pan, fry in its own fat until just crisp, stirring occasionally. Drain potatoes, place in serving bowl with cooked bacon and all other ingredients. Toss lightly to mix well. Keep hot until required for serving. For 8.

CRAB AND GRAPEFRUIT APPETISER

For each person allow ½ grapefruit, 2 or 3 tablespoons diced crabmeat, 3 or 4 baby lettuce leaves, 2 or 3 teaspoons cocktail sauce.

For Cocktail Sauce: 1 cup mayonnaise, 1 tablespoon chilli sauce (or more according to taste), 1 teaspoon Worcestershire sauce, juice of 1 small lemon.

Wash and dry grapefruit, cut in halves. Remove centre core. Using a thin, flexible knife-blade or a grapefruit knife, loosen each section of fruit and remove. Drain off excess juice (reserve same for use in fruit drinks). Chop grapefruit pulp, mix with crabmeat, allowing equal quantities crabmeat and grapefruit. Fill back into grapefruit halves. Add cocktail sauce made by carefully combining all ingredients. Arrange in serving dishes; garnish with lettuce leaves.

Continued on page 76

It isn't the Sunday joint that makes the baking dish a sight...

It's harsh cleaning

But sprinkle a little **VIM** on your pot cleaner and...

VIM's added cleansing power will shift all that grease without scratching

ANACIN

STOPS PAIN *FASTER*

because it's like a doctor's prescription

Anacin is just like a doctor's prescription for headaches, toothaches, neuralgia, colds, influenza, periodical pains, sciatica, lumbago and muscular aches and pains.

Like a doctor's prescription, Anacin Tablets and Powders contain not one, but a *combination* of four medically proven active ingredients. These ingredients combine to bring faster, longer lasting relief—whilst doing away with any undesirable after-effects. Whichever you prefer, Anacin Tablets or Anacin Powders—both stop pain faster. Get Anacin today and notice the difference.

Whichever you prefer

ANACIN POWDERS | **ANACIN TABLETS**

STOP PAIN FASTER

National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page5799467

KRAFT CUTLET CRISPS

—A BARGAIN IN NUTRITION!

"A Family Dinner, Hot and Tasty, Low in Cost,"

says ELIZABETH COOKE, Kraft Cookery and Nutrition Expert

All keen appetites will hail this crisply delicious combination of vegetables and rich Kraft Cheese.

IT'S SATISFYING. For nourishing, sustaining meals, depend upon flavoursome Kraft Cheese. It's packed with goodness—a basic food rich in calcium, phosphorus, milk nutrients, and vitamins A, B_2 and D. Kraft Cheese contains more high quality proteins than fresh meat—*eleven times* more calcium than cream.

IT'S ECONOMICAL. Kraft Cheese is *all cheese*, with no wasteful rind to throw away. Kraft Cheese stays fresh to the last golden slice, protected by the hygienic foil wrapper. Every packet of Kraft Cheese gives you value in flavour, economy and nourishment!

IT'S VERSATILE. Use Kraft Cheese freely for dinner, luncheon, supper and sandwiches. Grate it, grill it, melt or slice it—no matter how you serve Kraft Cheese, the full mellow cheddar flavour comes through unchanged.

Kraft Cheese turns School lunches into nourishing meals.

KRAFT CHEESE

tastes better because it's BLENDED better

Sold everywhere in the 8 oz. carton or the economical 5 lb. loaf.

RECIPE:

KRAFT CUTLET CRISPS

6 ozs. shredded Kraft Cheese; ¼ lb. bacon; 2½ cups mashed potatoes; 1 medium sized onion; 1 egg, beaten; chopped parsley; flour, salt, pepper, breadcrumbs.

Dice onion and bacon finely, fry lightly; mix with mashed potatoes, cheese, parsley, salt and pepper. Shape into cutlets (makes about 8); roll in flour, then in beaten egg and breadcrumbs; deep fry till golden brown. Serves 4.

This unusual recipe creates a tempting and nourishing dinner out of almost nothing! Kraft Cheese makes the simplest dishes a pleasure to eat and a rich source of food value.

Kraft Cheese is rich in high quality proteins, vitamins A, B_2 and D, plus the valuable milk minerals calcium and phosphorus. Saves you money too—there's no rind on Kraft Cheese, therefore you have no waste. It's a *Bargain* in Nutrition.

National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page5799468

CUT OUT THIS RECIPE

CHOCOLATE RAISIN LUNCH BUNS!

Ideal for afternoon tea or supper, and a firm favourite for the kiddies' lunches—prepare with Bournville Cocoa, the cocoa with the real chocolaty flavour. And remember that a little Bournville goes a longer way. It pays to buy the best. Always insist on Bournville Cocoa—it's the secret to successful chocolate cooking.

Delicious, and easy to make!

- 3 ozs. butter or margarine
- ½ lb. S.R. flour
- 1 tablespoon Bournville Cocoa
- 3 ozs. seeded raisins or sultanas
- 1 egg
- 3 tablespoons milk
- grated rind of 1 lemon
- 3 ozs. brown sugar
- Pinch salt

METHOD

Sift flour, cocoa, salt. Add sugar. Rub in fat till mixture is like breadcrumbs. Add fruit and rind. Beat egg. Pour into centre of mixture; add milk and blend all thoroughly into a stiff bun mixture. (A little more or less milk may be used according to size of egg.) Drop in rough pieces, the size of a golf ball on a greased oven slide. Bake 10-15 minutes in a fairly quick oven.

Cadbury's
BOURNVILLE COCOA

The cocoa with the real chocolaty flavour.

013160

First prize for savory

FOR CONVERTING a small quantity of cold cooked meat into a substantial luncheon or dinner dish nothing is more satisfactory than a savory cream charlotte, the recipe for which wins this week's first prize of £5. Serve piping hot with the cheese still sizzling on top.

CREAMED vegetables, diced cooked meat, and onion and parsley make the layered filling for the appetising savory cream charlotte which wins this week's £5 prize in our cookery contest.

All spoon measurements given in recipes are level spoons.

SAVORY CREAM CHARLOTTE

Eight ½in. slices day-old bread, ½ cup milk, 1 egg, browned crumbs, 3 cups diced cooked vegetables (carrots, parsnips, turnips, peas, etc.), 2 cups medium-thickness white sauce, 2 cups diced or minced cooked meat, 1 teaspoon chopped onion, 1 tablespoon chopped parsley, pepper and salt, ½ cup grated cheese.

Grease 8in. cake tin thickly and coat with browned crumbs. Line base and sides with fingers of bread (crust removed), which have been dipped in beaten egg and milk. Combine sauce and vegetables, season with salt and pepper, fill half into bread-lined tin. Cover with meat, onion, and parsley, then add remaining half of vegetables. Top with grated cheese. Bake in moderate oven (375deg. F. gas, 425deg. F. electric) 35 to 40 minutes. Serve with baked pineapple and tomato slices topped with grated cheese. Garnish with parsley.

First Prize of £5 to Mrs. M. Phillips, 48 Rosella Street, Murrumbeena, SE9, Vic.

PEANUT CHEESE BISCUITS

Two tablespoons butter or margarine, 1 cup flour, ½ teaspoon salt, 1 cup grated cheese, ¾ cup finely chopped peanuts, cold water, celery salt.

Sift flour and salt, rub in butter or margarine. Add cheese and peanuts and mix to a firm dough with water. Knead slightly on floured board, roll out to approximately 1-8in. thickness. Cut with floured cutter or into finger lengths and place on greased tray. Glaze with water, prick lightly with fork, and sprinkle with celery salt. Bake in hot oven (450deg. F. gas, 500deg. F. electric) 10 to 12 minutes until golden brown. Cool and cake-cooler, serve garnished with parsley sprigs.

Consolation Prize of £1 to M. Mason, 43 Arthur Street, Valley, Qld.

House Warming

Continued from page 74

APRICOT AND ALMOND CREAM TRIFLE

Two 7in. or 8in. layers of sponge, apricot jam, sherry, 1 pint milk, 2 tablespoons sugar, 2 dessertspoons cornflour, 2 eggs, few drops vanilla, 1 packet jelly, apricot halves, whipped cream or substitute, toasted almonds to decorate.

Cut day-old sponge into finger lengths, pack into 2 shallow serving dishes. Spread with apricot jam, sprinkle with sherry. Blend cornflour with a little of the milk, add balance of milk and sugar, stir until boiling. Allow to simmer 2 or 3 minutes. Cool slightly, add beaten eggs and vanilla, stir over low heat 3 or 4 minutes, but do not allow to boil again. When cool, pour over cake and leave to become quite cold. Dissolve jelly in ¾ pint boiling water. When quite cold, but not set, pour over custard. Allow to set. Decorate with apricot halves, whipped cream, and toasted almonds. Each dish yields 5 or 6 servings.

STRAWBERRY FLUFF PAVLOVA

Meringue Case: Three egg-whites, 1½ cups sugar, 3 tablespoons water ½ teaspoon vanilla, squeeze lemon juice.

Strawberry Fluff: One cup crushed strawberries, 2 tablespoons sugar, 1 dessertspoon lemon juice, 16 marshmallows, ½ cup water, 1 cup cream or substitute, ½ teaspoon vanilla.

Place egg-whites, sugar, and water in saucepan over gently boiling water. Beat continuously until sugar is completely dissolved and meringue holds its shape. Remove from heat, beat until slightly cooled. Add vanilla, lemon juice, and a little pink coloring if desired. Prepare a piece of greaseproof paper the size and shape required, place on bottom of upturned slab-tin or baking-dish. Spread 1-3rd of meringue evenly and smoothly over paper. With teaspoon, dessertspoon, or paper bag and large rose-pipe, add a layer of meringue all around edge and repeat until sides of meringue are built up to desired height, leaving centre open. Place in very moderate oven (325deg. F. gas, 375deg. F. electric) and cook slowly until meringue case is crisp and dry but not browned. Allow to cool before removing paper. Make strawberry fluff.

Strawberry Fluff: Mix strawberries, sugar, and lemon juice; allow to stand for about 15 minutes. Chop marshmallows, add water, and place in a basin over boiling water until melted. Add strawberries and allow to cool. Whip cream until slightly stiff, add vanilla. Fold into the strawberry mixture and, when beginning to thicken, fill into meringue case. Decorate with fresh strawberries. For 5 or 6.

SPICED FRUIT CUP

Combine 2 cups orange juice, ½ cup lemon juice, 1 cup apple juice, 2 cups water, few thin twists of orange rind, 1 teaspoon mixed spice, 1 tablespoon honey.

Warm until honey is well mixed with other ingredients. Chill, and when ready to serve add cracked ice and 3 pints lemonade or ginger ale.

MINTED FRUIT PUNCH

One cup orange juice, ½ cup lemon juice, 1 cup juice from stewed unsweetened apple, skin of 1 peeled pineapple, 1½ cups sugar, 3 cups water, mint sprigs.

Place squeezed orange and lemon halves in saucepan with pineapple skin, sugar, water, and mint. Bring slowly to boiling point, simmer 2 or 3 minutes. Strain and mix with orange, lemon, and apple juice. Chill until required. Just before serving add about 1 pint (or more, according to taste) iced water or soda-water.

Only Parker Quink has magic SOLV-X!

No ordinary ink can match the value of Quink—it's different from any other ink! SOLV-X in Quink cleans your pen as it writes. Keeps it free-flowing and out of the repair shop. Switch to Parker Quink, the only ink containing SOLV-X. Available in a range of brilliant colours. Also in Royal Blue Washable—ideal for home or school use—washes easily out of clothes or from fingers!

SCIENTISTS MADE THIS TEST!

First they scraped PEN-CLOGGING SEDIMENT left by inferior ink from fountain pen feeds.

They ADDED WATER. The sediment floated—failed to dissolve, proving that water won't flush sediment from your pen.

Then they ADDED SOLV-X (every bottle of Quink contains Solv-x).

PRESTO! Sediment dissolved like magic. No wonder Quink with Solv-x stops pen troubles before they start.

Distributors for Australia:
BROWN & DUBEAU LIMITED
Melbourne, Sydney, Brisbane
Adelaide, Perth

Q01

ASK FOR PARKER QUINK WITH SOLV-X

CHEMIST HEAN'S

Prescription for making

HEENZO

Coughs and Cold Mixture

MAKE a syrup of 4 tablespoonsful of Sugar, 3 tablespoonsful of Treacle or Honey, 1 tablespoonful of Table Vinegar, 1 large breakfast cup of warm water, stir till dissolved. When cold, pour into a large clean empty bottle, add one bottle of Heenzo concentrated, cork, shake well and attach the large label with directions enclosed with each bottle of Heenzo. It is now ready for taking.

HEENZO is soothing, warming, comforting, removes the tickle, that is so annoying.

HEENZO

Does you good, saves your money. Buy a bottle—now—today. 2/- at chemists and stores.

National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page5799469

MIXED BOWLS can be provided for now by either sowing seeds or setting out plants. This applies to foxgloves, delphiniums, gerberas, lupins, clarkias, daisies, and others shown in the vase above.

FRINGED PETUNIAS can be sown now. They are most colorful and useful for interior decoration purposes.

Sow now for fragrance and all-season color

● Growing your own plants from seed to maturity is not only a fascinating pastime, but it ensures getting the flowers you want in your garden and in your rooms.

AT this time of the year most gardeners are preparing for late spring and summer — making up soil, sowing seeds, or setting out plants that will provide color and fragrance for the outdoors and for interior displays.

The many failures which occur should not be laid at the door of the seedsman or the seed. Usually they result from misunderstanding of the common principles underlying the germination of seed and the treatment of seedlings thereafter.

To get seeds to germinate, all that is needed is a supply of moisture, proper temperature, and oxygen (air). Uniformity of moisture promotes rapid germination, while alternate wetting and drying may cause trouble. To obtain this uniformity the boxes, seedbed, or pans have to be visited regularly and water applied in reasonable quantity.

Besides uniformity of moisture, proper temperatures are needed. Most of our annual, biennial, and perennial seeds will germinate well in a temperature of 60 degrees F. Higher temperatures may increase germination, but may be conducive to rotting off of seedlings by what is known as "damping off."

Over-deep planting of fine seed is a serious fault. Fine seeds should be sown on the surface and barely covered from sight by just a sprinkling of equal parts of sand and leafmould.

Even large seeds should not be covered too deeply, and this applies particularly where the soil is heavy and inclined to cake when it dries out.

Since light is not essential for germination, the boxes or pans used for seed-raising should be covered with glass or hessian to provide moisture uniformity, but should be removed immediately germination takes place.

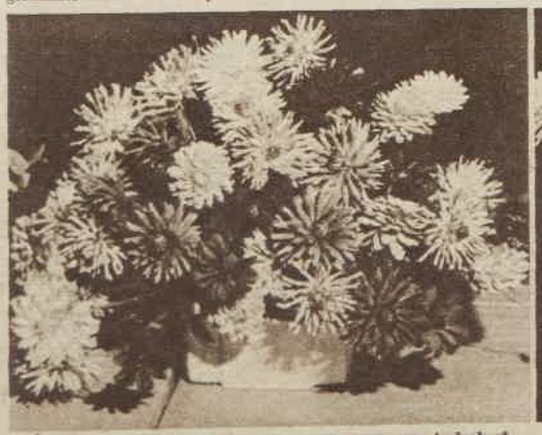
Once the plants are big enough to handle, pick them out into boxes of more fertile soil, spacing them out wider to allow for greater root and leaf growth. When big enough to set out in the open, lift with plenty of soil round the roots, firm them into well-moistened soil, protect them with an inverted flowerpot for a couple of days. After that they will look after themselves.

Among the seeds that can be sown now are dahlias, clarkias, larkspurs, linarias, chrysanthemum indicum, pinks, dianthus, gaillardias, delphiniums, fringed petunias, rudbeckias, snapdragons, shirley poppies, calendulas, candytuft, annual Canterbury bells, geum, marigolds, phlox, salvia, and verbena.—**OUR HOME GARDENER.**

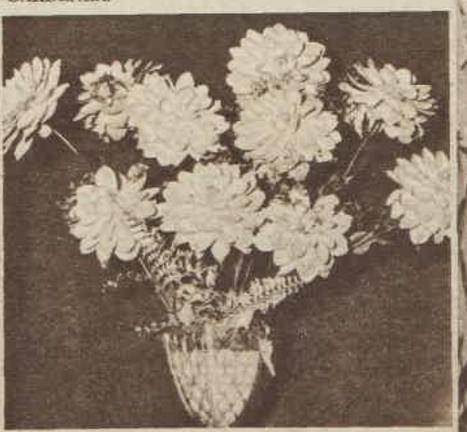
GAILLARDIAS are bright and cheerful. What they lack in perfume they make up in longevity after cutting. Sow seed now.

PINKS come to us in white, reds, pinks, maroons, and mixed colors. They are famous for their fragrance, and last well.

BEARDED IRIS root stocks can still be lifted, divided, and set out. The flowers (right) are sweetly fragrant and very colorful.



CHARM CACTUS DAHLIAS are easy to grow, easy to look at, and easy to arrange after cutting. Seed of most varieties can be sown now, tubers in November, for summer flowering.



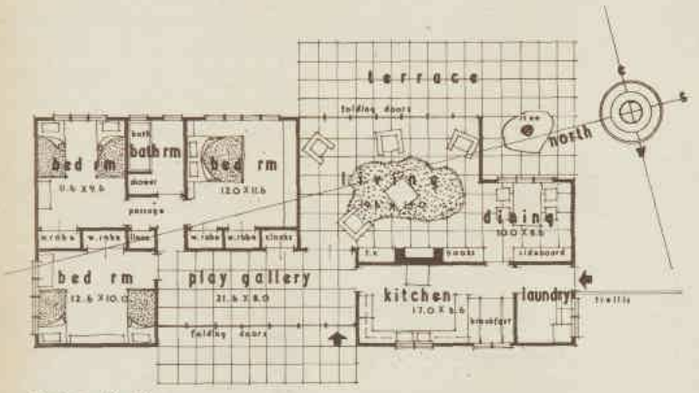
WATER-LILY DAHLIAS closely resemble in color and shape the flower after which they were named. Sow seed now, and tubers in November. They last well.

National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page5799470

A HOUSE... *for cheerful living*

● Here is a long, low house, designed for the needs of a young family, with many desirable features that give it wide appeal. It is planned for ease in running and provides happily for indoor and outdoor living with plenty of sun.

ENTIRELY OF GLASS, one wall of the living-room, facing east, opens up to increase the living area. Bathroom and two bedrooms on this side catch the morning sun. A generous overhang of eaves protects windows and doors from weather.



FLOOR PLAN

DESIGNED by young architects Kells and Grimpel, of Cremorne, N.S.W., the floor plan shows an economy of space. Passageways are eliminated and access to bedrooms and living quarters is through the glass-walled play gallery.

MAIN feature of this house is the quarry-tiled floors of the living-rooms, terrace, and play gallery, which are all on the one level.

The compact plan was drawn up to suit the average family and necessitates a site of adequate width.

Overall area of the house is 1370 square feet. External walls are of weatherboards and the roof is of asbestos cement. If preferred, tiles could be used by increasing the pitch of the roof.

Day and night rooms and work and relaxation areas are effectively grouped, with a play gallery conveniently placed for use as an emergency guest-room.

The plan dispenses with a conventional front entrance, and has instead a solid door set in the glass wall of the play gallery which gives access to all rooms.

From this, double glass doors lead into the 19ft. 6in. by 14ft. living-room. In a bay off the main room is a dining area featuring a grilled window.

The eastern wall of the main room folds away and extends living space to out of doors. Features of the western wall are built-in cupboards, and shelves, and a fireplace of striking design.

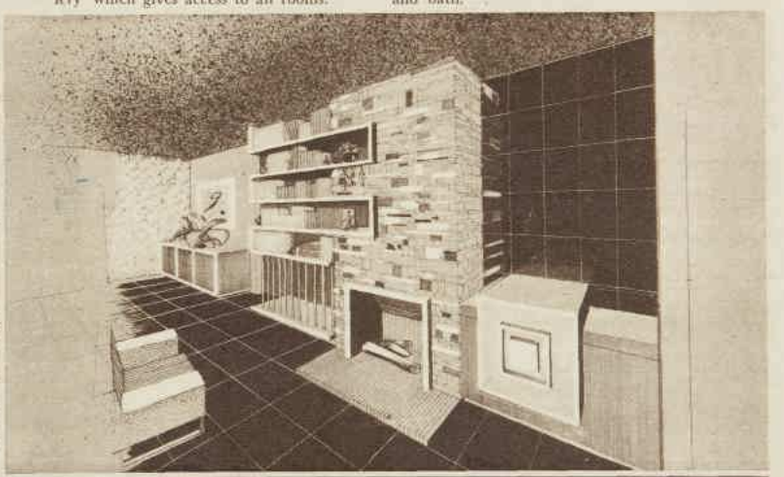
Provision for a breakfast nook has been made in the large, well-equipped kitchen, which adjoins the laundry and a drying yard.

A barrier of vertical timber slats allows wind to reach the drying area, but conceals it from the street.

Two bedrooms face east, and all are provided with built-in wardrobes.

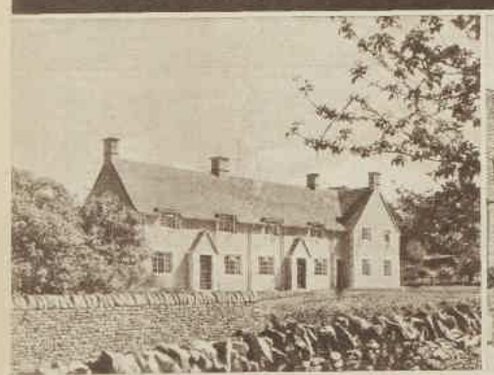
The bathroom has both shower recess and bath.

STREET VIEW with its long, low roof-line harmonises with the flat site. The kitchen, with its windows facing the street, is ideally placed to be close to both the front entrance and concealed service area.



STRIKING FIREPLACE design for the living-room is shown at right. Built-in furniture includes a sideboard in the dining area, bookshelves, radio (or television set), and a novel open "firebox."

ENGLISH HOMES . . . *planned for several families*



FOR SEVERAL FAMILIES. This house with a high-pitched roof and array of dormer windows looks most attractive. Old stone wall on the left adds to its charm.

NEW TYPE of terrace house, erected in Ministry of Health region, England. Of brick with square porches, each accommodates two or four families.

TWO-STORY houses, similar in design, erected on an old estate. Although modern in design, they harmonise with the landscape, backed by tall trees.

IT'S EASY to get good results in your baking of Scones, Cakes and Pastries with AUNT MARY'S BAKING POWDER.

National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page5799471

SAN-BRAN

provides roughage without roughness

We all need roughage to enjoy regular good health—but it must be roughage without roughness. SAN-BRAN, for example, is milled from the natural wheat husk to supply essential food bulk in its most gentle-acting form. Contains important mineral elements, too! Add two spoonfuls to your usual morning cereal for clearer, lovelier skin. All grocers.

MADE BY

Sanitarium

IT MUST BE GOOD

583-8137

A BEAUTIFUL FINISH

Generations of fine craftsmanship lie behind the finished beauty of good furniture. Such careful craftsmanship demands the same loving care and protection.

Just a touch of LIQUID VENEER cleans, beautifies and preserves highly finished surfaces. Use LIQUID VENEER for satisfaction, it is most economical and gives a marvellous gloss you'll be proud of. For your car too . . . LIQUID VENEER is obtainable at all good-class hardware stores.

LIQUID VENEER

PRICES 4 oz. 2/3, 12 oz. 3/11.

Australian Distributors:

FASSETT & JOHNSON LTD.

36/40 Chalmers Street, Sydney, N.S.W.

TIRED FEET?

Hot, tired feet need this treatment:—
A Cuticura Soap bath and Cuticura Ointment application. Try it and enjoy real foot comfort. Cuticura Ointment, Soap and Talcum Powder—the famous trio.

532

Cuticura OINTMENT

NEEDLEWORK NOTIONS

402

No. 402.—SLIP AND SCANTIES SET

Dainty satin slip and scanties to make as a set or separately. They are cut out ready to make in white, pale lemon, pale pink, or pale blue with a pretty floral design. Lace to finish is supplied. Sizes (Slip): Bust 32-34in., price 21/11, postage 1/3; Bust 36-38in., price 24/9, postage 1/3. (Scanties): Waist 24½-28in., price 12/3, postage 1/-; Waist 30-32in., price 13/6, postage 1/-. (Complete set): Bust 32-34in., price 32/3, postage 1/9; Bust 36-38in., price 36/11, postage 1/9.

No. 403.—LITTLE GIRL'S FROCK AND PANTIES

Pretty design for a little girl, cut out ready to make in British floral cotton. Colors are pink, lemon, and green; blue, pink, and green; cyclamen, pink, and green; and green, lemon, and brown—all on a white ground. Sizes: Length 18in., 2 yrs., price (frock) 8/3, postage 10½d.; (panties) 2/11, postage 4½d.; (complete set) 10/11, postage 1/2. Length 19in., 3 yrs., price (frock) 8/11, postage 10½d.; (panties) 3/3, postage 4½d. (complete set) 11/11, postage 1/2. Length 20in., 4 yrs., price (frock) 9/6, postage 10½d.; (panties) 3/6, postage 4½d.; (complete set) 12/9, postage 1/2. Length 23in., 5-6 yrs., price (frock) 10/3, postage 10½d.; (panties) 3/11, postage 4½d.; (complete set) 13/11, postage 1/2.

403

404

405

No. 404.—D'OYLEY CASE

Traced ready to embroider on heavy cream Irish linen, or sheer linen in blue, lemon, pink, green, and white, or British cotton in pastel shades of blue, lemon, pink, green. Also organdie in pastel shades of blue, lemon, pink, green, and white. The case measures 11in. x 11in. Lace to finish not supplied. Prices: Linen 4/6, postage 4½d.; cotton and organdie 2/6, postage 4½d.

No. 405.—FOUR D'OYLEYS

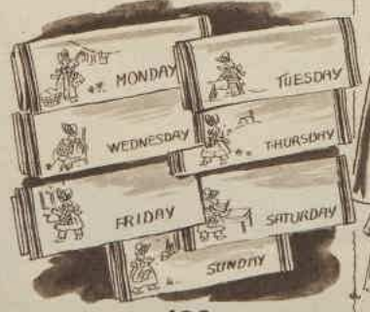
These four d'oyleys are traced ready to embroider on cream Irish linen, sheer linen in pastel shades of blue, lemon, white, pink, and green, and also in organdie in the same colors. Finish with a crochet edge or trim with lace (lace not supplied). Price: Linen 1/- ea., or set of four 3/9; organdie 9d. each., or set of four 2/9. Postage: 2½d. extra for each d'oyley, 4½d. extra for set of four.

No. 406.—TEA TOWELS

Seven tea towels in Irish linen with red, blue, lemon, and green borders. They measure 24in. x 32in., and are traced ready to embroider. Price: 4/11 each, postage 4½d., or set of seven 33/11, postage 1/9.

When ordering Needlework Notions Nos. 402, 403, 404, 405, and 406, please make a second color choice. C.O.D. orders not accepted. All Needlework Notions over 6/11 sent by registered post.

● *TO ORDER: Fashion Patterns and Needlework Notions may be obtained from our Pattern Department. If ordering by mail, send to address given on page 22.*



406

Fashion PATTERNS

F6113

F6113.—Softly styled one-piece with pretty portrait neckline. Sizes 32 to 38in. bust. Requires 3¾yds. 54in. material. Price 2/2.

Pattern for beginners

F6114. — Beginner's pattern for a feminine afternoon dress. Sizes 32 to 38in. bust. Requires 4¼yds. 36in. material. Special pattern price 1/3.

F6114

F6043.—Child's dressing - gown. Sizes 29, 31, 33, and 37in. lengths, for 2, 3, 4, and 5-6 years. Requires 3¼yds. 36in. material. Price 1/11.

F6043

F6115.—New season's design has sleeveless bodice top. Sizes 32 to 38in. bust. Requires 4¼yds 36in. material. Price 2/2.

F6116.—Slim - cut one - piece with smart pocket detail. Sizes 32 to 38in. bust. Requires 3¼yds. 36in. material. Price 2/2.

F6040. — Practical maternity overall styled with waist expansion. Sizes 32 to 38in. bust. Requires 4¼yds. 36in. material. Price 1/11.

F 6040 F 6115 F 6116

YOU CAN'T BOIL THE LIFE OUT OF Vida

IT'S A GOOD ELASTIC

Save the bother of rethreading garments again and again . . . demand 'VIDA' Elastic —— the *unconditionally guaranteed* elastic that stands up to constant boiling, ironing, wearing and stretching. Sold on 3 yard cards.

Get the guaranteed elastic . . . say

Vida Elastic

250 hours boiling didn't stop its stretch

Product of JONES, STROUD (AUSTRALIA) PTY. LTD. 421 LONSDALE STREET, MELBOURNE, VICTORIA

LANVIN

PERFUMES

the best Paris has to offer

Arpège
Rumeur
Scandal
Prétexte
My Sin

For sample bottle send 2/-

E. S. COUTTS (Aust.) PTY. LTD.

BOX 1031 G.P.O. SYDNEY

AUSTRALASIAN DISTRIBUTORS

L.3.10

The finest polishes for Silverware

Goddard's

Plate Powder
Silver Polish
Silver Cloths

More than 100 years world reputation

National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page5799472

Try them by Themselves-or

SUGGESTED SPREADS FOR BUTTERED SAOS

PLAIN—with milk or tea—with cheese, jam, ham or marmalade.

★

ANCHOVY BUTTER—butter which has been softened and mixed with anchovy paste.

★

SALMON OR CRAB PASTES.

★

COOKED BACON AND HARD BOILED EGG.

★

CHOPPED EGG, SARDINE AND MAYONNAISE DRESSING.

★

CREAM CHEESE, CHOPPED OLIVES AND MAYONNAISE.

only Arnott's *make* Saos

There is no Substitute for Quality

National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page5799473